THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu[illegible]d Weekly
Founded A[illegible] Benj. Franklin

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Beginning

The Biography of a Million Dollars—By George Kibbe Turner

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Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1917, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 190 *PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 1, 1917* *Number 22*

The Biography of a Million Dollars

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

SINCE Pasc Thomas died last month my mind keeps going back to the time we started in together—that dirty, foggy February evening he first came into my old bicycle shop on Elm Street in his old butternut colored overcoat.

"Is the boss in?" said he.

"Right here," said I.

"Shut the door, why don't you?" said that Wilkins I had with me then. He was always dodging drafts for fear of catching cold—and he always had one.

So this stranger stepped on in, and shut the fog out after him.

"Well, what can I do for you?" said I, looking him over.

He was a lean, hungry-looking man, with eyes like a ghost's. In that old flowing overcoat he looked seven feet tall.

"I got something here I want to show you," he said, and pulled out a little carburetor from his pocket.

You could see from his fingers he was a machinist.

"For motorcycles," he said.

"You get it up yourself?" I asked him.

I'd seen that kind before. We were used to them. They were dropping into the shop all the time—those lean, leather-faced Yankee inventors with absent-minded eyes—coming in showing what they'd gotten up, all kinds of things; the way they do in all machine shops.

"You Watch Me," She Said, "When We Get the Money. I'll Have Diamonds Galore—and Automobiles, and Some Real Clothes, Once"

"Yes," he said to me.

"Sit down!" said I.

"We'll be closing up in half an hour," said Wilkins.

"I won't take up much of your time," said the man, in a quick sharp voice, fastening those hungry pale-blue eyes of his on me.

"Sit down," I said to him again; "let's hear what you got."

Anybody's a fool, I always claimed, who won't find out what a man like that's got, when all it costs you is to sit still and listen. How can you tell what new idea might drift in?

"What's your name?" I asked him. He looked pretty seedy to me; about all in.

"Thomas—Pascal Thomas," he said.

"Mine's Bill Morgan," said I. "Go ahead!"

So he showed me the thing and I took it up in my hand—that little brass arrangement, no bigger than a tea cup—not so big! I often think of it.

"You familiar with them?" he asked, watching me.

"Some. I've been looking into this motorcycle business some lately," said I, "thinking there might be a dollar in it."

And I looked the thing over.

"Uh-huh," I said, opening it up. "Well, how does it work in actual practice?"

"First class," he said.

"You tried it out?" I asked him.

"All I need to," said he. "I've got several new wrinkles here, you'll see," said he, touching them with his long fingers—two of them off, I saw, on the left hand.

"Well now," I said after a bit, "to sum it all up—just what have you got here in your device that the other fellow hasn't got?"

"Speed!" said he, lifting up those queer pale-blue eyes from the thing a second. "That's what I've got—speed!"

"That's a darned good thing to have these days," said I. And I sat there looking at the carburetor in the palm of my hand—the different parts of it. It looked pretty good to me. And yet it was nothing I could do anything with, by itself. But it started me thinking.

"What's the best time they've made with them, up to date, on these racing tracks?" I asked him, laying it down. "I forget."

"Motorcycles?"

"Yeah."

"A mile a minute, about—just a few seconds under."

"And what do you claim you could do with this?"

"Two miles."

"Two miles a minute!"

"Almighty near."

"Yes you can!" said I.

"Look," he said, sitting up and talking straight into my face. "I'll tell you; I won't lie to you. You've brought up a little different thing.

"To begin with," he said, going on, "we'll understand we ain't talking about my carburetor now; we're talking about motorcycles—how you're going to get two miles a minute out of them."

"Yes," said I, watching him.

"Now then," he said, "I'll tell you"—and put his hand to his forehead for just a second. Then he reached in and took out something from his vest pocket and began to chew it. I thought at first it was tobacco, and then I saw it wasn't. It was more white.

"Now," he said, "I'll tell you. In the first place, you understand, I don't claim that it's just my carburetor that'll do all this."

I didn't say anything. I let him talk.

"It's a combination of things," he went on, "that are coming along at this time—that's going to change the whole thing over—make an entirely new motorcycle.

"First of all there's this carburetor of mine, we'll say. Or some form of multiple-jet carburetor."

"To shoot more gas into her," said I.

"At these high speeds in the engines now."

"Two thousand revolutions a minute, ain't it?" said I.

"Yes, and twenty-five hundred."

"Gosh," I said. "That seems a lot, don't it, when you think of it?"

"They'll go higher," said he. "And then," he went along, "the second thing, there's the magneto instead of the battery, the way they're doing it abroad, in Europe."

"Yes," said I, listening. That man knew his business; you could tell that.

"And then, third," he said, "there's that mechanical intake valve they're bringing in to take the place of that mean contrary old automatic valve they've had.

"Those three are the principal things," he said—and stopped.

I Suppose When I Was Gone He Started Pecking Away With His Old Left Hand at His Little Old Perpetual-Motion Machine

"You mean to say," I said, this idea flashing through my head, "they could take these three improvements, and put them on a motorcycle that would make two miles a minute!"

"I mean to say," he answered me, "the time's come when you can put all the power on two wheels that they can carry and not jump clear of the ground altogether."

"If they can," said I, "the man that does it first's got a barrel of money!"

"Going to stay here all night?" asked this Wilkins over my shoulder, breaking in on us.

"If I want to," said I.

I'd seen him getting up and putting on his overcoat and his gum shoes and muffler.

"Well, lock up after you," he said; "I'm going home."

"Go ahead," said I.

But he didn't go; he stood there, mousing round, listening back of my shoulder.

"I'll tell you why," I said, going along, to Pasc: "What they want in this country now is speed. That's the United States of it. We've all of us got to get there first."

"Correct," said Pasc.

"You know that as well as I do," said I. "That's what they've got to have. Feet were out of date long ago," said I. "For the last fifteen years we're all going rolling round on wheels."

"Good and sure," said he, watching me, and chewing slowly on whatever it was he had in his mouth.

"I've watched it *myself*," I said, "ever since I was a boy in the old bicycle days. Long before I got into this business here, like a darned fool—too late."

"Like the most of us," said Pasc, stopping chewing.

"They were the first speed merchants, as the saying goes," said I, "those bicycle manufacturers. The big ones," I said, "before they all split up into little assembling shops like this. They're the fellows that first got us up on to wheels. All the rest of it—all this putting of an engine in those automobiles and motorcycles is just an extension on that original idea, when you come to trace it down."

"That's right," said he.

"Cripes, the money those fellows—those bicycle manufacturers round here—made in those days! Hundreds of thousands—yes, millions every year. Millions," I said, "in ten years! All starting, you might say, from nothing."

"And back again to nothing," said Pasc, with those eyes of his watching me, "when the auto drove them out."

"All speed," I said; "that's all it was. Faster and faster. And the big money in this country in the next ten years is coming just where it did in the last ten, selling speed to them. There's where the money is now. Gold mines are a back number. They've got to have speed, and they've got to have it right away, when they want it."

"We put in an engine fifty per cent bigger, anyhow," said Pasc, nodding his head, "than they use in Europe, and gear them up accordingly."

"We've got to go faster and faster every year," said I.

"That's what they want," said he, "and they'll have it."

"Gad, yes!" said I. "If you could make some machine that would shoot 'em out of a gun they'd eat it up—and the next best thing to that is a motorcycle."

I could see Wilkins, still standing, mousing round back of my shoulder.

"And so I say," I went along, "the man who could start first making them go two miles a minute might have a fortune."

"Who'd want 'em," said Wilkins, breaking in.

"Every eighteen-dollar-a-week kid," said I, "that wants to get out Sundays and take breakfast in Chicago, and dinner at the South Pole. And come back and put her up in the front hall before tea. Every kid that's got any zip to him. Oh, I know," I said; "I've been there myself!"

And I saw Pasc Thomas grin—one of those old sudden grins, that these sober-faced men like him break out into.

"Haven't you?" I asked him.

"I have!" he said, the wrinkles closing in round his mouth again.

"I don't believe there's any money in it," said Wilkins.

"And I know there is!" said I, flaring up and saying so anyhow. He always made me sick, pouring cold water on everything. "If you can find the man who could do what this man says they can."

"It can't be done," said Wilkins.

"You can do it," said Pasc Thomas.

"Who can?" I said. "Do you know anybody?"

"I can," said Pasc Thomas.

"You sure of that?" said I.

"I ought to be," he said. "That's my trade."

"Where you been working?"

"I've been with the Rajah motorcycle people for three years now."

"Are they making any money?" I asked him right away.

"That I don't know," said he flat. "That ain't in my line."

You couldn't help liking the man. Nine out of ten in his place would have said they were getting rich there.

"I don't know anything about the financial end," he said, "but I do know that machine, inside out—every nut and screw and cotter pin in her."

"I got something here," he said, "maybe'll interest you." And he dragged an old envelope out of his inside pocket. "Here's their machine," he said, pointing with an old stub of a lead pencil to a drawing on the back; "and here's how the one would look I'd make, with the new improvements on it."

And then he handed it over to me. I couldn't make much out of it then. I didn't take time to.

"Look here!" said I, catching fire all at once. "Do you want to take a chance?"

"I don't know," he said. "What?"

"I tell you what I'll do with you," I said to him: "If you'll come here and make up a half a dozen of those machines you've been talking about, we'll put up our machinery and the material against your time, and split the profits.

"What do you say?" said I, when he didn't answer right off. "Will you take a chance on your own stuff?"

"Well, yes," he said. And I could see his thin lips tighten up. "I guess maybe I can do it."

"All right then," said I; "that's settled!" And I started to get up.

"Who says so?" said Wilkins from back of me, all at once.

"I say so!" said I, turning round and facing him.

"Well, I guess I'll have something to say about that before you do it," said he, putting his hand up to his lips the way he did when he was going to get contrary. "According to our agreement——"

"Oh, forget it!" I told him. "Go home and sleep it off."

"I mean what I say," he said, standing, looking down at me through his glasses.

"So do I," said I.

"It's all right for you," he kept along, "to take a chance with the first wild thing that comes along."

"You know we've got to do something," I said, coming back at him; "you know that."

"It's all right for you," he said, "but it's my money in here."

"Aw, drop it!" I said. "Wait till we get alone."

"What do you know about this man, anyhow?" asked Wilkins, making one of those Susified motions of his.

"Don't mind him," I said, turning round to Pasc. "I've got the say-so here."

"Have you?" said Wilkins, his voice getting thinner and higher and more old-womanish every minute. "We'll see whether you have or not!"

"Oh, stand still," I said, "and hold your feet down!" Two years of him had been about all I could stomach.

"You can't do it," he kept saying; "that's all. You can't do it—without my consent."

"We'll see about that," said I, stepping toward him, "to-morrow. Now, you shut up!"

"You can't scare me," he said, backing away.

"Scare you?" said I.

"You can't scare me," he said again, with a kind of a break in his voice.

"Don't burst into tears," I said. "Don't get your clothes wet."

"You can't scare me," he said for the third time—his voice way up. "You can't bulldoze me, you big bulldozer you—you big bully!"

And he started blabbing out before that stranger all the things he'd been laying up against me; and all our private affairs—the money he'd put in on my notes.

"Quit it," I told him. "Go on, now; quit!"

But he kept right along, like a child that has got started crying and can't stop—turning from Pasc to me, and back again.

"I want you to understand," he said to him, "he can't do it. He hasn't got the right. You can't do it," he said to me; "not with my money in here! I'll take out my money first; I'll get out. I'm going to have some say in this business or I'll get out."

"Get out then!" said I. "You poor old female mule!"

He stood there looking at me through his spectacles; with his hair all brushed just so, and his clean collar and his clean white bookkeeper's hands down by his sides.

"Get out!" I said. "Take your three thousand dollars; and your gum shoes, and your mufflers, and your sniffles, and your darned Susie ways—and get!"

"I will," said he.

"Go to the devil!" I said.

"You'll see!" said Wilkins.

And the office door shut after him.

"I'll be here to-morrow for my money," he said, coming back and opening it part way again, and then stopped and thought a minute. "And I'll give you just two months to bust in," he said.

And then he got out entirely and left us two standing there.

II

WE STOOD there—I and this fellow I'd never seen in my life until a half an hour before, facing each other, he looking at me and I looking at him.

I've seen hundreds like him; the machine shops of New England are full of them—still, lean-faced men that don't talk till they're talked to; these long-faced lantern-jawed fellows, with blue eyes peering out over their shiny cheek bones, that have gone still, working and puzzling round machinery.

He stood there like a stone fence; he had stopped that slow grinding even, on whatever it was he had in his mouth. His face was still as a board, as we both

"I Wonder What it Would Seem Like," Polly Said Finally, "to Have All the Money You Want"

"Look Here," I Said; "I Want You to Tell Me Something: How Long Since You Had Your Last Square Meal?"

waited there listening to Wilkins' footsteps go off along the sidewalk.

"I guess you won't thank me much for coming in here," said he to me finally.

"Why not?" said I.

"Losing your partner."

"Don't let that worry you," I told him. "I was just going to get rid of him anyhow." I wasn't, of course, but I had to say so. "And you kept me from having to do so."

"Well, I didn't know," said Pasc, and his jaws started working again.

"Sure!" I said. "I've had my belly full of him—two years."

"Well then," he said, and set those hungry eyes of his on me again, "is it going to be all right to go ahead with that thing we were talking about—those motorcycles?"

"Sure thing!" said I. "Unless you want to quit."

"Quit?" he answered, talking slow. "Me?" And he stopped a minute. I noticed then his lips were kind of apart.

"But I don't want to lie to you," he went on again, talking slower yet, as if it was hard work getting the words out. "I don't want to do anything under false pretenses. . . . I haven't got a dollar that I could put into it myself. . . . I want you to know that on the start."

"You're squarer'n a die," I said to myself, watching him. "They don't make many like you."

I noticed then he was kind of leaning up against the desk.

"Oh, that will be all right," I said out loud.

"All I've got," said he, holding out that carburetor, "is this right here and my shop experience."

"That'll do," said I, "if you make good. If you make good, if this thing works out, we can fix up some sort of partnership in it."

"That'll do, will it?" said he, over again, as if he was kind of tired. "That'll be all right? . . . For a kind of partnership?" and made a kind of a grab at his throat.

And, bang! He keeled over on the office floor. And his carburetor rattled out of his hand under the desk.

"Here, what's this?" said I, dropping down on my knees beside him.

It makes me laugh when I think of it—this long, lean fellow in the brown overcoat, looking tougher than an old-fashioned dried codfish, lying there on the floor—keeled over in a dead faint—and me on my knees trying to bring him out of it.

But he came to right away and opened his eyes.

"Here," said I; "what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing," he said, and started trying to get up.

"Lie still!" I told him, and slipped the leather seat from the desk chair under his head. And I sat in the chair myself and watched him.

"Cripes, what next?" said I to myself. "This man must be a hoodoo. First he comes in and drives Wilkins out of the door, and then he flops over on the floor—dead on my hands."

"I want to get up," he said, struggling.

"No you don't," I told him. "Lie still!"

So he did, for a while longer.

"Let me have that, will you?" he said; and I handed him back his carburetor from under the desk.

"What struck you?" I asked him finally.

"Oh, nothing," he said. "I don't know. All of a sudden I felt kind of faint."

"What do you want now?" I asked him. I saw he was trying to get something in an inside pocket.

So I opened up his coat for him and he reached in his hand and brought out what he was after, and broke off a sliver and started chewing it.

"Have some?" he said, holding it out toward me.

"What is it?"

"Slippery elm," said he. "Go ahead! Have some! I chew it all the time. It's fine for the stomach."

I have to laugh now when I think about it. I suppose he was kind of light headed and wanted to say something to pass it off.

"No, I guess not," I said.

I sat there watching him, and all of a sudden it struck me what it was that ailed him.

"Look here," I said; "I want you to tell me something."

"What is it?"

"How long since you had your last square meal?"

"Well," he said, "I had a little ——"

"No," said I, "I want to know!"

"Well," he told me, "I stopped and took a little something at a lunch cart."

"When?"

"Last night."

"Aha," said I. "What was it? What was it?" I said again before he'd answer me.

"Well," he said, "I guess I had a cup of coffee and a piece of squash pie."

"Aha," I came back. "Well, I guess I know something that's better for the stomach than chewing slippery elm."

And I went out and got a cup of coffee and some sandwiches at the quick-lunch room round the corner. He was sitting up in a chair when I got back.

"That coffee did me good," he said, wiping his mouth off when he was done; and he looked over at me.

"I won't lie to you," he said. "I was just about down and out. That's the fact in the case. I was almighty near starving. I never did anything like that in my life before," he said—"fainting." And he stopped a minute.

"At the same time," he said, "I don't want you to get the idea I'm a hobo or anything like that."

"I don't," said I. "Not for a minute."

"No," he said; "I'm a good workman. I'm a first-class machinist if I do say so."

"You don't have to tell me that," I told him.

"And up to six months ago I made my twenty-eight dollars a week regular. Then I got this bug in my head. I got up this carburetor."

So finally he told me about himself, dragging it out pretty hard, like those close-mouthed ones do.

It seemed he'd married a lively good-looking girl—younger than he was apparently; pretty young and full of life, and anxious to have a good many things. And he thought maybe he could do better than wages, and then he worked out this carburetor. So he sent his wife home to her folks and started out with a couple of hundred dollars trying to get somebody interested in it.

"I wouldn't give it up," he said to me. "I wasn't going to give it up and go back to my wife's mother—not till I had to."

"Naturally not," said I.

"But I almighty near had to," he told me. "I got down to this," he said—and fished out three cents and a green street-car transfer from his overcoat pocket. "This was the last throw," he said, "when I happened by your bicycle shop on this side street. This was the last—when I found somebody who'd listen to me, finally.

"You wouldn't believe me," he said, flaring up a little; "you wouldn't believe me if I told you what a lot of fools I saw in this business, tramping round! Tramping round," he said, "six months, all over, stopping into offices, trying to get some of these apes in white collars that run these big shops to stop just long enough to look at it once. By mighty!" he said, and stopped, staring.

"By mighty, you're the first human being with sense I've talked to in the whole bunch; and I'd be grateful to you—if for nothing else—for just listening to me. I don't know but I appreciate it more," he said, pointing to the empty coffee cup, "than that.

"You don't know what it is. You don't know what it is," he went along, "to go day after day, tramping round, without getting anybody that'll take the time to listen to you or give you a fair hearing. It certainly is almighty humiliating. And especially when all the time you know you've got something. You know you've got something," he said, reaching his hand in his pocket onto that carburetor, "that might make them rich and you too."

And then he stopped short.

"I guess I got a little excited," he said, apologizing—and got up on his feet. "I guess it's time I was going."

"Where'll you go to?" I asked him.

"I don't know exactly."

"I guess you don't," said I, and passed him a couple of dollars.

"How do you know you'll ever see that again?" he said, staring at it.

"I'm not worrying," said I.

"Well," he said, and stopped there, stock-still.

"Come round to-morrow morning," said I, "and start in."

But he didn't move. He stood there with the money in his hand.

"Look here," he said; "what are you getting out of this? What can you be sure of?"

"I'll be getting a share in a good carburetor, as I understand it," said I. "And a first-class machinist who knows motorcycles, to get a brand-new thing out—on brand-new lines. If it goes through," I said, "I win big. If it don't, all I lose is some material and time, and a few weeks' machinist's wages, while you're working on it.

"If that suits you," I said, waiting. But his Adam's apple only went up and down. He didn't say anything.

But finally he put the money in his pocket.

"At seven to-morrow morning," I said.

"Well, all right," he answered, and kind of hesitated, as if there was something else he was going to say.

"All right," he said a second time, and went out without saying anything more.

"Cripes," I said to myself, sitting there when he was gone. "This will be about enough for me for one evening!"

For I saw right off what this thing was going to mean to me—that Wilkins and I were through. That poor mule would have his money out now anyhow. And if he didn't I'd make him. We hadn't made a dollar the last two years. And we hated each other like the two men who were handcuffed on the desert island with nothing to eat.

I saw then I'd have to have some money quick. But the question was where was the money coming from? I couldn't get it at the bank, that was sure—not then; not in the bicycle business. I sat and wrestled with it; and the more I looked the clearer I saw. There was only one way—I'd got to get Polly to let me put a mortgage on the house. I hated to do it too. I hated to drag her into it—to put up the only thing she had.

"But I don't see," I thought, "looking at it the worst way you can, that we'd be any worse off than we are now. The bicycle business would go on just as it is now; and this man's salary won't come to so much as Wilkins' did. And what his material would be wouldn't be much.

"On the other hand," I thought, "this may be the chance of a lifetime—if he could do what he says he can."

And I went over in my mind the figures I'd made before on the motorcycle business. "There's a barrel of money in it, I believe," I said to myself; "a good big thing for the man who can jump in right now, and jam it. If you could only sell quarter the number of them that we put out of wheels to-day. Christmas!

"And I believe we can do it," I said to myself. "Start easy, and work it up. I believe it can be done.

"We'll do it, too," I said to myself. "We've got to!" And I got up. I heard somebody out in the shop, and I looked up at the clock.

"Good Lord!" I said.

It was seven o'clock, and old Tom Powers was coming round, giving the place its first look-over for the night. He'd been night watchman in the building for several years now. A good, capable mechanic once, but his right hand was taken off in a belt, so he wasn't any good on a machine any longer. And they gave him this job as night watchman.

"Hello, Tom," said I.

"Hello, yourself," said Tom. "What time's this to be getting home? You'll get a good warming when your wife sees you."

"That's right, too," said I.

I always liked the old man. He was a queer old devil. Some of them would tell you he wasn't quite right in his head. He had a kind of an invention he'd gotten up that we used to call The Miracle—from something he said once—jollying him; a little old perpetual-motion machine he worked on there nights.

A small model he had, a queer-looking thing, like a little windmill, with arms that folded up and flapped out again when you set it whirling.

I never made out myself whether at the bottom of his heart he took it seriously or whether it was just something to keep his mind from going loose while he was alone in there nights, with those long still rows of machinery. It must have got pretty lonesome in those empty shops nights, thinking, knowing you had your right hand gone. And I always thought probably he was like a lot of those other fellows that get crippled up in machine shops. They want to make themselves feel they're some use yet, if they are gone physically; and that starts them, naturally, trying to think out something—some invention. Anyhow, in most ways old Tom was sharp as a brier, and as well posted as anybody. He had so much time to read the papers.

I often asked him what he thought of things, and I thought I'd start him up that night.

"You got competition, Tom," said I.

"What's that?"

"Another fellow's been in to-day with another miracle."

"Another one? That all?"

"Yes," I told him.

"What's this one got? What's he been trying to do?" And I told him.

"Do you know what I think I'm going to do, Tom?" I said. "I'm going to start him off. I'm going to see if I can't have a crack at the motorcycle business. There might be big money in it—what do you think?"

"What have you got that's new?" he said, looking at me. He was a queer-looking old fellow. He had a face thin as an old skeleton, and a kind of big bulging forehead, and cheeks sunk in over his jaw. When he grinned you saw half of his teeth were gone.

"We can make one, so he claims, that'll stand up one hundred per cent better than they do now."

"Can you?" said Tom.

"And go fifty per cent faster—anyhow."

"That'll do it," said Tom, looking up. "That's what they're after—sixty—eighty—a hundred miles an hour!"

"Could we sell them, if we could do it?"

"Sell 'em, yes! Every kid'll want one right away. Why wouldn't they? Hop on your own kerosene can, and over to Chiny and back in one day; scampering round the world like the devil on a stick. Sure they'll want one!"

"We'd have thought it was a miracle, at that," said I, "when we were kids."

"So it is," said he. "So's most everything nowadays. That's the business we're all in—miracles. The only trouble with 'em is they don't last. This one'll be a back number ten years from now, just like the bicycle is to-day. There's something new coming along all the time."

"You're right," said I. "You got to keep humping to keep up with the procession nowadays."

"I was reading in the paper just this morning," said Tom, "about these Wright boys, down in Dayton, Ohio, starting over to France to show them how to fly in the air."

"Yes; I saw that," said I.

"They was in the bicycle business, you notice, like the rest of us."

"Yes, but that won't go very far," said I. "There's a catch in that thing."

"It'll be the coming thing ten years from now—when your machine will be a back number—and mine," he said, and grinned his old grin like an old skeleton with half the lower teeth gone. He always joked about his contrivance.

"But there's one thing you got to remember," he said: "By that time we'll both have made our million, and be retired."

"That's right, Tom," said I. "Why wouldn't we make a dollar some day—like the rest of them?"

"That's right, why wouldn't we?" said he, with that death's-head grin.

"But there's one thing," I said, "you want to remember: I've got an option on some of that stock when you get the old Miracle on the market."

"You'll have it," said he.

"She's going fine, ain't she?" said I. "She's working out all right?"

"She's going good," he said. "I can't complain"—with that kind of dry old crafty grin upon his face he had sometimes. I never could make out whether he was laughing or not.

"She'll start some of these days," he said. "And I'll come round and surprise you."

"You won't surprise me any, Tom," said I, patting him on the back. The poor old devil!

"Go on now," said Tom. "The wife'll be waiting. Go along. I'll lock up after you."

So I went, and he locked up; and went back again, I suppose, when I was gone, and started pecking away with

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ZU BEFEHL!—By F. Britten Austin

Zu Befehl! means "according to orders." It is also the invariable German military acknowledgment of a command from a superior.

THE three battalions of the —th Regiment, 300th Ersatz Division, had acquired a sentiment almost of domicile in the little French town set among the yet leafless orchards in a hollow of the rolling Picardy country. They had been long upon this sector, had come up for the fierce struggles in the Pierre St. Vaast Wood at the time of the Battle of the Somme, in September, 1916, and during their spells in the front line in the dreary winter which followed, while the French shells wailed over their heads to fling up founts of mud in the quagmire behind the trenches, they looked back to their rest area with something akin to nostalgia. When at last, relieved for a few weeks, they tramped, haggard, bearded and mud-caked, into the narrow cobbled streets which led into the tree-surrounded Grande Place, with its Joan of Arc statue in the center, it was almost as if they had returned to their native townships remote beyond the Rhine. They sang, with a spasm of lustiness, "*In der Heimat—in der Heimat da giebt's ein Wiedersehen!*" in a swinging choral that had a note of real homecoming as the heavy rifles were shifted to the correct smart slope upon the shoulder. Inscriptions upon the shops, indicative of the adaptability of human nature and the business instincts of the *commerçants*—or rather of the brave wives of the *commerçants* distant in the French trenches—helped the illusion. Strips of paper pasted across the windows bore the outlandish words *Delikatessen, Rauch- und Speise Mittel*, traced for a dimly comprehending landlady by an obliging German soldier to the allurement of his fellows.

Friendly But Not Cordial

THESE good ladies stood at the doors of their shops while the ranks went swinging by in the dusk, and said to one another with a quiet certitude: "*Oui, c'est la trois-centième encore.*" From the river of faces that flowed through the twilight came hoarse guttural cries of recognition from German soldiers childishly anxious to be remembered. They met with no response. The women at the doors stood calmly interested as company after company tramped rhythmically past, dreaming perhaps of a day when a battalion of another race should march down that street in a tumult of enthusiasm that brought a lump to the throat and a mist to the eyes merely to imagine it.

In the evening, when the battalions had broken ranks and had surged out of their billets in throngs of soldiermen arm in arm in twos and threes, a woman under the hanging oil lamp in the tiny shop would look up at a remembered face with a little smile and say, half in quiet malice, half in natural human friendliness:

"*Ah, sous n'êtes pas tué, alors?*"

And the German, grinning, would reply in his clumsy pronunciation:

"*Non, matame—bas doué—encore.*"

Then the woman would break into a little merry laugh—"*Ah! il ne sera jamais doué—c't homme-ld!*" as she pushed the desired article across the counter. And the German, grinning uncomprehendingly, would tramp heavily out of the shop.

Relations between the conquerors and the—temporarily—conquered, if not cordial, were at least friendly. The French women had homes to be kept together and young mouths to be fed. The German soldiers naturally relaxed from the strain of those long, drear weeks when they lived under the alternative of kill or be killed. Besides, human beings not actually engaged in hostilities cannot live in close propinquity without the emergence of amicable sentiments. The German soldiers looked at the little children and remembered that they themselves, many of them, were fathers. The mothers remarked the caress and beamed with that maternal emotion which forgets nationality. For a final reason, the German military-police system was strict. It conferred a sense of security on the one party while it enforced a stern discipline on the other.

On a bright March morning, with the sun shining so cheerfully from a pale-blue sky that there was a chatter of bird notes among the bare trees of the orchard, the *Gefreite* Hans Kellner took a walk round the billet familiar to him from previous occupancy. The battalion had been dismissed early from parade on this first morning after their arrival in the rest area, in order that the men might clean their kits and otherwise recuperate from the fatigues of a spell of particularly bad weather in the trenches. The *Gefreite*, whose step in rank above the simple private absolved him from the duty of cleaning up the barn in which his squad had slept, wandered round the house, his long porcelain-bowled pipe hanging from his teeth, and looked critically for any change that might have occurred since his last visit. There was none. The house—a farmstead which was the first of the buildings of the town when entered by the main road—wore its normal look of agricultural occupation, apparently unaffected by the war. There was still a quantity of hay and straw in the barns. The fowls pecked assiduously as of old on the manure heap in front of the house, in the courtyard all but inclosed by the barns and opening onto the road by a heavy double gateway. The stables were empty; the horses—he knew them to be poor creatures purchased from the German authorities after being cast from the army—at work in the fields. The orchard, bright with its whitewashed stems in the sunshine, was just showing its first buds.

Hans Kellner Chops Wood

THE inhabitants were unchanged also. M. Delavigne, the farmer, a man of about forty years, whose class had not yet been called to the colors when the invaders swept over the land and shut him off from the French authorities, passed through the yard on his way to the house. The German touched his cap and diffidently murmured "*Bonjour, monsieur,*" without, however, removing his pipe from his teeth. The Frenchman answered by the curt nod that had been his invariable response when Hans Kellner had, in his last visit, proffered friendliness. He heard Marie, the servant maid, giggling as of old with the soldiers cleaning the barn, as, rather sheepishly, he followed the farmer to his door. Uncomfortably sensible of his idleness in this busy household, he shamefacedly craved companionship. On the threshold of the big kitchen with its clean-scrubbed wooden furniture, its black gulf of a chimney, he hesitated, and gazed in without entering. Two women were at work there—the farmer's wife, fresh and buxom, some ten years younger than her husband, and her mother, old and bent with many years of toil in the fields. The old woman turned away her head with a scowl. The farmer's wife came boldly toward the German.

"*Ah, gros paresseux!*" she said vivaciously. "And there is a heap of wood to be chopped in the corner of the yard!"

The German stared at her for a moment while his dull intelligence lumbered after the swift run of her words. Then seizing their import he smiled, touched his cap and turned with docility to do her bidding.

He procured the ax with a precise and long-founded knowledge of its whereabouts. Then putting away his pipe he set to work vigorously upon the heap of rough timber. The chopped wood he piled in a shed with scrupulous

neatness. Marie-Louise, the farmer's three-year-old daughter, toddled out to him and watched him while he worked.

"*Bonjour, Marie-Louise!*" said Hans, more at home with the child than with any other member of the family.

"'*Jour, m'sieu,*" responded Marie-Louise gravely, her none-too-clean face in process of further defilement from the morsel of chocolate, acquired from one of the other soldiers, which leaked from the corners of her mouth.

His task finished, Hans Kellner put away the ax and once more lit the pipe, which was his dearest possession.

Marie-Louise brightened at once.

"*Regarde—pipe!*" she said decisively.

The German held down the porcelain bowl, painted with a highly colored lady in yellow hair and red peasant jacket, for her inspection. Then replacing the mouthpiece between his teeth he suddenly hoisted the child to his shoulder and marched off with her to the gateway opening to the street.

There he stood sunning himself, the little one held high, prattling and laughing, beating upon his cap with one fist while the other arm tightly encircled his head.

Suddenly the German soldier perceived a motor car, followed by a second, rushing toward the town. He had a glimpse of a staff flag fluttering above the radiator. In an instant the child was dashed down, the German soldier stood rigid and saluted with exact precision as the first car dashed past. The child flung down upon the ground burst into a shriek of bewilderment and pain.

The German soldier stood like a statue and saluted again as the second car shot by. The first had contained the divisional general; the second held members of his staff. To Hans Kellner it was as though the gods from Olympus had whirled along the road, suspending the functions of humanity.

Orders to Retreat

WHEN he relaxed from his stiff posture, after a decent interval to assure himself that no third car followed, the child had fled from him, was disappearing with last audible sobs into the house.

Hans Kellner gazed stupidly after her, then philosophically replaced his pipestem between his teeth.

The child's grandmother shook her fist at him from the doorway.

The divisional general followed by several of his staff officers climbed the wooden staircase of the little *mairie* and strode into the office of the regiment commander. That officer jumped from his seat into erect rigidity with a click of heels and spurs.

"Good morning, *Herr Oberst,*" said the divisional general.

"Good morning, *excellens,*" replied the colonel, wondering uneasily if all the regimental returns had been correct while he stood respectfully immobile.

"Be seated, colonel," said the general, dropping himself heavily into the chair which a subaltern member of the regimental staff hastened to place for him. "I have orders for you."

"*Zu Befehl, Excellenz!*" said the regiment commander zealously ere he unbent from his parade attitude and resumed his seat.

The divisional general tapped his hand upon the table.

"We are evacuating the area, colonel. The retirement will be carried out immediately."

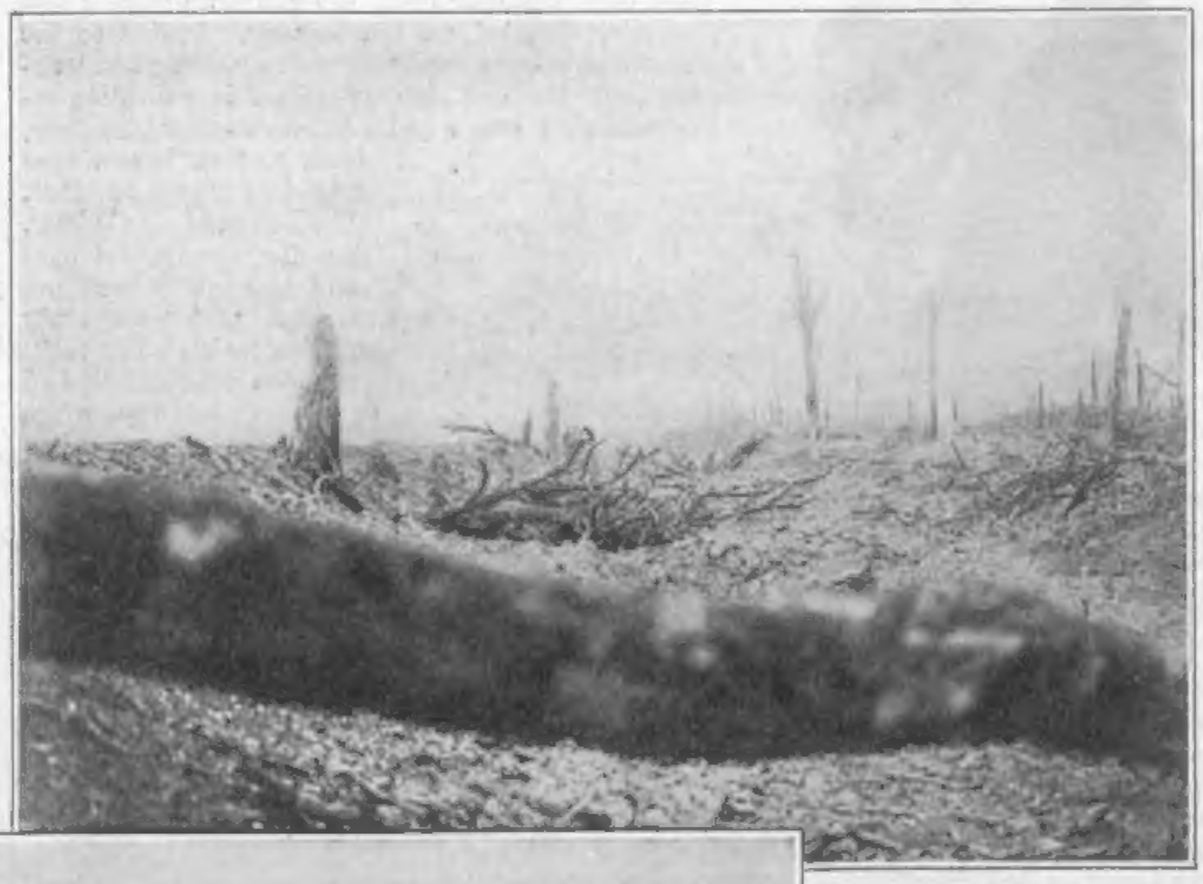
The *oberst's* eyebrows shot up at this startling intelligence. He looked at his superior as though scarcely crediting his ears.

The general waved away his doubts with an airy motion of his hand.

"A matter of strategy, *lieber Oberst—glänzende Kriegslist!*—Hindenburg's master stroke! We escape from the enemy at the moment he intends to deliver his decisive blow and leave him a vacuum—a desert! However, *lieber Oberst,* it is not for us to discuss the decisions which have been ratified by the All-Highest War Lord—it is for us to execute them." He blew pompously down his nose into his thrust-out bristling white mustache and glared at the colonel as he finished this sentence.

"*Ja wohl, Excellenz—natürlich,*" said the colonel, all subservience.

"*Gut,*" said the general. "The situation has already been long foreseen. You have your orders. Open your *Grosses-Hauptquartier* secret order number 355 and you will find your instructions in detail. You have only to execute them. The greatest possible speed is essential. The regiment must be on the march by dawn to-morrow. Follow your orders strictly. No sentimental considerations may be allowed to interfere with their exact performance. Get the civilian population under guard at once. You will find it all in your orders. Men under sixty. Women from fifteen to forty-five. Children at the breast go with the women. The train for the men will be at the railway station at four this afternoon. The women's trains will leave at five and six o'clock. See that the orders about fruit trees are thoroughly carried out—also the cattle. A pioneer company will report to you in half an hour to assist in the demolition of the town." He rose to his feet. "Those are your orders. I rely on you, colonel."



After an Orgy of Destruction, of Hacking, Smashing and Applying the Torch the Three Battalions According to Orders Left Only a Desert Behind

The regiment commander also rose to his feet, stood rigid as before.

"*Zu Befehl, Excellenz!*"

With a mutual clicking of heels the divisional general and his satellites departed.

In as short a time as they could answer the telephonic summons the three battalion commanders stood before the colonel. He handed each of them written orders, emphasized particular points, quieted their astonishment. "*Das Meisterstück Hindenburgs!*" That was the key word to confidence, thoroughly impressed upon them.

"Destruction, *meine Herren,*" concluded the colonel—"no looting! That is what your men must be made to understand. We have no time to pack up souvenirs. Complete destruction. You will find your times for marching off in your orders. You must be strictly punctual. And when you leave you must leave only a desert behind you. You quite understand? Then get to work quickly!"

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Oberst!*" said the three battalion commanders in chorus, saluting like one man with a simultaneous click of spurs. The colonel swept his glance over the row of middle-aged faces, flushed with good living, in front of him; the faces of three not unkind fathers of families, despite the military uniform. Their eyes were steady, their mouths calm. He dismissed his subordinates with an imperious gesture.

The bugles sounded in the streets. There was a rush of heavy feet as the men fell in their ranks.

A quarter of an hour later two battalions stood ranked in long lines through the streets. The third battalion was massed in column of companies in the Grande Place. The major commanding that battalion stood in conference with his company commanders close under the statue of Joan of Arc. A group of pioneers was busy excavating a hole under the base of the monument. The battalion commander concluded his orders.

"As far as possible the men will carry out the work of destruction in the vicinity of their own billets. They are most familiar with those areas. These orders will be executed with the utmost speed and thoroughness."

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Major!*" chorused the four company commanders, saluting, ere they returned to their men.

Almost immediately the battalion commenced to move off. As the last files left the square there was a loud explosion, a cloud of smoke and dust behind them. The statue of Joan of Arc toppled and crashed. A rush of women to the doorways of the shops bordering on the square followed the detonation. Shrill feminine cries of alarm resounded over the steady foot beats of the marching troops. Anxious mothers clutched their children to them and demanded of one another the significance of this portent. A pioneer disfigured the calm features of the prostrate statue with vehement strokes of his pick. A strong patrol of mounted military police rode into the square and descended from their horses.

In the kitchen of the farmstead on the outskirts of the town, M. Delavigne finished his eleven o'clock repast without troubling himself about this sudden assemblage of the troops. He, his wife, his mother-in-law, fondly attending to the wants of Marie-Louise, and Marie, the servant, sat in common at the bare wood table, cut in common from the long loaf of bread, and helped themselves as their appetites prompted from the big enamel tureen of soup which was between them.

The Destruction Begins

SUDDENLY the farmer looked up. His ear, long habituated to the usual muttering thunders of the battle line seven or eight miles away, had caught a series of unfamiliar detonations. They were not particularly loud detonations—not so loud as the jarring roar, regularly repeated, which he knew to come from the big gun mounted on the railway truck—but they were sharper and decidedly louder than the customary dull reports of the warring artilleries. The sharp detonations continued. His wife also remarked them and they exchanged a puzzled look.

"They are nearer!" exclaimed the young woman. The routine of war had been so long established for them that any deviation from the normal was full of significance. "Perhaps—perhaps it is true—after all?"

Her husband shook his head pessimistically.

"No; we have heard it too many times."

The old woman looked up from her soup, gave a glance of fondness at the child and then scowled.

"*Ces sales Boches!* But they are going—they are going! I feel it in my bones!"

The farmer did not reply. At a repetition of the uncustomary sounds he pushed his plate from him and went out of the house into the street.

Along the main road from the westward, whence proceeded the strange detonations, a battery of heavy guns, drawn by rumbling, rattling petrol tractors, was approaching him. Behind that, in the distance, was a column of motor lorries, also coming toward the town. Beyond them was a cloud of dust indicative of yet more traffic on the road. Of signs of hostilities there was none. The sunshine flooded a rolling landscape where most of the fields were brown. From an isolated farm between him and the battle front the chimney smoke ascended peacefully.

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OUT OF THE MIST

By Lloyd Osbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

IT WAS an extraordinary sensation when I first came to myself. Joy, pain, exaltation—all were intermingled in an agonizing sort of surprise. I was standing on the deck of a steamer; near at hand were passengers in reclining chairs; the sun was sparkling on a sea as calm as glass. It was a lovely morning—that morning of my rebirth. I inhaled the delicious air with a sense of returning consciousness, as of a man coming out of ether after an operation. Beside me was a middle-aged man, with sturdy shoulders and a pock-marked face. I noticed his frayed and dirty cuffs with some disgust and, disliking his proximity, moved away. I was feeling acutely embarrassed. Where was I, and what was I doing on this ship? The man with the dirty cuffs followed me—ran along and overtook me, with a disturbing air of proprietorship.

Stella is Very Captivating, Overflowing With Gay Talk About Nothing, and is as Playful as a Kitten

"Monsieur feels himself much ameliorated this morning?" he said in French, showing unpleasant fangs under his gray mustache. His voice, however, was kind and considerate. He put his arm through mine and added: "It rejoices my heart that my lieutenant is better."

Struggling with that indescribable embarrassment, I ventured at last to ask him who he was.

"You will pardon the question," I said. "I am bewildered; I am in great—great perplexity."

A smile spread over his harsh features; one might have thought that my halting, uncertain speech had caused him the utmost joy. I gazed at him in astonishment. What was he grinning at? Why should he be so pleased?

Then he answered:

"I am Sergeant Jules Nogeon, of the Hundred and Thirty-fourth of the Line, and I was intrusted by the American Escadrille with the duty of bringing monsieur back to his native country."

I repeated the words *pays natal* wonderingly. What did he mean by my native country?

"Monsieur was shot down on the Champagne Front," he went on. "Four days he lay in the ambulance, between life and death. Then he rallied; though—though ——"

I hardly noticed the incompleted sentence. I was in a daze. Remember, I had just been reborn.

"Who shot me?" I asked.

"The Boches—the Germans."

"I hope they were arrested," I said, suddenly growing excessively angry. "I hope they were identified and arrested. I hope they were sent to prison for such an abominable outrage!"

"Monsieur was in an aëroplane," remarked Nogeon deprecatorily. "In war one takes one's chance. Isn't it so, my lieutenant?"

"War!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean by war?"

"The entire world fights itself," he said.

Arm in arm, we walked for a while in silence as I slowly digested these amazing things. The world at war! I had been shot! I was being taken home to my *pays natal!*

"Sergeant," I demanded at last, almost with severity, "will you please inform me who I am?"

"You are Lieutenant Neil McBeth, of the American Escadrille," he answered.

These words meant nothing to me at all. They evoked nothing. My mind was a blank in regard to them.

"Monsieur carries on his lapel the ribbons of the Croix de Guerre and the Médaille Militaire," said the sergeant, indicating two bits of color with a stubby finger. "It was General Foch himself who laid on monsieur's breast the Médaille Militaire when all thought him dying."

I had never heard of these decorations, but Nogeon's reverential air showed they were of high distinction. Naturally I was pleased. I was being reborn with some éclat. Yet in my thoughts there was an undercurrent of horror too. I must have lived a long time; what years and years I had lost!

I asked the sergeant how old he thought I was, and he said about twenty-nine or thirty.

"I think I should like to go downstairs and look at myself," I said. "I should like to see what sort of creature this McBeth is. Having dropped into his skin out of nowhere, it will be interesting, will it not, my friend?"

There was a glisten in his eyes as I looked at him. My note of gayety had touched him profoundly. He blew his nose with violence on a very dubious handkerchief, and murmured something about his lieutenant being a very *beau monsieur*.

My cabin, which I evidently shared with Nogeon, was large and spacious. My unknown friends had certainly treated me handsomely. I went to the mirror over the washstand with something like trepidation. The first sight of oneself is a thrilling experience. I saw a pale, intellectual-looking face, with deep-set brown eyes and clustering brown hair. The nose was a little long, but the mouth and chin and jaw all struck me favorably. I parted my lips to look at my teeth and was delighted to find them remarkably white and even. Then, with a horrible misgiving lest they might be false, I tried—ineffectually—to pull them out. No; the white and even teeth were real, and my finger along the gums showed they were growing out of me. Altogether, the inspection of myself seemed absurdly satisfactory. This McBeth was quite a good-looking fellow.

"Sergeant," I said, "I have been wondering all this time what you meant by an aëroplane. What is an aëroplane?"

He was dumfounded.

"An aëroplane," he began haltingly—"an aëroplane—is an aëroplane, monsieur."

Then he rummaged among some magazines and hurriedly turned to a picture of a weird-looking contrivance on diminutive wheels.

"It flies in the air," he explained. "These, monsieur, are the wings. This is the motor. It was the discovery of your celebrated compatriot, Vreet. See, monsieur; the operator sits here and guides himself horizontally by these handles on either side. For vertical movements, he ——"

"And do you mean to tell me that I went up in a thing like that?" I interrupted him, shuddering. "Up in the air, like a bird!"

"Yes, my lieutenant," returned Nogeon. "And often thousands and thousands of meters."

A most painful agitation beset me; I trembled; it was all I could do to control myself.

"And what did I do when I was up in the horrible thing?" I asked, dizzy at the thought.

"Monsieur had a machine gun and a sack of bombs," said Nogeon. "Ah, but it was uncomfortable for the Boches when my lieutenant was about—of that I can assure you, on my word of honor. Eleven—that was the number of monsieur's triumphs; he brought down eleven of the enemy's aëroplanes in flame and death."

Though still in a tremor, I began to feel proud of McBeth, and was glad my ego had not landed in the body of some poltroon. Personally I knew I was incapable of such daring—of such extraordinary courage and heroism—and felt ashamed of the advantage I had taken of poor McBeth. Never for an instant did I have the conviction that I was McBeth. On the contrary, I had the impression of being an interloper, who had somehow jumped into the unfortunate man and dispossessed his soul. It seemed a dishonorable thing thus to rob a man of his body and substitute so inferior a soul as mine; but, after all, I had had no choice in the matter, had I? But still it troubled me—this fantasy of my theft.

There was a knock at the door, and the ship's doctor entered. I could see in his eyes that he was afraid of me. He felt my pulse, expressed his pleasure at my improvement, recommended a nap and backed away with a relieved air, as of one who had performed a disagreeable duty. But I was thankful for his recommendation, since it gave me an excuse for ridding myself of Sergeant Nogeon, who was a kindly man; but I was finding it more and more irksome to have him about. When one is gloating over one's rebirth one does not specially crave the society of a frowzy sergeant of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth of the Line.

Of course he demurred; in fact, it cost me no little effort to pack him off. Like the doctor, he regarded me as a madman, who might have a relapse at any moment. These numskulls could not realize that the cloud was lifting from my brain, doubtless apprehending I might commit suicide if left alone. I noticed how the sergeant had slipped a razor and a pair of nail scissors into his pocket before leaving. Suicide! I commit suicide! I burst out laughing at anything so incredible. No; I wanted to live; I was passionately eager to live! After being so long dead it was exhilarating beyond expression to be alive. My difficulty was to restrain my exuberance—not to shout and dance in wild delight.

It occurred to me I ought to put down my sensations on paper. Some bygone voice out of the mist commanded me to do this. Not only might it help others in my predicament, but science and the world had their rights in the matter. Such a diary would be of inestimable value. I was elated with the idea. After all, what is life but a tissue of memories? Mine, so few and just beginning, seemed to me infinitely precious. Every effort should be made to preserve them. Yes; I should put down my sensations on paper instantly, and continue the task from day to day with the most painstaking assiduity. Even if the world did not care for my diary; even if it left science scornful and cold, how immeasurably priceless it would be to me afterward—to me, this newborn of twenty-nine or thirty, with the Croix de Guerre and the Médaille Militaire! In great excitement I rang for the steward.

"Bring me paper and ink!" I cried; and then, as he backed away with a frightened look, I asked peremptorily: "What ship is this?"

"The St. Paul, sir."

"And what is the date, steward?"

"The third of August, sir."

"And the year?"

His eyes rolled in terror as he felt the madman's gaze upon him.

"Nineteen hundred and sixteen, sir."

The first thing I am learning is that it is intolerable to be commiserated. No one wishes to be an object of pity. I see in all faces a desire to be kind to me; eyes, sometimes suspiciously moist, follow me as I stride stiffly up and down the deck alone; and I am devoured by embarrassment. I find this attention odious; I repel ungraciously the well-meant efforts to draw me into conversation. I answer in monosyllables and turn away, with a military salute. Everybody is aware that I have lost my mind—that the thirty years of my life have been obliterated. I suppose it is very sad; but, after all, if I do not care, why should they? Why burden me with their contemptuous sympathy, which is the only thing I find to dislike in this beautiful and sparkling world. Doubtless I am morbid; doubtless, too, in the past my own face has taken on this expression at affliction and infirmity. I apologize through the mist; I beg earnestly to be forgiven; I did not know, then, the torment I was causing to those whose only wish was to hide their sores from the mob.

As I analyze myself I am more and more struck at the capriciousness of my recollection and understanding. In one sense I have not been reborn at all; at least I have a wide fund of knowledge and aptitudes, and, though most of these can be explained by the theory of nervous reflexes, my acquirements surpass anything so mechanical.

For instance, I write English with fluency and speak French reasonably well. My table manners and general deportment seem irreproachable. I watch my neighbors closely, consult Nogeon, and am absolutely convinced of the truth of this. I do not use a knife in eating fish; nor do I drink out of a finger bowl. I rise to let a lady pass me; I salute the captain punctiliously as he goes his rounds. I know that this is a mail steamer and I appreciate the reason of the daily observations. The life depicted in the magazines seems vaguely familiar. I know this is a locomotive and that is a bridge, and it seems strange to me now that I should have questioned Nogeon about aëroplanes, since they also no longer puzzle me; in fact, I have emerged from the mist with an immense amount of knowledge. Yet this America, toward which I am going, is an unknown country. So is the France I have left. So is the Germany that is never mentioned save with black looks and an intonation of hatred.

The embarrassment that keeps me aloof of necessity compels me to seek elucidation from Sergeant Nogeon. I like the worthy fellow better and better. He never wounds me by commiseration. His gruffness and directness are much to my taste, as well as his respect, and I notice with approval that he keeps a very sharp and watchful eye over me. Not that I need any such attention, but I admire the ever present sense of duty that animates him. If ever I speak of my misfortune with despondency he invariably replies:

"But consider how extremely fortunate monsieur is to be alive!"

His simple philosophy is helpful, as is also his air of soldierly companionship. He makes it somehow apparent that we belong to a race apart; for are we not the tried and tested veterans of half a hundred battles? His whole carriage implies superiority to those about us, and as he paces the deck beside me, with his martial tread and his head thrown back, I forget his dirty cuffs, his discolored fangs, his ill-made, shabby clothes, and catch the contagion of a heroic mind thus miserably incased.

But as a fountain of knowledge he leaves much to be desired. He knows little of America, except that it contains a hundred million people and is a republic. He says it is renowned for its wealth, its mechanical advancement, its prodigious energy, and the consuming devotion of its inhabitants to the acquisition of money. But he also speaks of redskins, buffaloes, and vast untrodden spaces twenty times—forty times—the size of France; of savage solitudes, where the lion is supreme and man a furtive interloper; of endless forests and majestic mountain ranges. From his pleasure of dwelling on this aspect of my unknown country I fear he holds us, as a nation, in small esteem; though he always says, with much warmth, that we are very sympathetic. I gain the impression of a naïve people, brave, rugged and untutored, with the faults and virtues of a race hardly yet civilized. I am profoundly interested. I long for a sight of my compatriots in their immense hats, trousers made of fur, and the invariable pistols in their belts.

I have determined to omit dates from my diary; for is not life measured less by these precise periods than by emotions? My diary shall have only a single date, that of August 3, 1916, the day when I was reborn. Dates, besides, tempt one to write when one has nothing to say; and if one has done nothing, thought of nothing, why trouble to put pen to paper? When I have emotions, experiences, singular and unusual thoughts, I shall record them; otherwise I shall put down nothing. I may be fatuous in my presumption, but I believe my diary will be a unique addition to literature. It behooves me, therefore, to write it with the utmost care, the utmost sincerity; to make it what it ought to be—a notable contribution to the study of psychology.

My brain has become clearer; I am less liable to fits of irrational passion; I am less self-conscious too; and, though I do not mix with my fellow passengers, I begin to regard them more tolerantly and kindly. After all, are they not acting as I myself would have acted had our respective places been reversed? I say this to myself constantly; I need it to check the sense of outrage at their pity. Is it not strange that so human a quality, and one inspired by all that is best in man, should throw me into such a hysteria of resentment? But I am improving; I control myself. To-day, when a little girl came up to me with a carnation and said very shrilly, as though reciting a lesson, "Will one of the heroes of Verdun please accept this flower from the little daughter of a Canadian officer?" I kissed and thanked her, and placed the flower in my buttonhole with less mortification than I could have believed possible.

"Neil," She Panted, "Neil, Tell Me You Know Me, or I Shall Go Mad!"

Yes; my brain is undoubtedly becoming clearer. I no longer live so absolutely in the present, but begin to take some thought of the future. My unknown destination troubles me, as well as the unknown people who may meet me. To-day I drew out Nogeon on the subject.

"Have I parents, sergeant?" I asked.

"I was not informed, monsieur," he replied. "But I would assume, judging from my lieutenant's youth, that they exist."

"I may even be married," I remarked.

"That is very possible," he said. "For not only is monsieur fine-looking, but he is evidently a man of wealth and position."

I was greatly interested. Here was a new angle from which I had not yet regarded myself.

"On what do you base these flattering surmises, my friend?" I asked.

The sergeant reflected.

"It is unmistakable, but difficult to define," he answered at last. "Monsieur is elegant, distinguished; and I notice that he has never once spoken to me of money. Then, too, the foreigner who traverses the sea to risk his skin for a chivalrous idea is seldom a man of the low class. Such action demands mental elevation, and suggests, besides—or perhaps I was told—that my lieutenant was an amateur of aëronautics—a costly sport. Then, too, am I not being paid with a generosity unexampled for the duty of escorting monsieur across the sea? The conviction increases itself until it is incontestable—that my lieutenant is a personage in his own country."

"That is agreeable, but lacks confirmation," I said. "We need better proofs than that. Tell me, sergeant, to whom are you directed in New York? You were surely given explicit directions?"

"Assuredly," he replied, producing a large, worn leather purse, with tarnished metal edges, and withdrawing from it a folded piece of notepaper on which was written—

MR. HENRY C. McBETH
11 Wall Street
Hotel La Tourbel New York City

As we gazed at it curiously Nogeon added:

"The hotel signifies nothing. I was directed to proceed there only if no one met us on disembarkation."

I mused, staring at the name.

"Presumably my father," I said. "Yes; he must be my father."

"It is more than likely, monsieur," agreed the sergeant.

"Or it might be my brother, might it not?"

"It is very probable, monsieur."

"Anyhow, it is not a wife. It would be the devil if there was a wife, would it not, sergeant?"

Nogeon smiled.

"On the contrary, I should find that charming," he observed. "The *Américaines* are often very beautiful and chic, and among them one finds those of ravishing beauty. It would be a matter for congratulation were one of these to be awaiting my lieutenant with outstretched arms and a heart palpitant with tenderness."

"The idea does not appeal to me," I said. "I would find it too intimate a connection with an absolute stranger. The mere thought is terrible."

Nogeon shrugged his shoulders.

"The inevitable is the inevitable," he remarked. "Whether we like it or not, we must all bow to facts."

"You are like all philosophers," I exclaimed angrily. "Your philosophic calm is untroubled by the woes of others. I tell you it will be the devil if I should find a wife! I shall not tolerate it! No, I shall rebel with violence! The widow of McBeth is nothing to me. Do you understand that? Nothing—positively nothing!"

Nogeon showed his fangs in a horrible grin.

"My lieutenant is naturally concerned," he said. "Name of a name, I would help him if I could! But this, I fear, is beyond the abilities of a sergeant of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth."

He spoke so comically that I burst out laughing. But I was disturbed, nevertheless. The obsession that I may find a wife still possesses me most painfully.

Our entrance into the bay of New York was made on a morning of surpassing beauty. Though the low shores were disappointing, and the water muddy and opaque, there was a freshness in the air and an all-pervading animation that stirred me with delight. Everyone was excited, and for the first time I had the joy of moving about unnoticed. Yet I had spells, too, of dread when I thought of the ordeal before me—moments when my heart seemed to stand still, and beads of sweat started on my brow. To my fellow passengers the strain of the voyage was over; to me it was just beginning.

I kept close to Nogeon, gaining courage and calm from his proximity. Again and again I would clutch at his hand, like a frightened child. The good fellow understood, and the answering squeeze was paternal. Then he would repeat in his gruff voice, tuned to the gu—

"*Allons*, let us be tranquil!"

A trim little government yacht came flying out to meet us; and, encircling our vessel with her swift and rippling bow, she drew alongside, reducing her speed to ours. An officer on her bridge raised a megaphone to his lips and I was thunderstruck to hear him shout:

"Is Lieutenant Neil McBeth on board?"

There was a stentorian answer from the heights above.

"Yes, sir!" rolled the voice across the water.

Then the megaphone again resounded:

"The collector extends the courtesies of the port of New York to Lieutenant Neil McBeth, and begs him and his attendant, with their baggage, to come on board."

Our engine ceased turning; steam hissed hoarsely; shouts and orders rang out. There was a scurry by my side as Nogeon darted away, leaving me confused in the jostle of people all about me. An officer appeared, forcing his way through the press, and calling my name in a loud, urgent voice: "Lieutenant Neil McBeth! Lieutenant Neil McBeth! Where is Lieutenant Neil McBeth?"

"Here!" said I, in a tremble of excitement; indeed, my agitation was so overwhelming that I could scarcely utter the word.

The officer took me by the arm and, crying out, "Make way, please! Make way, please!" guided me along the deck to the gangway ladder, which some sailors were hastily lowering. A moment later I was joined by Sergeant Nogeon, breathing audibly from his exertions, and followed by a steward with our modest belongings.

As I took my place in a small boat and looked up at the tiers on tiers of faces outlining every deck and mutely bidding me farewell, I was daunted to be the target of all those staring eyes, and to realize that they knew my story and were sharing vicariously in the cruel drama which lay before me. A few handkerchiefs waved; some stokers raised a derisive sort of cheer; then the towering wall of steel began slowly to move again.

But I had other thoughts to engross me. As we mounted the side of the yacht an officer in uniform saluted us, the sergeant and I as stiffly responding. Then a gentleman in civilian clothes stepped forward, grasped my hand with warmth, saying as he did so that he had the honor to greet me on behalf of the collector of the port; and would I please step aft, where I should find my family awaiting me?

It was a tense and agonizing moment. I saw before me a little group of four pale, perturbed people, two men and two women, who sprang at me with bewildering cries of recognition and joy. Amid the ensuing tears, the ensuing exclamations and embraces, the incoherent questions, the streaming faces bedewing mine, I strove as best I could for some individual impression of these strangers who were embarrassing me so greatly. There was an oldish man, exceedingly well dressed, and somewhat small and bald; a tall and elegant woman, not much past middle age, with a beautiful dark face, ravaged by suffering; a younger woman, hardly more than a girl, of an exquisite blond prettiness, whose kisses were the only ones I can truly say I enjoyed; and a broad-shouldered youth, with an open pleasant face and peculiarly startling clothes, who kept crushing one of my hands in his until I winced. Then the older lady, suddenly pushing at the others as though to drive them away, cried out in a choking voice:

"Let me have my boy! Let me have my boy!"

Her arms closed round my neck, her breath coming and going in convulsive sobs as she gazed up at me with an expression so pitiable, so unutterably yearning and heartbroken, that it will live forever in my recollection as the very acme of human anguish.

"Neil," she panted, "you know your mother, don't you? You know me, Neil? Neil, Neil, look at me, and say you know the mother who bore you—who soothed you at her breast—who has loved and cherished you all these years! Neil, tell me you know me, or I shall go mad!"

My faltering assent had no conviction. To me this poor distracted creature was a stranger on whom I had never set eyes before. How thankful I was to Sergeant Nogeon when he interposed.

"It is not advisable to trouble the lieutenant with such questions, madam," he said. "Though his mind is greatly ameliorated, the past does not exist for him. I implore madam, in her son's interest as well as her own, to compose herself."

I could feel my mother's effort to obey; but she turned as pale as death and her hand on mine was like ice.

"We have him back, mother," said the oldish man in a quivering voice. "Let us be thankful for that, mother dear."

"His mind has been absolutely normal since the third of August," interjected Nogeon. "Since that date his lucidity and intelligence have been remarkable and to me the occasion of some inspiring hours. The amiable family of my lieutenant should, therefore, not distress itself."

A constrained silence followed. It seemed as though I ought to confirm these flattering remarks by some proof. Accordingly I was moved to say, in a tone of extreme urbanity:

"I must really beg the indulgence of you all. It is a painful position, of course; but the sooner we get used to it—adjust ourselves to it—the better it will be for everyone. I share your feelings, which rouse in me the liveliest sympathy; but I will ask you, also, on your part, to share mine—I a stranger, who has the misfortune not to recognize any of you."

Here the young fellow burst out into a hysterical guffaw.

"Permit me to introduce you to your own father!" he exclaimed. "Neil, this is our old dad; I cannot recommend him too highly!"

My father and I both laughed as we shook hands. The constraint lessened. Tragedy had given way to ordinary, smiling human intercourse. I turned to the youth and asked him if he were not my brother.

"Sure!" he answered, wringing my hand again. "I am Eddie, you know. We were great old chums once, Neil. You must try and like me all over again."

"Indeed I will!" I said heartily, waiting for the lovely slender blonde to be identified. Eddie's backwardness was puzzling; I was aware of a tension, as though no one wished to make the introduction. As I looked toward her in expectation, the pretty creature flushed to the ears.

"She's Stella," said Eddie, laughing nervously. "Stella Lessinger, you know. You are engaged to her, Neil."

"I Knew That to Stay Here—to See You Perhaps—Would Break My Heart Into Little Pieces. Yet What Could I Do But Stay?"

I am writing this in a large and very discordantly furnished room, which they tell me was my study. McBeth seems to have been one of those indiscriminate bachelors who piled all his possessions together and found pleasure in the general higgledy-piggledy effect. All is in the bizarre taste—or rather tastelessness—of an out-of-door man who has contrived to shut out maids, brooms and artistic harmony, and glories in his untrammeled chaos. Three deer heads and an elk head look down from the walls; firearms, modern and antique, are much in evidence; and among the latter are some admirable specimens. There is a large Oriental divan; there are Persian and Chinese embroideries; flaming Navajo rugs in profusion; a birchbark canoe triced to the ceiling; saddles, packsaddles, snowshoes, skis; innumerable japanned tin boxes full of ammunition, fishhooks, rubbish and correspondence; and books, books, books everywhere—on shelves, on chairs, on the floor, under the marquetry writing table.

McBeth, as thus translated by his effects, appears to have been a man of some cultivation, widely traveled, and with an absorbing love of sport. It is strange how this last has wholly left me in my reincarnation. Were it not for the sort of awe I feel toward my predecessor—a curious respect and reverence for his things, as though they were only temporarily in my custody—I would have the deer heads bundled out. To take the lives of these wild creatures fills me with abhorrence. Perhaps the subconscious part of me has seen so much of human extinction under terrible and ferocious circumstances that all bloodshed seems abominable. To be frank, I hate the whole room; hate the whole litter, mess and disorder; if I dared I would refurnish it completely in accordance with my own taste. But I am withheld by the awe I have described, and by the grotesque apprehension that McBeth—the real McBeth—might at any moment open the door and ask me what the devil I had done in his absence! To me it is always his room—never mine.

But I must proceed with my diary, or rather go back and try to write down recent events in some sort of sequence. On landing at the pier, and after some very brief formalities, we all entered a luxurious automobile, and motored some thirty or forty miles to this large, pleasant, rambling house on the outskirts of a town called Montcalm. It is a considerable establishment, with nine or ten servants, two chauffeurs, and as many gardeners for the spacious grounds. My father, I gather, is a man of considerable wealth, and is a director in half a dozen important enterprises. Both he and my mother have their own cars and, though our position is not exactly grandiose, we are plainly people of position, who lead an agreeable and dignified life.

I understand that we have a New York house as well as this, and that we spend our winters there. Everything is very informal, very easy-going; and there is a note of kindliness in the house that I find delightful. Though my father strikes me as a man of no more than mediocre qualities—quite commonplace, in fact—he redeems himself in my opinion by his abounding good nature and love of simplicity, which suit him far better than any aristocratic pretensions. Kindness radiates from him; and on his return from his office, as one hears his mellow, cheerful voice ring out, one feels throughout the house a kind of invisible response to so much vitality and goodness of heart.

I am growing intensely fond of my mother. Her elegance, her grace, her distinction—her great beauty, which still persists in spite of time and suffering—all attracted me at once. But as our intimacy deepens I have ever a revealing sense of much more beneath—a charm, an intelligence, a playful yet profound understanding, that affect me beyond expression. When she fixes those melting eyes on mine, and I hear her caressing voice, and feel the touch of her small soft hand, I float away into a sort of ecstasy of tenderness. I put my arms about her, draw her to my heart, and unashamed tears of happiness stream down my face.

Though she accords my father an unfailing loyalty, and is not lacking in affection for my commonplace, noisy brother, she permits me to feel that it was I who made her life worth the living. All else has been disillusionment. Her dreams, her inner longings, her stifled and futile ambitions—all these, she whispers, were to come true in me. Once when she was speaking in this strain, though the phrase seems crude for those fine shades in which her confidences are always so delicately enshrouded, she referred to the joy my work had given her, and how she had realized, with my first great success, the climax of those long and waiting years.

I was unable to hide my mystification. My work—what did she mean by my work? I kept silent, for I had learned by sad experience the danger, the mortification, of asking her questions about myself. But the blankness of my face betrayed me, and it evoked the most poignant distress I had yet to see her endure. She faltered; she turned away her head; her bosom heaved. Then, mastering herself, she said:

"Oh, Neil, I will show you!"

Then she led me, very wondering indeed, to a bookcase, where, among many other fine bindings, was a specially honored row of about a dozen volumes. I stared at them in amazement as I read: Far Afield, by Neil McBeth; Hard Going, by Neil McBeth; Upstream, by Neil McBeth; On the Company's Business, by Neil McBeth. My astonishment was immeasurable as I examined them. My books! Mine!

"I call them my grandchildren," murmured my mother, as though to break the constraint; and then she explained that the repetition of the same titles was due to separate British and Continental editions.

"Mine!" I repeated, still incredulous. "I simply cannot believe it!"

"These are your four novels," she said, trying with difficulty to make her voice sound matter-of-fact. "You have written a great many stories too, Neil; you will find scrapbooks full of them in your study."

"And were they successful, mother?" I asked.

Her glance was full of pride as she answered:

"Oh, Neil, you are one of the leading younger writers of America."

I would have taken the books away then and there had she not informed me there was another set in my study. I was in such a fever of curiosity that I hurried away, oblivious of good manners, consideration or anything else.

I doubt that any author before had ever had such an odd experience of his own books—reading them apparently for the first time and as critically as the veriest stranger. But I must record the singular fact that, though they were vivid and exceedingly well written, I did not find them, either in motive or characterization, particularly to my taste. They were all of the West or Northwest—headlong, pistol-gripping tales of cowboys, Indians, goldseekers and outlaws, all pursuing mysterious purposes, and enduring in their course an endless variety of danger and privation. McBeth's principal merit lay in his delineation of wild Nature, and he was never so good as when he deserted his characters to describe the desolate fastnesses through which they moved. Here he was at home; here at times he rose to a sort of epic grandeur. I gazed about at his poor, abandoned belongings, which must have had some share in the making of these books, and a feeling of pathos stole over me. I seem to have robbed him of everything—life, love, fame.

I have intentionally omitted until now any reference to Stella Lessinger, though my reluctance is not due to any lack of interest, but rather to my perplexities in regard to her; in fact, to write about her at all causes me the most uncomfortable embarrassment. She is so adorably pretty, so unrestrained in her caresses and tenderness, so childishly ignorant of the problem confronting us, that I often feel myself the greatest brute imaginable. I can at least say in my defense that it was not I who renewed the relations she had had with McBeth. Every chivalrous instinct in me revolted at taking anything like advantage of this sweet and impetuous little person, who seemed wholly unable to realize any change in the man to whom she was affianced.

At first I tried to bear myself with a certain reserve; but the barriers I set up could not long resist those eager arms and that sparkling face, which so fondly pressed its lips to mine. Yet this innocent abandonment and this innocent, delicious voluptuousness cause me the keenest suffering. I feel that I am getting them on detestably false pretenses; feel that I am a trickster and a cheat. Worse than that—I dare hardly write it down—I feel but little answering response in my heart. Stella's girlish fragrance, her youth, her slim and faultless body—all intoxicate me when in my arms; but when the spell is broken I am conscious of an unpleasant reaction. A sense of guilt oppresses me; my conscience takes me to task; I realize that I am playing an ignoble rôle.

Were she older we might arrive at some understanding—might frankly discuss, perhaps, this extraordinary situation that involves us both so peculiarly; but she is too incurably childish and young for this solution, which is one so piquant that it might stir in me—or revive—the very emotion I now feel so lacking. It is enough for her that we love each other and are engaged; no further thoughts trouble her dainty blond head. Even my misfortune seems to her no very terrible matter. I can only suppose that people without minds do not miss minds in others. Why should they, indeed! Nevertheless, she is very captivating, overflowing with gay talk about nothing, and is as playful and squeezable as a kitten. In a sense I love her dearly; and when she dances into my room, as radiant as a sunbeam, I feel a responsive gush of happiness within me, and wonder that I should ever have had the heart to criticize her. But where is all this to lead us to? It would be a crime for a man so impaired as myself to marry anybody. What are they about—her parents and mine—that they should look on with positive approval?

Stella lives within a mile of us, in an establishment somewhat similar to ours, though decidedly less pretentious. She is the baby of the family, an older sister and a brother being married and settled elsewhere. Her father is a silent, solemn, sunburned man, who has retired from business and plays golf all day long. I think he dreads me like the devil; never wishes to be left alone with me lest I might suddenly snatch up a chair and brain him. Stella's mother is a flibbertigibbet of a woman, jerking with nerves, who talks incessantly about herself. If I were to brain anybody I should certainly choose her!

Stella rules them both with a charming imperiousness that at times is just a little less than charming and verges on sharpness and impertinence. Her parents seem to have acquiesced so meekly to her dominion that I feel the uselessness of discussing my situation with them. Sometimes I am tempted to make a confidante of my mother; but I shrink from the pain I might cause her. So Stella and I drift along toward the abyss, locked in each other's arms.

No sooner had I become settled in Montcalm than my father began to bring doctor after doctor to see me. I have a memory of grave, intent men, most of them with pointed beards, and all with thoughtful, searching eyes and excessively smooth manners. They were, of course, distinguished mental specialists; and I will do them the justice to say that they all confessed themselves baffled. I believe every one of them finally decided I was shamming, and their entrapping questions were so transparent that I grew more and more surly, and helped, no doubt, to confirm this impression. Indeed, I became heartily tired of the whole silly, impotent business until Dr. Felix Fortner, the most eminent of them all, brought my series of ordeals to an end. After asking minutely what his confrères had done, and cursorily examining the sheaf of X-ray photographs, he nodded, lit one of my father's best cigars, and entered into a long, discursive and very pleasant conversation. At the end he called in my father and said:

"Mr. McBeth, your son's case is the most fascinating I have ever had to consider. A complete loss of mind is not uncommon where there has been both shock and injury to the head; but, as a rule, such patients are poor, muddy-minded creatures, who are palpably groping for the reality that has been temporarily obscured. But in your son there is a sharply defined line: On this side of it a mind of supernormal vigor and keenness; on the other an unpierceable blank. I am at a loss to say what the future has in store for him; one can only trust to the effort of Nature, always persistently striving for normality, to correct and overcome all the impairments of the organism. I would suggest that I be permitted to send you a brilliant young coadjutor of mine, named Mell—Dr. Fitzjames Mell, of Johns Hopkins—whom I should like to live in this house and share your son's life intimately for several weeks or more. This is the only medical attention that can be of the least value—the earnest, untiring attention of a magnificently trained psychologist, who will be able to detect the first incipient sign of improvement or otherwise—for retrogression is possible as well as progress—and report to and consult with me daily over the telephone. Is this too much to ask, Mr. McBeth?"

"Not financially," said my father. "Money is nothing to me compared to my boy's health. But, as for this enforced intimacy with Doctor Mell, I think it is only right that the decision should be left to Neil."

Of course I had no real option in the matter. In the circumstances, if they had asked me to live with a giraffe I should have had to answer "Yes; with pleasure," whether I liked it or not. When the doctor prescribes one can do nothing less than swallow his medicine; so I swallowed Doctor Mell—with an air of feeling better already.

He arrived very late the following afternoon; and we, who had been anticipating an awe-inspiring personage, of a learning and a profundity that were to make us all miserable, were more than surprised to greet a boyish, clean-shaved stranger, in tweeds and a red tie, neither of them very fresh or new, who ran up the steps two at a time, introduced himself as Doctor Mell, and then, blushing furiously, said he had forgotten his purse; and would we lend him a dollar for his taxicab?

He was a slight, sandy-complexioned man of about my own age, with reddish hair, cropped so close that at first one thought him entirely bald, and an impulsive laugh which was apt to rise to a hysterical giggle. There was never anybody less like a distinguished psychologist than this genial, smiling, intensely vital fellow, who was always poking fun at himself and everybody else. I liked him at once; and as I led him upstairs to the room we were to share together—that was one of Doctor Fortner's provisos—I rallied him about the disappointment his unconventional manners and appearance had caused us. He accepted all this with mock humility; said he always made a bad first impression and would be sure to leave under a cloud; and then, dipping into his suitcase, remarked that he had forgotten his comb and brush. When I had supplied the omission he made the further discovery that he had no studs for his evening shirt—or a tie—or any pyjamas!

"I am the most absent-minded begger alive!" he exclaimed, giggling joyfully. "I suppose I had to become a psychologist just to protect the few poor wits I have."

"I am not greatly struck by your success, doctor," I said. "I certainly don't think you ought to pay yourself heavily for your own professional services to yourself!"

"I will surprise you yet," he returned, beginning to wash his hands with the same exuberance he put into everything.

Then he turned to ask what the other doctors had thought of me. I told him as well as I could remember, adding that I believed they all judged I was shamming. The recollection made me indignant and I expressed myself with some heat.

"Oh, they are probably right," he said, in the most offhand way. "I am going to get to work on that supposition."

I was too overcome to be angry.

"And this from a chap I was beginning to like!" I exclaimed.

"You must not think I mean consciously," he explained. "The top of you is sincere, all right; but the underneath may be a terrible liar. It's like this, McBeth—may I call you McBeth? Sometimes a donkey will lie right down in the dirt, you know, and will simply not budge, no matter how much you may kick or beat him or twist his tail. That's what your donkey has done—got such a shock that he thinks he is dead when he isn't!"

I could not help laughing as I said:

"Thank you for the comparison, doctor."

"Well, isn't it better than a lot of scientific jargon you would not understand?" he observed, his laugh rising to a shrill cackle. "The thing you and I have to do, McBeth, is to prod that donkey up!"

I am disturbed by the gradual change in my feelings toward Stella. I do not know how it has come about, but I like her less and less, and something very like disillusionment is stealing over me. The most disconcerting discovery is to find that she is insincere. This laughing, dancing little beauty can be uncommonly waspish to those she does not like or cannot make use of; and she is an egoist to her finger tips. Now that I am going out a great deal, and meeting people, as they say, I find, to my disgust, that she is making capital out of my infirmity and exploiting it for a tear-compelling little drama, in which she is the pathetic heroine. She always contrives to make herself the center of sympathetic attention, in which my rôle is to support the star and give her the necessary and effective background. Frankly I hate it, and I hate anything that gives the implication of my being an object of pity; and I know she resents my laughter and good spirits—in public—because it makes it harder for her to get into the spotlight. I really believe she would prefer a blighted being on crutches, with sad, staring eyes, who would never open his mouth.

I am gaining the conviction, too, that she has no intention of marrying me unless I am cured. Of course no one could blame her for this—I the least of all; but it accords poorly with the sad little drama she advertises so flagrantly. I received a hint of this the other day when she confided

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"Sergeant," I Demanded at Last, Almost With Severity, "Will You Please Inform Me Who I Am?"

"NOT FOR PUBLICATION"

By David Lawrence

ALL day and all night come telegrams, cablegrams and wireless messages by the thousands from the four corners of the world to soundproof rooms in the State, War and Navy Building and the White House, in Washington. They tell what's happening overseas, what the United States Army and Navy are doing, what the embattled armies of other nations are accomplishing, what the diplomats are whispering to each other in Europe, what credits of international finance are being planned, what is afoot among rulers, among cabinet ministers and in parliaments the world over—a wealth of information.

It's all somewhere in Washington, somewhere in those graystone buildings at the executive end of Washington, locked up in safes and private files, secure against prying eyes—secrets that may never see the light of day; secrets that will be revealed in due time, perhaps after the war; secrets of our own mobilization of men and resources—the truth about the war on both sides of the Atlantic. President Wilson and his confidants alone know it. Never was there so much news of world-wide importance gathered together before the very eyes and ears of scores of correspondents in the capital of the United States; but they can't print it—not even what they surmise, much less what they actually know. There's news, news, everywhere—but not very much to print.

Wouldn't you like to read what Ambassador Page learns when he talks with Premier Lloyd George or the King? Wouldn't the front pages of American newspapers welcome a chance to display General Pershing's reports of his conferences with Field Marshal Haig or General Pétain? Wouldn't it be interesting to know the contents of those voluminous messages that come regularly from our embassies and legations abroad every day; or the import of those confidential conversations at Washington between President Wilson, Secretary Lansing and the diplomatic representatives and commissioners of the Allied Powers?

Yet if you were a Washington correspondent and knew all, the probabilities are that much of what could produce big headlines would remain as securely locked in your own mind as if it had never intruded there. You couldn't print it—or rather you wouldn't.

Regulating the Public Pulse

WHY? Not that any law specifically prohibits, not that any punishment awaits the offender. But patriotism guides those who write as intensely as those who fight. It is a Washington tradition that newspaper men in the national capital always know more than they can print. This is because friendly officials talk freely to them and trust to the discretion of the correspondents to write what is proper and legitimate. But wartime imposes a new confidence. With several hundred reporters given access to all the war-making departments and bureaus of the Government a greater responsibility is imposed upon them. The American newspapers similarly gather information of military operations at seaports and interior cities which would make interesting narrative, but at the same time would disclose the system and plans of the War Department. The American press to-day voluntarily censors itself, aided by "requests" from time to time from the Government to withhold certain classes of military, naval and diplomatic information.

There has been, indeed, a change in the whole newspaper game since the outbreak of the war. The press is expected to suppress valuable military information and at the same time is expected to give space to the Government's many statements and explanations of policy and action intended to enlist the whole-hearted support of the people. The Government has taken upon itself the task of regulating the pulse of the nation so that enthusiasm will be uniformly maintained at all times.

Psychological strategists have risen at Washington in great numbers to do that job. They argue a variety of means. Some incline to the suppression of untoward happenings—they would minimize disasters and cover up shortcomings. Some would issue treatises and pamphlets and literature galore, indexed and cross-indexed, with appendices of encyclopedic generosity and footnotes of academic obscurity. Some would have the people wait until the war is over and publish a neat set of volumes, historically accurate and comfortably complete. Some—yes, there are some of these—would regulate public opinion

Colonel Robert Ewing Talking to Joseph P. Tumulty, President Wilson's Private Secretary
George Creel, Chairman of the Committee on Public Information

as you would an alarm clock: to go off into spasms of ecstasy on every occasion that the flag is carried over a ridge to No Man's Land or the navy cracks the back of a submarine. Others, more timid, advocate alternate waves of pessimism and optimism. And in the absence of a definite realization that the people mostly want facts and prefer to thrill for themselves, the strategists who have argued for an artificiality of effect have, just as surely as did England's overzealous censors, cast suspicion on much of the Government's output.

Perhaps "psychological strategists" is a name too high-sounding. Those who strive to direct the thought and emotions of the people can be more concretely identified. First there are the cabinet officers. Day after day they sit at their tasks surrounded by mountains of correspondence, tangled in reels of red tape and oppressed by incessant gas attacks from innumerable callers, ranging from persons on legitimate errands to the most pestiferous of lobbyists. These cabinet secretaries rise on the week-end, or whenever the spirit moves them, and pronounce a long speech full of platitudes, devoid of information, but intended to rouse the people to heights of unbounded enthusiasm. Occasionally some one in the cabinet—and there are one or two who can do it—strikes a new note in public speech and catches the ear of the country. But as press agents for the war the cabinet falls down—not because of a lack of vision but of a habitual dependence on generalities, when the people want concrete information. The cabinet officer who would rise up and say things don't look as well as they seem, might be frowned upon by sundry persons in executive quarters, but he would effectively vary the monotony of the proceeding. Similarly, the one who would coin a phrase or two—even if he had to plagiarize from American slang to do it—and say something inspiriting about the American Army and Navy in monosyllabic emphasis might be accused of bluster and jingoism—a combination deemed highly undignified. Colorless speechmaking is a prerequisite to an unbroken tenure in the cabinet.

So as one descends from the cabinet-officer plane to the lesser lights, silence and suppression become even more the vogue. Only the publicity experts, private secretaries to presidential candidates-to-be, chiefs of divisions of "information," and press agents inside and outside the Government are loquacious. Not that most of the objects are not worthy—as, for instance, the Red Cross, the Food Administration, the Coal Administration, the Liberty Loan publicity, the aëronautical program, the committees which have to do with recreation for the encamped thousands, the railroad war boards and a dozen other activities, in addition to the publicity bureaus of the Government departments organized in peacetime, together with the specially organized Committee on Public Information, already made famous by George Creel. But inasmuch as these experimenters in national psychology vary in their ideas of what must appeal to the people of the United States and incidentally the morning and evening newspapers, the weeklies and the magazines, the result is an avalanche of heterogeneous manuscript that comes down on editors and correspondents diurnally and nocturnally in a mad passion for publicity.

Unskilled Publicity Work

THE output is a plethora of views and a paucity of news. All the outgivers imagine they are reaching the heart and soul of the American people and wakening them to a better understanding of the job that lies ahead.

If all Government officials had newspaper experience and if all newspaper editors and writers had Government experience it would perhaps be easy to work out a harmonious policy. What Government officials as a class think the newspapers ought to suppress, and what they ought to print instead, differs very radically from what the newspapers and magazines instinctively know the people want to read about. When the officials, therefore, give out certain military information "not for publication," so as to prevent its inadvertent use, the injunction is gladly obeyed for patriotic reasons. But when the Government issues a mass of publicity matter, some of it boosting individuals and some of it exploiting projects, the editors and correspondents unceremoniously put the "not for publication" mark on it themselves, and the material goes to the waste-baskets of American newspapers instead of into their composing rooms.

It is disclosing no secret to tell how much of a rejected contributor is the Government of the United States. Recently a canvass was made of the many news associations and organizations that receive prepared stories and articles from Government bureaus. Investigation disclosed that at least sixty per cent of the output was not sent over the wires or mailed to the newspapers of the country by their Washington agencies—chiefly because the material was trivial, uninteresting or irrelevant in days when the newspapers are crowded with real news from Europe and live happenings elsewhere in this country. Condensation is unheard of; and as for coördinating the different bureaus, no one has dared to attempt it.

Imagination? That's the crux of it. What do the people most want to know and to what are they most indifferent? What that is concealed ought to be revealed and what that's handed them as a substitute ought really to be withheld at the source? Answer those questions and you have solved the problem. They involve two opposite functions—expression and suppression. On their healthful combination depends the success of the psychological drive—the unremitting support of a hundred million people.

Garrulity and reticence in an individual would be a rare combination. Governments are just such rare combinations. They are more than that—they are paradoxes in time of war; and in some countries when the people get tired of trying to understand the paradox they upset a cabinet and try out a new government. The tendency is

to be overcommunicative on trivialities and nonessentials and rigidly taciturn on matters of vital concern.

Somebody may some day discover a cure for the impulse that leads to war. On the same eventful day it would be a great help if this physician extraordinary found also a solution for the ever-recurrent oppositeness of government and press.

When a nation goes to war—especially if it is one with more than a hundred million people in it, linked together by afternoon and morning newspapers that reach into every home in city, village and hamlet—the natural supposition is that this splendidly organized medium for the interplay of government and public opinion gets first and foremost consideration from those whose business it is to manage so tremendous an enterprise as war, and who know full well they cannot manage it without the fullest support of lives and treasure, given in ungrudging measure for a great cause.

But it is not exaggerating it a bit to say that the Government at Washington never has been seriously impressed with the value of the American press as a fourth estate, or any other estate, either in time of peace or in time of war. Newspaper men are still regarded by certain narrow-visioned officials as more of a nuisance than a help; a bothersome class that insist on sticking their noses into things that are nobody's business—nobody's business except the people's; a prodding, inquisitive, supercurious set of men whose only claim to toleration is that they may some day be useful; usually in September, October and November of every fourth year!

Not that newspaper men are not nuisances, not that they are not inquisitive, and not that they don't deal unjustly often with reputations and public affairs. Black sheep mar the whiteness of every flock. Indeed, none are more loud in their praises of the newspaper profession in this country than the candidates for office, and none are more vehement in their denunciations of the pestiferous, malignant army of news gatherers than the selfsame candidates when they have drawn Government salary checks for a while.

Pitiless Publicity

NOR is this especially characteristic of the present Administration. It is true of all administrations, of all governing classes that gravely imagine themselves equipped with foresight and ingenuity enough to execute any policy well, if only the newspapers would keep quiet and let the government alone. It is all a difference in viewpoint and perspective—according to whether you are on the inside looking out or on the outside looking in; a difference not confined to Democrats but common to Republicans and every other species of officeholder in our day.

No better illustration of this psychological mutation can be given than by recalling a little incident that happened to the man who to-day wields by authority of Congress and the prestige of his office a greater power over the press of the United States than any of his predecessors—namely, President Wilson himself.

It was back in the peaceful months of 1911. Members of the National Press Club were assembled in their clubrooms in Washington for an annual entertainment known as Hobby Night. Thomas Nelson Page, now the American Ambassador to Italy, was master of ceremonies, and Woodrow Wilson, governor of New Jersey, guest of honor. The Virginia novelist spoke prophetically of "the conservation of presidential timber" and introduced Mr. Wilson. The governor was a newcomer in Washington. He had been mentioned in the public prints for the job of President, but with true diffidence to their own discourses on the subject the correspondents were disposed to give less concern to his candidacy than to that of Judson Harmon, governor of Ohio, who, a week before, had been a guest. Yet when the New Jersey governor unbosomed his hobby his audience was entranced. Nothing, averred Mr. Wilson solemnly, was so chilling to wrongdoing and public scandal as the cool air of exposure; in fact, he favored with all his heart "pitiless publicity"!

Ah, if such a man were President, reasoned the correspondents! Visions of an outflow of news unparalleled, fountains of hidden facts spurting forth sensations galore, everything open and aboveboard, no secret conference committees to legislate obscurely, no secret diplomacy forcing a people to grope blindly for news of their own foreign policies—government, in fact, not by darkness but in the full light of a new day!

Pitiless publicity! It was the first of a series of enduring phrases. Only, its endurance was promptly taxed on the inauguration of the Democratic Administration and has been so heavily surtaxed ever since by the powers-that-be as to bring about the substitution of the word "pitiful" and inexpressible sighs of disappointment. Correspondents were informed early by the Administration that they ought not to speculate about foreign affairs or even write about negotiations until completed—in other words, until many things were irrevocable and the damage done. Ex-post-facto publicity became the habit of the Administration; ex-post-facto publicity it has remained, with the exception of those occasions when enterprising reporters have pried beneath the surface and forced into view matters thought to have been hermetically sealed.

Newspaper Men Surrounding the Secretary of War After a Conference With the President

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Historic Old Buildings Where Clay and Webster Lived are Now Being Used by the Committee on Public Information

The Censorship

BUT it must not be inferred that President Wilson or his colleagues never intended to live up to their promises. On the contrary, they were as sincere in their original desire to uncover all Government business to the inspection of the public as they are sincere in their present effort to divert the same gaze from things which, they think, while in the process can only be hampered or obstructed by publicity.

They confidently expect the people, of course, to approve in the end all that is done.

How, the newspapers have asked, on the other hand, can the people support policies of which they know nothing? How can they assist the Government or change a wrong policy unless facts are available on which to base a judgment? To err is so human that no administration is considered by a democratic electorate to be infallible, extensive as may be the trust and confidence in it of a patriotic people. Newspapers are private enterprises and operated for a profit, but their owners and editors have recognized that financial success results only from an appreciation of what the people really think and desire of their Government. Between elections the newspapers are relied upon as spokesmen for the people, to find out what is going on and tell the fair-minded American the facts so that he can make up his own mind on the merits. The Administration has preferred to think of the newspapers mostly as private enterprises and to disregard their quasi-public utility.

If spies depended only on newspapers, and if the German submarines didn't have periscopes to see what American destroyers are doing in the danger zone, and if Germany didn't have aëroplanes to fly over the American lines and approximate the number of divisions and the military strength of our armies, the newspaper men would have been sympathetic with the policy of suppression. But the outcry now is to give the American people at least as much information as the Germans have or can get about us and to keep absolutely secret the details of military and naval operations that have to do with movements of men and ships, munitions and supplies.

Leave it to some of the people in the Government to decide, and they call it "military information" to say that Major General Pershing is to be made a full general or that American troops use the Atlantic Ocean to get

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HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Colonel Roosevelt Being Interviewed on the Steps of the White House as He Left the Conference With President Wilson

UNITED WE WIN

Lessons From the German Drives

By Carl W. Ackerman

THE relationship between strategy and submarine ears—most German submarines now have ears as well as eyes—is closer than one might imagine. To begin with, both are Teutonic in origin—because the strategy I shall discuss will be that of the German General Staff. This must establish their connection over an indefinite period of time. Second, Necessity, being the mother of Invention and the father of Destruction, produced both. In the third place, both are being used against the Allies; and that proves they are, at least, common enemies.

I might continue the comparison at this time, but it is not necessary. In discussing the essence, the policy, the purpose and the principle of German military strategy I shall try to prove, beyond the doubt of a Thomas, either here or abroad, that the ears of submarines and Teutonic strategy are brothers in arms. If we were to deal with but a single phase of their work we might call them the Military Twins of Frightfulness.

In any discussion of the twins strategy comes first. It may not be more interesting or more important to know why Germany and Austria invaded Italy in October and November; but for the purposes of this article it comes at the beginning, even ahead of the puzzle that makes all ask why submarines can torpedo ships without leaving a trace—of the submarine; as in the cases of two American transports.

During the two years when I was doing newspaper work in Germany I made several trips to the battlefronts in Russia, France, Belgium, Rumania, and elsewhere. But now, as I look back upon these experiences, none appears so important as the journey to the battlefield of the Somme, in November, 1916; because, upon this occasion, I not only heard strategy discussed but I had it discussed at me, as a neutral and a novice, and, therefore, as one with an open mind.

The "Tactical Victory" at Verdun

BY THE time I reached the Somme the English and French had been attacking for nearly four months. In company with a group of correspondents I motored and sauntered through the fields and villages immediately behind the fighting lines. From a hill a few hundred feet from the outskirts we watched the bombardment of Bapaume; and on another occasion I mounted a steel tower, built upon the roof of a sugar factory, used at that time to repair machine guns, and watched the battle at night. What we saw were the falling stars, skyrockets, light *patrons*, in gold, green, red and white, making all manner of arcs and lines against the black horizon.

One morning we walked through the underground artillery positions, and later dined in a woods where some reserves were being equipped and instructed before being sent to the muddy, straw-lined craters marking the outposts of the German positions. In company with a number of other newspaper men I had, in March and April, visited the battlefield of Verdun during some of the decisive days of that engagement. So it was but natural, when we reached the château headquarters of Generaloberst von Below, who commanded the German operations from the Somme River to the south of Arras, that the conversation between the officers and the correspondents should center upon these two battles—Verdun and the Somme.

Before two o'clock that afternoon, which was the hour set for Sunday dinner with *Excellenz* and his staff, I walked through the gardens of the beautiful French estate with a German officer, who was married to an American woman and who had spent many years of his life in this country. We were far enough from the actual fighting to be able to observe a quiet Sunday, though the constant firing of big guns and the shell explosions produced a sound like the multiplication of rolling drumbeats, a sound which gave the name to the drum fire of artillery. In the garden Von Below's big hunting dog and a young donkey were prancing round in circus fashion, attracting the attention of Von Below and two generals, who were also walking—and talking. I do not know what occupied Von Below's attention when he left the scene of the animal circus; but I recall that the chief interest among the younger officers, including my escort, was in the failure of the Germans to break through at Verdun, and the German defenses which prevented the Allies from breaking through on the Somme. In the course of his comments the captain with whom I was talking remarked that if the French had attacked in force at Verdun at the same time the British and French fought on the Somme, and if the two battles had continued with the determination and force displayed at the Somme, it was doubtful whether Germany could have held out.

We dined with Von Below—that is, we sat at the same table; but Von Below, who had little respect for the United States and less for newspapermen, flanked himself on either side with three officers, so that he would not have to converse with a civilian. But after an eight-course meal, such as one could obtain nowhere in Germany because of the food shortage, the conversation again turned to Verdun and the Somme.

This Sunday visit was a memorable one, because the arguments the officers advanced were later incorporated in a series of articles which the Imperial General Staff sent to the press. The Verdun attack was explained as a tactical victory, because it prevented the French and English from concentrating their forces at two points on the Western Line. The inference was that, though the Front at Verdun was not broken, as the Supreme Command had expected, still, the offensive there had compelled the Western Allies to center their push along one sector of a long front, which extended from the Belgian coast to Switzerland.

After my visit to the Somme and to the Verdun heights, and after I had read the official explanation regarding the tactical victory at Verdun, German military operations appeared to me to be dictated by one fundamental policy. Believing that Germany's success in the world war depended upon a military decision, or upon Germany's ability to prevent an Allied decision by arms, the German Command endeavored to compel the Allies to attack in one place at a time. It seemed obvious to military observers that if Russia, Italy, France, England and the Allies in Greece attacked simultaneously on all fronts, and continued the engagements over a period of weeks, Germany and her allies could not hold all the fronts. There would be a break somewhere; and a break meant confusion and possibly defeat. The principle of German strategy seemed to be to deal with each belligerent separately and prevent Allied cooperation.

Such were undoubtedly the Teutonic motives and policies that dictated the military moves of the Central Powers before the submarine warfare was ruthlessly intensified in February, and before the United States declared war on Germany. Is not this conclusion borne out by the military events of 1915 and 1916 too? During the battle of Verdun there were no great sustained attacks on other fronts. It is true that when Austria started against Italy, in the spring of 1916, Russia came to her ally's assistance; but it was not long before Russia was silenced. The battle of the Somme began before Germany went to the assistance of her Austrian ally in Volhynia and Galicia; but by the time that battle was well under way the other fronts were comparatively quiet. As soon as the Allied push on the Somme ebbed, Germany went into Rumania; and during that tragic invasion—I spent three weeks traveling with the German Army to the forts of Bukharest—no concerted effort was made by the Allies to attack on the other fronts—and Rumania fell.

Germany's Four Aims

JUDGING events solely from their military aspect, it is possible that Germany had to reinvoice her military strength and possibilities, as well as her policies and strategy, when the United States declared war. Had there been no revolution in Russia, it is possible that Russia, Italy, France, England and the United States might have conducted five different offensives on four or five fronts simultaneously; but Russia's military strength collapsed, and it is doubtful whether any further coöperation may be expected. Whatever may be our individual opinion, or whatever may be my viewpoint, is not pertinent to this article, because it is my object to present what I believe to be the German plan and policy.

With Russia a passive belligerent, Germany, by the summer of this year, was able to canvass the world military situation and decide upon her future plans.

Having spent two years in Germany, and having seen the Imperial Staff officers at work, both at Great Headquarters and on the Front, I believe that, in view of recent events, including the invasion of Italy, the German General Staff some months ago decided upon a military campaign with the following objects:

1. Military movement calculated to unite public sentiment between the nations of the Central Powers and raise the morale of the people, which, because of food shortage and suffering, was at a low ebb.
2. A military movement that should have a second object of producing dissatisfaction among the Allies.
3. A military movement that, if successful, should frighten and awe the small European neutrals, as well as Spain, Mexico and South America.
4. A movement that should attempt to prevent, if possible, the concentration of forces on the Western Front by England, France and the United States in 1918.

The day after the United States broke diplomatic relations with Germany I was riding in the Berlin Subway with the editor of a South German newspaper and a captain from the General Staff, attached to the Foreign Office. At one of the stations the B. Z. am Mittag, a noonday paper published by the Ullstein & Company interests, was posted, announcing the severance of official relations. The editor spoke of the submarine campaign, which was the basis for the break, as being Germany's last card. By this he meant it was Germany's last weapon; and he said the officials had explained to him that the intensified submarine warfare would compel England and France to make peace before the fall of 1917.

The officer disagreed with him to the extent that the army would work in coöperation with the submarines, and the two weapons would win the war.

Such arguments were advanced by the leading newspapers and public men. The submarines and the army would win for Germany, despite the United States, or rather before the United States "could do anything."

I cite this conversation because it shows how universal was the opinion that Germany's only hope for winning the war was a military decision, either on the seas, by the use of submarines, or on land, by the army.

In February, March, April and May of this year the submarine sinkings were high, according to the published lists of the British and French Admiralties. By means of various

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A Vast Crowd Before the Kazan Cathedral in Petrograd

Madame Pharaoh's Daughter

"Madame Pharaoh Went Into a Trance and Told Him Things He Was Sure Were Hidden From All the World; Things—Ma Foi!—That Were Ab-so-lute-ly True!"

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

MADEMOISELLE MOULIN was very thoughtful that evening.

I was seated as usual at the little table by her desk in the Restaurant Moulin—a place of honor reserved for me, perhaps because I was the only American doctor in Bains-les-Bains, to say nothing of the further circumstance that my arm was still in splints. And as I sat there, giving mademoiselle her evening lesson in the delicate variations of American slang, I couldn't help noticing the thoughtful expression on my pupil's face, and the preoccupied manner in which from time to time she first looked over my shoulder and then glanced over my head.

"And when we are pleased with a thing," I continued, "but not quite pleased enough to be tickled to death, we sometimes say, 'It is all to the merry.'"

"Teeckled *à la morte*," repeated Gabrielle mournfully. "All to the marry."

Wherefore I began to think her melancholy manner was due to the war. The wind had been blowing from the north all day, bringing the far-off thunder of guns up the gentle slopes of the Vosges. But when I tried to express my sympathy Mademoiselle Moulin shrugged her shoulders and gave me one of her looks.

"No, no, m'sieur," she said. "It isn't that. I was thinking of Madame Pharaoh." And, pulling a face that left nothing to be desired, she suddenly added: "*Mon Dieu*, but how I hate that woman! How I should like to put the *moutarde* on her nose!"

Which raises at once the natural question: But who was Madame Pharaoh?

I myself had asked the question only two weeks before, when Madame Pharaoh was first reported to be in Bains, and, to my surprise, I had found that she was the most notorious, if not the most famous, woman in France. She was a fortune teller, a sibyl, a crystal gazer, an astrologer, who had enjoyed an extraordinary fame before the war, and whose lightest word about the great conflict was received with an almost reverent awe from Calais to Cannes. For one thing, the evidence was indisputable that she had foretold the present war, almost to the very day:

When Kaiser Wilhelm's fiery hosts
Shall spread their epic holocausts ——

In addition to this, her prophecies had included the death of Kitchener:

the highest hope of Albion,
Whose fate is sealed—whose race is run ——

She had also foreshadowed the success of the submarine:

that iron shark, which swims and dips,
Whose touch is death to gallant ships ——

In fact, so wide had become her vogue that her prophecies were promptly put in Russian, Italian and English; and it is from a number of the latter translations that I have quoted the above.

So now perhaps you can realize the stir it had made when, a fortnight before my story opens, Madame Pharaoh was reported to be in Bains-les-Bains, brought there, it was said, by a supernatural vision and awaiting one of the greatest revelations of the war. Though Bains at that time was the headquarters of the Vosges sector, to say nothing of its being a hospital town of the first importance, munitions and medicines were temporarily forgotten, and all the talk was of Madame Pharaoh and her powers.

Colonel Grenier, of the General Staff, who was said to know more gossip than all the old women of France put together, went to visit her. As a matter of fact he went to scoff; but he came away thoughtful enough.

Gazing into the crystal, Madame Pharaoh had told him the maiden name of his wife and the maiden name of his mother; had told him that his daughter was ill—unexpected news that he promptly verified by telephone; and finally she had disclosed to him the fact that his son was a prisoner at Schwarzfeld, describing him feature by feature, even to the scar upon his elbow and a trick he had of carrying a lucky gold piece in the lining of his shoe.

In short, Colonel Grenier, who had believed that his son was dead, came away so impressed that other officers of the staff paid unofficial visits to Madame Pharaoh—among them General Picot, whose bluff way of speaking is famous throughout France. The general stayed for nearly an hour; and, though he would never tell about his interview, he did burst out one day:

"Madame Pharaoh? You ask me what I think of her? Then listen to me, m'sieur: If that old woman isn't the devil himself, the devil is her husband."

This, then, was the formidable character Gabrielle had in mind that evening when I found her sitting so thoughtfully at the cashier's desk in the Restaurant Moulin.

"I was thinking of Madame Pharaoh," she said. And, pulling the face of one who is biting bitter fruit, she suddenly added: "*Mon Dieu*, but how I hate that woman! How I should like to put the *moutarde* on her nose!"

I tried to hide my smile, for Gabrielle herself is younger than I am, has a tiptilted nose, innocent eyes, and a complexion that always reminds me of peaches and cream. So when I thought of her entering the lists against the sinister and mysterious figure of Madame Pharaoh I had to try very hard indeed to hide my smile. Still, as I had already found out, Mademoiselle Moulin has in some things a wider knowledge of the world than I have, perhaps because the leading restaurant in the Vosges offers a better opportunity to read the Grand Romance of Life than the medical school I had been attending. With this in mind, I gave up the thought of trying to dissuade her and asked, instead:

"What has Madame Pharaoh been doing now?"

"What has she been doing? A mouthful, m'sieur. You know the pretty Belgian girl—Mademoiselle Heloise—the tall, sad girl, with the little chaperon, whom everyone loves so well?"

Having been in Bains only a month I hadn't got so far as that yet.

"But surely you have heard of her?" persisted Gabrielle. "When the war broke out she lose her poppa and momma, and all their property on fire; and she only just escaped her way down here from the boarding school with a leetle old governess—coming to Bains because her poppa had a cottage on the hillside, with a grand view of the Vosges ——"

"You mean the tall, quiet girl, with a lot of hair, who once came to dinner with a young officer and a little old woman?"

"The same, m'sieur," crowed Gabrielle. "And halways sit beneath the marble bustle of Napoleon. *Eh bien.* For the first two years she arrived with us she never, never smiled, but looked at the world with a mournful eye—so sad and pale and tall she is—poor thing. But in the winter before you came she met Lieutenant de Pelcher—that fine yo'ng man with the big brown eyes; and it was what you call a mash at first sight."

"A match," I gently corrected her.

"*Oui, oui*; a mash—it is what I said. And such a mash, m'sieur. How do you call it? Feefty-feefty. Oh, all the world could see they loved each other, and everyone expected they would marry as soon as the war was over and Lieutenant de Pelcher could make his fortune." Gabrielle's voice, which had gradually been rising to dance music for the violin, now suddenly fell to a dirge for the drums as she continued: "But now—*hélas!*—along comes Madame Pharaoh; and what you think of thees, heh? She has broken off the mash."

"You mean the Belgian girl has broken it off?"

"She? *Oh, là là!*" cried Gabrielle. "She would break off all her ears first. No, no, m'sieur. It is Madame Pharaoh who has done the shabby treeck. It is Madame Pharaoh who has check' the whole affair."

At this fresh evidence of the power of France's famous prophetess I could only stare in round-eyed wonder.

"Ah, m'sieur," said Gabrielle impressively, "you do not know that woman! It is just exact' as General Picot said: 'If that old woman isn't the devil himself, the devil is her husband.'" Mademoiselle gave a breathless look round the restaurant, ending with one of those ever-recurring glances over my shoulder and another over the top of my head. "Leesten, m'sieur," she whispered. "I will tell you all about it."

If only I had the gift of tongues I should try to tell you how my pupil looked as she prepared herself for the recital. In some respects she was the embodiment of the Gallic character: dramatic, intuitive, graceful and—as the novelists say—as quick as any flash. When she leaned over the side of the desk, her eyes intent upon mine, her lips slightly parted to begin her narrative, I, too, began to feel the glow of the Golden Age, that age of fancy where romance was born; and everything I had ever known about hospitals and wounds and antiseptics was temporarily forgotten.

"When Heloise and her governess first arrived in Bains," Gabrielle began, "they have ver', ver' little money. So what does the governess do, m'sieur? She buys some breedy hens—a thing she had always wished to do—and sets herself to the task of raising *poulets*. All she can raise my Uncle Victor buys them for the restaurant; and that is how I come to hear the news.

"This morning Lieutenant de Pelcher went to see Madame Pharaoh with one of his friends—as yo'ng men will, to pass away the time. He hadn't been there a minute when Madame Pharaoh went into a trance and told him things he was sure were hidden from all the world—strange things—wonderful things; but things—*ma foi!*—that were ab-so-lute-ly true!

"Then, all at once, she described poor Heloise and said to Lieutenant de Pelcher: 'If you really love this girl, m'sieur, you will never, never marry her. I see her lying dead in her bridegroom clothes—her wedding ring, so new, upon her finger!' Just like that she told it to him—like the keeck of a mule! Then she groaned in her trance; and this is what she told him next: 'To-night,' she said, 'at half past six, you are to go the Restaurant Moulin; and there, sitting at a table underneath the marble bustle of Napoleon, you will see a yo'ng lady who is destined to be your future wife. You will marry this yo'ng lady within two weeks,' she say, 'because she is your lucky star and will lead you on to be a veritable savior of France. But, if ever again you speak a word of love to Mademoiselle Heloise,' she say, 'within a month of that ver-ee day she will surely,

surely die—her bride's bouquet upon her grave—her wedding dress a shroud!'"

For a time I could only stare at Gabrielle with eyes as round as her own.

"And you say that Lieutenant de Pelcher is going to meet his future wife in the restaurant here to-night?" I asked.

"This ver-ee night, m'sieur! At half past six, m'sieur. Beneath the marble bustle of Napoleon."

Then, at last, I followed Gabrielle's example, first glancing at the clock over my shoulder, and then at the little table beneath the bust, which was directly behind me.

The time, I noticed, was a quarter past six.

The two chairs at the little table, I also noticed, had been pulled out and tilted forward.

I was just on the point of asking who had reserved them when I heard an unusual rustle of silk passing the desk; and, turning my head to see who it was, I also became conscious of the heavy perfume of white lilacs.

"S-s-s-s!" whispered Gabrielle under her breath. "I never have seen this scented one before. Perhaps she is the future wife for Lieutenant de Pelcher! Perhaps she is the woman of mystery!"

The new arrival rustled leisurely, almost royally, across the restaurant in the wake of Jean Baptiste, the head waiter; and, almost before we knew what had happened, Jean had pulled out one of the tilted chairs, and the Lady of the Lilacs had seated herself beneath the marble bust in the same leisurely manner in which she had crossed the room.

II

CALMLY, serenely, the Lady of the Lilacs began to draw off her gloves, meantime gazing round the restaurant with level eyes. She was of a type which appeals to some men, but which has never yet appealed to me—that cool, almost insolent type, which seems to know all things and whose motto apparently is: "Oh, I can take care of myself!" She was dressed in a magnificent costume of silk, striped alternately green and white; and perhaps you will get a more definite idea of her nonchalance when I add that, after taking off her gloves, she calmly opened her bag and dressed her fingers with a sparkling assortment of enormous dinner rings.

"Well?" whispered Gabrielle, bending her ear for my answer. "What you think of that one for a future wife, heh?"

"I wish she wouldn't use so much perfumery," I cautiously replied. "I can smell that lilac yet."

"Lilacs!" gently scoffed Gabrielle. "And was that all you notice'? Didn't you see the way she walked? And the way she drool' her words to Jean Baptiste? And the make-up on her eyelids? And the rouge inside her ears? And then you spik to me of lilacs—you, a man of the world, who pride yourself on knowing all so many things! But, wait! I want another look at her. Just a moment, m'sieur!"

She left the desk and walked across the rooms as though upon an errand to the kitchen. The restaurant was rapidly filling with its usual dinner crowd of old veterans and charming young ladies, convalescent and able-bodied officers, with their wives and mothers, their sisters and sweethearts—a bright and colorful scene, in which everyone seemed to be trying to forget the grim business that was going on a few leagues to the north.

I was still watching the crowd when I saw Gabrielle coming back; and I noticed that she stopped a minute at the table beneath Napoleon's bust to speak to the object of her curiosity.

"It was just as I think," she reported in a satisfied voice as she climbed back on her stool. "She tried to hide it from me, but I caught it queeck, before she could turn her head. Leesten, m'sieur, and I will tell you something: If ever you meet a woman with a high forehead like a man, and a tweesty nose that is slightly on the bias, look out for her! Each one of these is bad enough; but when you get the two of them in what you call a bunch ——"

She interrupted herself with a sharp catch of the breath; and, following her glance, I looked toward the door. I had seen Mademoiselle Heloise, the Belgian girl, only once before; but something told me that I was looking at her again, both because of the little old lady who was with her and because of Gabrielle's recent description—"so sad and pale and tall she is, poor thing."

She was dressed in black, which brought out the ivory tones of her complexion all the more; and, though she was simply dressed, there was a magnificent art in her coiffure which made me think—when I thought it over afterward—that she must have taken extra pains with her toilet that evening before starting out for the Restaurant Moulin.

For as long as I have taken to describe her, she stood near the doorway, evidently at a loss and looking as though some plan of hers had miscarried. And as her eyes swept over the restaurant her glance kept returning, as if in spite of herself, to the Lady of the Lilacs underneath the marble bust of the Little Corsican.

Mademoiselle Heloise Stood Near the Doorway, Evidently at a Loss and Looking as Though Some Plan of Hers Had Miscarried

Gabrielle's breath came fast, as though she had come to a particularly exciting passage in the Grand Romance of Life. Suddenly she leaned over on her stool.

"You are looking for someone, Heloise?" she asked.

"I was expecting to see a friend," was the Belgian girl's reply, so low that I could hardly hear it.

"Then perhaps you would like to wait," Gabrielle eagerly suggested; and, slipping down from her stool, she added: "I will find you a good table ——"

I think it was in her mind to place Heloise at the next table to the Lady of the Lilacs, partly because she was sure that if her heroine was on the scene for a subject of comparison, Lieutenant de Pelcher could make no other choice; and partly because of that instinct for the dramatic which is an essential part of Gabrielle's character. But, after a moment's hesitation, I was relieved to see Heloise shake her head.

"No, thank you; I won't wait," she said; and, after another glance at the unconscious Lady of the Lilacs, she hurriedly turned and was gone.

"Now that was fonny!" mused Gabrielle, resuming her place at the desk. "Why did she come to the restaurant like that—how do you call it?—all lit up like a Christmas tree, and then so suddenly change her mind, and all her lights go out? . . . Ah-h-h-h, yes; I bet you I have guessed it! . . . Madame Pharaoh said in her prophecy that Lieutenant de Pelcher would find his future wife at Napoleon's table at half past six, and Heloise had made up her mind to come and sit there herself. But when she arrived the table was taken already and, rather than make a scene, she has gone back home." Her eyes darted to the clock, which now stood at twenty-five minutes past six. "It will not be long before Lieutenant de Pelcher arrives," she said; "but—*là là!*—who next is this that comes?"

Another group stood in the doorway awaiting the attention of Jean Baptiste.

The first was a tall thin man, with the tragic face of an ascetic, who, with his long hair and hawklike features, reminded me strongly of a picture I had once seen of Henry Irving.

The second was a sharp-faced woman of middle age, who was evidently some sort of nurse or companion to the third figure of the group.

This latter one was reclining in a wheel chair between the other two; and, at first, I couldn't see her from where I sat. But suddenly, as she slowly began to rise from her wheel chair, the Restaurant Moulin went still with that electric tension which is sometimes felt when there is thunder in the north; and gradually a muffled whisper began to spread through the rooms, as the rustle of leaves will sometimes spread through a maple. And then, for some mysterious reason which I can never quite hope to analyze, a creepy feeling ran up and down my back.

"You hear?" whispered Gabrielle.

"Sure!" I whispered back. "It's Madame Pharaoh!"

III

MADAME PHARAOH sat at her table in such a way that she almost faced me, and you may imagine it didn't take me long to get a good look at her. More often than not, I have been disappointed on seeing celebrities; but there was nothing disappointing about Madame Pharaoh.

If I were an artist and wished to paint the picture of a witch, I should simply draw from my memory the face and figure I saw at the Restaurant Moulin that night—the shrewd, wrinkled face; the black costume, trimmed with yellow; the old-fashioned bonnet; the overpowering glance; the long nose and piercing features. She was thin, with unusually long arms—arms that seemed to have a nervous energy of their own, so that if she had suddenly died I could have imagined that her arms would have moved for a time of their own volition; and once, when she reached over the table for the bill of fare, she reminded me of nothing so much as a wise old spider reaching out over her web to see what she had for supper.

Perhaps she read my thoughts. In any event, I felt her eyes upon me—a formidable glance; and I remember that I felt as guilty as any Little Willy who has been caught, red-handed, in the jam.

"Oh, how I hate that woman!" breathed Gabrielle; but she sighed as she said it, as though she had given up her previously expressed ambition of applying the mustard to her nose. And, looking first at Madame Pharaoh and then at the Lady of the Lilacs, she uttered another mournful sound and murmured: "Poor Heloise! What chances has she got with a pair like those against her?"

Meantime other guests had been arriving, unconscious of the human comedy that was being staged among them. But it didn't take them long to learn of the presence of Madame Pharaoh, and to crane their necks with obvious respect.

"These are what you call her fans, heh?" whispered Gabrielle; but before I could answer she made an excited gesture over the side of the desk.

Looking round I saw Lieutenant de Pelcher in the doorway, already staring over to the fateful table underneath the bust of Napoleon.

He was a well-set-up young man, though of a somewhat nervous type; but there was something in his pallor, his step and the formal precision of his uniform that reminded me of a martyr who had dressed himself with extra care and was now on his way to be hung. He advanced a few steps and then stopped, this time close to the desk.

"*Bonsoir, m'sieur!*" said Gabrielle, leaning forward on her high stool.

"Oh! . . . *Bonsoir, mademoiselle!*" responded the young lieutenant, with a start.

"You are looking for someone?" continued Gabrielle, with her innocent look.

"No, no! No, no! It's all right, thank you."

But, all right or all wrong, I couldn't help noticing the uncertainty with which he advanced into the crowded room, while Gabrielle and I watched his progress with breathless interest.

"He won't go to her," I whispered, once when he turned round one of the tables.

"Oh, but he will, m'sieur!" mourned Gabrielle with a curious air of finality, which might have been instinct—that same instinct which teaches the fly whether to expect any mercy from the spider.

Again the young lieutenant straightened his course, making his circuitous way among the tables; and again he veered to one side.

"I tell you he won't go to her," I whispered the second time. . . . . .

"Oh, but he will, m'sieur!" mourned Gabrielle again. "*Voilà!* . . . He has just seen Madame Pharaoh!"

Whether this had anything to do with it I shall probably never know, but the lieutenant squared his shoulders and made straight for the fateful table under the bust of Napoleon like a man who is charging an enemy's trench. A moment later he was stiffly bowing to the Lady of the Lilacs, who had turned and smiled at him; and Jean Baptiste, thinking perhaps they knew each other, was pulling out the empty chair.

"There!" said Gabrielle. "And now I hope Madame Pharaoh's satisfied with what she has done for Mam'selle Tweesty Nose."

She looked with indignation at the table where the old fortune teller was sitting; but gradually her gaze grew very thoughtful.

"Now that is fonny too!" she mused, her chin resting on her palm, her eyes intent, as though she were reading a particularly absorbing page of the Grand Romance of Life. "Madame Pharaoh's nose is also slightly on the bias. And—*oui, oui, oui!* she has the same high forehead and the same cold heye, like an icy serpent! And—look, m'sieur!—the way they both regard the world—the one like an old,

old spider, and the other like a yo'ng! And when their faces are turned to the shadows—now! you see the grand resemblance?"

Whereupon Gabrielle suddenly turned her full eyes to the Lady of the Lilacs, who was smiling and talking to Lieutenant de Pelcher in her leisurely, insolent manner.

"Aha, my lady!" exclaimed my pupil then, beneath her breath. "You think it a secret that none can guess; but you don't fool Leetle Gabby! You can try to hide it as much as you wish; but, if it was my dying word, I would cry aloud to all the world: 'You are Madame Pharaoh's daughter!'"

She suddenly subsided and her innocent look fell upon her as a group of customers approached the desk, and for the next few minutes Gabrielle was busy making change and receiving compliments. But the last gallant customer had hardly turned from the desk when she spun round on her stool.

"And now, m'sieur," she briskly remarked, "I want you to solve me a riddle, if you can: Why is it that Madame Pharaoh, one of the shrewdest and one of the richest old women in France, so suddenly wishes to marry her daughter to a poor lieutenant like that?"

II

IT WAS a wide and deep problem, entirely outside the bounds of materia medica—a problem touched with the golden glow of that Grand Romance of Life which Mademoiselle Moulin so loved to read. And while I turned the question over in my mind I kept my eyes upon the actors of the scene.

"Look!" whispered Gabrielle. "Look at Madame Pharaoh's daughter!"

I was watching her—if, indeed, it was Madame Pharaoh's daughter; and, with the clews that had been given me, I hadn't the slightest doubt about it. So, giving her the name and relation—at least for the time being—Madame Pharaoh's daughter was displaying a personality not unworthy of her distinguished mother.

Almost before my eyes she was establishing an ascendancy over Lieutenant de Pelcher. She stared at him with steadfast, disconcerting glances—smiled at him with smiles that matched her stares—dominated him with her gestures—frowned at him—laughed at him—talked all round him—and otherwise played a strong first fiddle to his fearful, almost tremulous second. And yet if I had been in his place I am not sure I should have acquitted myself any better than he did. If Fate should ever make me an unmistakable and supernatural gesture I am inclined to believe I should think twice before disobeying the summons, especially if it concerned the life and happiness of someone I dearly loved.

But then a more sordid thought occurred to me—a thought born of the sight of Madame Pharaoh herself, sitting like a black-and-yellow spider in the web she was spinning.

"Is Lieutenant de Pelcher rich?" I asked. "Or are his people wealthy?"

"R-r-rich? *Mon Dieu!*" scoffed Gabrielle. "Have I not already told you? He is so poor that he nearly always wears a shiny face upon his *pantalons;* and that is why he hasn't married Heloise. He has to wait till the war is over and he can make his fortune. No, no, m'sieur, it isn't that; though," she thoughtfully added, "I think I see your meaning ver-ee well. But wait! Here comes someone who can tell us for sure!"

A handsome old officer was approaching the desk, already beaming at Gabrielle from afar; a striking figure, with his white hair and black eyebrows. This was Colonel Grenier, of the General Staff—he whom Madame Pharaon had told about his son being a prisoner at Schwarzfeld he who was said to know more gossip than all the old women in France put together.

"Oh, M'sieur le Colonel," said Gabrielle, almost before he had reached the desk, "I want to ask you a question—if I may."

"I will tell you anything I know," responded the gallant colonel. But, turning to me, with a whimsical smile—a smile that made me think I should like to hear him gossip—he added: "Or is it that I shall tell her nothing? *N'importe!* It is all perhaps as one. So what do you want to know, *ma chère?*"

"You are from Haute-Garonne—is it not so, m'sieur?"

"*Oui, oui, mam'selle.* From the land of D'Artagnan!"

"And Lieutenant de Pelcher, over there—he also comes from Haute-Garonne—*n'est-ce pas, m'sieur?*"

"*Au vrai, ma chère.* I know his family well."

"Then tell me something, *s'il vous plait:* Is it possible that Lieutenant de Pelcher is about to arrive at some grand fortune? Will he ever be rich, do you know? Or is there any other reason why a clever adventuress should wish to marry him?"

"Hardly!" said the colonel. "It is still a true saying that a poor man in Paris is a rich man in Gascony. Lieutenant de Pelcher's father has a little property near St. Gaudens—oh, just enough to get a living from it. But proud? *Jarnibleu!* Prouder than Lucifer! He married a girl from Bordeaux—a distant relative of the Duc d'Espère—just the sort of match to suit old De Pelcher with a high connection in lieu of a *dot.* But she—she's dead these many, many years, and there's only the old man left at home, dining as often as not, I'll wager, on North-wind pudding and rain-water sauce!"

"Yes, yes, m'sieur!" eagerly exclaimed Gabrielle. "But isn't it possible that some day, perhaps, Lieutenant de Pelcher may succeed to the title and estates of the Duc d'Espère?"

"Hardly!" smiled the colonel; and then a more thoughtful expression passed over his face. "No; it's all right," he said, smiling again. "The young duc was captured by the Germans at the Battle of the Aisne. So he's safe enough for the duration of the war. Next to him come his second cousins, the Dalny boys, both of whom died on the field of honor at Verdun. Then, next comes a still more distant cousin, young Raoul Passtcousset, the poet, who was also captured by the Germans—he at Champagne. And then—and not till then—comes Lieutenant de Pelcher. So there you have it, *ma chère.* If the young Duc d'Espère and his Cousin Raoul were both on the firing line, there might be a chance for Lieutenant de Pelcher. But, considering that they are both safely stowed away in a German camp ——"

He turned away, apologizing, another officer of the General Staff claiming his attention; and when next I looked at Gabrielle I saw tears in her eyes, like cornflowers touched with dew.

"What's the matter?" I gently asked.

"I was thinking, m'sieur," she said with a little catch in her voice, "of that poor Duc d'Espère and his cousin Raoul, the poet."

"Oh, they won't die," I assured her. "Didn't you hear what Colonel Grenier said? It isn't as though they were on the firing line."

"M'sieur," she simply answered, in the same tone of finality she had used before that evening, "something tells me they are both already done for—two poor dead flies in the web of Madame Pharaoh. . . . You think that devilish rich old woman would marry her daughter to

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The Lieutenant Squared His Shoulders and Made Straight for the Fateful Table Like a Man Who is Charging an Enemy's Trench

BACK TO THE LAND

Leading the Abandoned Life—By Irvin S. Cobb

SOON after we moved to the country we became eligible to join the Westchester County Despair Association, on account of an artesian well—or, to be exact, on account of three artesian wells, complicated with several springs.

In a preceding article dealing with our adventures in getting back to the land I spoke of the Westchester County Despair Association, which was founded by George Creel and which has a large membership in our immediate section. As I stated then, any city-bred man who turns amateur farmer and moves into our neighborhood, and who in developing his country place has a streak of hard labor, is eligible to join this organization. And sooner or later—but as a general thing sooner—all the urbanites who settle up our way do join. Some day we shall be strong enough to club in and elect our own county officers on a ticket pledged to build a macadam highway past the estate of each member.

Our main claim to qualification was based upon the water question; and yet at the outset it appeared to us that lack of water would be the very least of our troubles. When we took title to our abandoned farm, and for the first time explored the bramble-grown valley leading up from the proposed site of our house to the woodland, we several times had to wade, and once or twice thought we should have to swim. Why, we actually congratulated ourselves upon having acquired riparian rights without paying for them.

This was in the springtime; and the springs along the haunches of the hills upon either side of the little ravine were speaking in burbly murmuring voices, like overflowing mouths, as they spilled forth their accumulated store of the melted snows of the winter before; and the April rainstorms had made a pond of every low place in the county.

In our ignorance we assumed that, since there was now plenty of water of Nature's furnishing, there always would be plenty of water forthcoming from the same prodigal source—more water than we could possibly ever need unless we opened up a fresh-water bathing beach in the lower meadow of our place. So we dug out and stoned up the uppermost spring, which seemed to have the most generous vein of them all, and put in pipes. The lay of the land and the laws of gravity did the rest, bringing the flow downgrade in a gurgling comforting stream, which poured day and night without cessation.

The Transformed Barn as it Looks Today

Old Major Gloom Comes to Call

THIS detail having been attended to, we turned our attention to other things. Goodness knows there were plenty of things requiring attention. I figured at that period of our pioneering work that if we got into the Despair Association at all it would follow as the result of my being indicted for more or less justifiable manslaughter in having destroyed an elderly gentleman of the vicinity, whom upon the occasion of our first meeting I rechristened as Old Major Gloom, and of whom we still speak behind his back by that same name.

The major lived a short distance from us, within easy walking distance, and he speedily proved that he was an easy walker. I shall not forget the first day he came to call. He ambled up a trail that the previous tenants, through a chronic delusion, had insisted upon calling a road; and he found me up to my gills in the midst of the preliminary job of trying to decide where we should make a start at clearing out the jungle, which once upon a time, probably back in the Stone Age, as nearly as we might judge from its present condition, had been the house garden.

We had been camping on the place only a few days. We climbed over, through and under mystic mazes of household belongings to get to our meals, or to get to our beds, or to get anywhere; and altogether were existing in a state of disorder that might be likened to the condition the Germans create with such thoroughgoing and painstaking efficiency when falling back from an occupied French community.

I trust we are not lacking in hospitality; but, for the moment, we were in no mood to receive visitors. However, upon first judgment the old major's appearance was such as to disarm hostility and rearouse the slumbering instincts of cordiality. He was of a benevolent aspect, with fine white whiskers and an engaging manner. If you can imagine one of the Minor Prophets, who had stepped right out of the Old Testament, stopping en route at a ready-made clothing store, you will have a very fair mental picture of the major as he looked when he approached me, with hand outstretched, and in warm tones bade me welcome to Upper Westchester. He fooled me; he would have fooled anybody unless possibly it were an expert criminologist, trained at discerning depravity when masked behind a pleasing exterior.

When he spoke I placed him with regard to his antecedents, for I had been on the spot long enough to recognize the breed to which he belonged. There is a type of native-born citizen of this part of New York State who comes of an undiluted New England strain, being the descendant of pioneering Yankees who settled along the lower Hudson Valley after the Revolution and immediately started in to trade the original Dutch settlers out of their lands and their eyeteeth.

The subsequent generations of this transplanted stock have preserved some of the customs and many of the idioms of their stern and rock-bound forebears; at the same time they have acquired some of the linguistic eccentricities of the New York cockney. Except that they dwell in proximity to it, they have nothing in common with the great city that is only thirty or forty miles away as the motorist flies. Generally they profess a contempt for New York and all its works. They may not visit it once a year; but, all the same, its influence has crept up through the hills to tincture their mode of speech with queer distinctive modes of pronunciation.

The result is a composite dialectic system not to be found anywhere else except in this little strip of upland country and in certain isolated communities over on Long Island, along the outer edge of the zone of metropolitan life and excitement. For instance, a member of this race of beings will call a raspberry a "rosbry"; and he will call a bluebird a "blubbud," thereby displaying the inherited vernacular of the Down East country. He will say "oily" when he means early, and "early" when he means oily, and occasionally he will even say "yous" for you—peculiarities which in other environment serve unmistakably to mark the born-and-bred Manhattanite.

The major at once betrayed himself as such a person. He introduced himself, adding that as a neighbor he had felt it incumbent to call. I removed a couple of the family portraits and a collection of Indian relics and a few kitchen utensils, and one thing and another, from the seat of a chair, and begged him to sit down and make himself at home, which he did. He accepted a cigar, which I fished out of a humidor temporarily tucked away beneath a roll of carpet; and we spoke of the weather, to which he gave a qualified and cautious indorsement. Then, without further delay, he hitched his chair over and laid a paternal hand upon my arm.

"I hear you've got Blank, the lawyer, searching out the title to your propputty here."

"Yes," I said; "Mr. Blank took the matter in hand for us. Fine man, isn't he?"

"Well, some people think so," he said with an emphasis of profound significance.

"Doesn't everybody think so?" I inquired.

"Listen," he said; "my motto is, Live and let live! And, anyhow, I'm the last man in the world to go round prejudicing a newcomer against an old resident. Now I've just met you and, on the other hand, I've known Blank all my life; in fact, we're sort of related by marriage—a relative of his married a relative of my wife's. So, of course, I've got nothing to say to you on that score except this—and I'm going to say it to you now in the strictest confidence—if I was doing business with Blank I'd be mighty, mighty careful, young man."

The Major's Sinister Hints

"YOU astonish me," I said. "Mr. So-and-So"—naming a prominent business man of the county seat—"recommended his firm to me."

"Oh, So-and-So, eh? I wonder what the understanding between those two is? Probably they've hatched up something."

"Why, isn't So-and-So above suspicion?" I asked.

"I wouldn't say he was and I wouldn't say he wasn't. But, just between you and me, I'd think twice about taking any advice he gave me. They tell me you've let the contract for some work to Dash & Space?"

"Yes; I gave them one small job."

"Too bad!"

"What's too bad?"

"You'll be finding out for yourself before you're done; so I won't say anything more on that subject neither. I could tell you a good deal about those fellows if I was a-mind to; but I never believed in repeating anything behind a man's back that I wouldn't say to his face. Live and let live!—that's my motto. Anyhow, if you've already signed up with Dash & Space it's too late for you to be backing out—but keep your eyes open, young man; keep your eyes wide open. Who's your architect going to be?"

I told him. He repeated the name in rather a disappointed fashion.

"Never heard of him," he admitted; "but I take it he's like the run of his kind of people. I never yet saw the architect that I'd trust as far as I could sling him by the coat-tails. Say, ain't that Bink's delivery wagon standing over yonder in front of your stable?"

"I think so. We've been buying some things from Bink."

"You've opened up a regular account with him, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wouldn't reflect on Bink's honesty for any amount of money in the world. Of my own knowledge I don't know anything against him one way or the other.

Of course from time to time I've heard a lot of things that other people said about him; but that's only hearsay evidence, and I make it a rule not to repeat gossip about anybody. Still"—he lingered over the word "still, if it was me instead of you I'd go over his bills very carefully—that's all!

"I don't blame any fellow for trying to get along in his business; and I guess the competition is so keen in the retail merchandising line that oncet in a while a man just naturally has to skin his customers a little. But that's no argument why he should try to take the entire hide off of 'em. They tell me Bink's bookkeeper is a regular wizard when it comes to making up an account, 'specially for a stranger." He took a puff or two at his cigar, meantime squinting across our weed-grown fields. "Don't I see 'Lonzo Begee chopping dead trees down there alongside the road?"

"Yes; I believe that's his name. He only came to work for us this morning. Seems to be a hustler."

"Does he, now? Well, ain't it a curious circumstance how many fellers starting in at a new job just naturally work their heads off and wind up at the end of the second week loafing? Strikes me that's particularly the case with the farm laborers round here. Now you take 'Lonzo Begee's case. He never worked for me—I'm mighty careful about who I hire, lemme tell you!—but it always struck me as a strange thing that 'Lonzo changes jobs so often. I make it a point to keep an eye on what's happening in this neighborhood; and seems like every time I run acrost him he's working in a different place for a different party.

"And yet you never can tell—he might turn out to be a satisfactory hand for you. Stranger things have happened. And besides, what suits one man don't suit another. I believe in letting a man find out about these things for himself. The bitterer the experience and the more it costs him, the more likely he is to remember the lesson and profit by it. Don't you think so yourself?"

An Artist in Poison-Planting

I TOLD him I thought so; and presently he took his departure, after remarking that we had purchased a place with a good many possibilities in it; though, from what he had heard, we probably paid too much for it, and he only hoped we didn't waste too much money in developing. He left me filled with so many doubts and so many misgivings that I felt congested. Within two days he was back, though, still actuated by the neighborly spirit, to warn me against a few more persons with whom we had already had dealings, or with whom we expected to have dealings, or with whom conceivably we might some day have dealings.

And within a week after that he returned a third time to put me on my guard against one or two more individuals who had somehow been overlooked by him in his previous visits. Rarely did he come out in the open and accuse anybody of anything. He was too crafty, too subtle for that. When it came to being subtle the major was a regular sutler. But he certainly did understand the art of planting the poison. Give him time enough, and he could destroy a fellow's confidence in the entire human race.

A Typical View of the Side Lawn of Our Abandoned Farm

He specialized in no single direction; his gifts were ample for all emergencies. When he tired of making you distrustful of those about you, or when temporarily he ran out of material, he knew the knack of making you distrustful of your own judgment. For example, there was the time, in the second month of our acquaintance I think it was, when he meandered in to inspect the work of renovation that had just been started on the stable. He spent perhaps ten minutes going over the premises, now and then uttering low, disparaging, clucking sounds under his breath. I followed him about fearsomely. I was distressed on account of the disclosures that I felt would presently be forthcoming.

"Putting on a slate roof, huh?" he said when he was done with the investigation. "Expect it to stay put?"

I admitted that such had been the calculation of the builder.

"Nothing like being one of these here optimists," he commented dryly. "But I want to tell you that it's the biggest mistake you ever made to put a slate roof on those sloping gables without sticking in some metal uprights to keep the snow from sliding off in a lump when the winter thaws come."

It had always seemed to me that snow had few enough pleasures as it was. Though I had given the subject but little thought, it appeared to me that if sliding off a roof gave the snow any satisfaction it would ill become me or anyone else to interfere. I ventured to say as much.

"I guess you don't get my meaning," he explained. "When the snow starts sliding, if there's enough of it, it's purty sure to take most of those slates along with it. And then where'll you be, I want to know?"

"Is—is it too late to put up some anti-sliding thingumbobs now?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he said comfortingly; "it's too late now unless you ripped the whole job off and started all over again. I judge you'll just have to let Nature take its course. I see you've got a chimney that don't come above the ridge of the roof. Are you calculating that it'll draw?"

"I rather hoped it would—that was the intention, I believe."

"Well, then, you're in for another disappointment there. But if I was you I shouldn't fret myself about that, because it'll be some months yet before you'll be building a fire in the fireplace, what with the warm weather just coming on; and you can have the top of the chimney lifted almost any time. . . . I don't want to alarm you needlessly; but it looks to me like mighty faulty drainpipes the plumber's been putting in for you. You'll have to snatch all that out before a great while and have new pipes put in proper. Don't it beat all what sharpers plumbers are? But then, they're no worse than other artisans, taking them by and large. F'r instance, what could be a worse job than that plastering in your bedroom, or those tin gutters up yonder at your eaves? The plastering may stay up a while, but the first good hard storm ought to bring the gutters down. I don't like your masonry work, either, if you're asking me for my opinion; and I see the carpenters are slipping in some mighty sorry-looking flooring on you."

The Red Light on the Switch

I AM NOT exaggerating. I am repeating, as accurately as I can, a conversation that really took place.

For a while the major was in a fair way to spoil the present century for me. If the inhabitants of the countryside were in a conspiracy to strip the pelfry off a fresh arrival and divide it among them as souvenirs, if there was no honesty left anywhere in a corrupted world, what, then, was the use of living? Why not commit suicide according to one of the standard methods and have done with the struggle, trusting that the undertaker would not be too much of a gouge and that the executors of the estate would leave a trifle of it for the widow and the orphan?

But after a spell, during which from the various firms, corporations and persons who had been traduced by him we uniformly had considerate and fair and scrupulously honorable treatment and service, we began to disregard the major's danger signals and to steer right past them. He, though, wearied not in well-doing. At every chance he dropped in, a poison viper disguised as a philanthropist, to hang another red light on the switch for us. It was inevitable that his ministrations should get on our nerves. I began to have visions centering about justifiable acts of homicide, and always with the major for the chosen victim of my violence.

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Two Views of the Barn That, Without Impairment of its General Lines and With No Change at All in its General Dimensions, Became a Combination Garage and Bungalow
Above: The House That Came Down—Mostly of its Own Accord

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

A Suburb of Positano, Where "All the Men Have Gone to America"

Italian Soldiers From the Southern Provinces Near the Ruins of the Roman Forum

David Lubin, the Man Who Made the International Institute of Agriculture

A Talk With Lubin

By WILL IRWIN

SORRENTO, September, 1917.

VESUVIUS, in the background of the sea view, was streaming a plume of smoke across that white splotch on a distant hill which was Naples. Three hundred feet below the terrace where we sat, lateen-rigged Neapolitan boats were unloading melons at a stone breakwater, which slashed into the deep blue of the bay. On one side of the breakwater bathers splashed and wallowed; against the black bottom, visible to a great depth in that clear water and from that height, their figures seemed to crawl like worms on dark cloth. On the other side, fisherwomen, their heads bound in red handkerchiefs, pulled rhythmically at the ropes that terminated the great loop of a gill net.

Everything was incredibly picturesque; but more—everything was soaked in history. Just beyond the headland on our right you could see the long slope of Vesuvius fade away to a beach. There, a profile of stone pines marking the spot, lay the buried and resurrected Pompeii. On that headland beyond Naples, now buried in mist, now peeping vaguely through, was Baiæ, where Brutus and Cassius plotted against Cæsar; where, in the tale of Anatole France, Agrippina the dabbler met, twenty years after, old Pontius Pilate. Row for ten minutes from the breakwater and you could see Capri, soaked with memories of Tiberius, of Agrippina, and of Nero.

History, I suppose, stirred in David Lubin, as it did in me; for I am an observer and he an actor in a crisis of history beside which the crises that had surged over these quiet waters and enchanted shores were as a schoolboy's tug of war. Then again, Lubin is a poet, though he usually translates his thought not into meters, but into actions. So we fell to talking, he leading the way, on this troubled world and its future. As he talked I realized that I was getting, at least, a singularly interesting interview. I had come down from Naples to ask him, as American delegate and moving force of the International Institute of Agriculture, about the present condition and future prospects of the world's food supply. And I had found that the Institute, whose main usefulness is its interchange of facts between nations on the world's production, had already told all there was to say. It occurred to me now that I had in Lubin expression, the most eminent expression, of the international point of view. That was what he was—the world's greatest internationalist; and yet an American—a Jew in religion, and with the controlled imagination of the Hebraic race.

Mr. Lubin's Great Idea

HE HAD been many things, but mostly a department-store owner and farmer in California, when he conceived the idea that gave the larger usefulness to his life. A philosopher, tilting at all the follies of this world, he had perceived that agriculture is the foundation of civilization, and that it was not getting its dues in the social organization. He saw that the lack of official information on the supply made it possible for the profits of farming to be gobbled up by middlemen; the world's staple supply of food to be cornered at the will of crafty and irresponsible manipulators. The trouble here, he concluded, was largely lack of accurate data. A man in Kansas, getting ready to market his wheat, had no certain knowledge of the wheat crop in Argentina or India, or the whole world; and yet the state of crops in Argentina, India and the whole world was vital to his business. Some sources of information there were; but all were unofficial, imperfect or insincere.

He passed this quandary up to Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture. "It's the one great problem about farming," said Wilson; "heaven knows how it can be solved!" To Lubin the problem was solvable; the remedy, he felt, was simple, as all great things are. An international bureau of information should be officially supplied by the Government, with reliable data on the staples; should assemble and summarize them; and should make them available to farmers and all who handle the produce of farmers. An enthusiast, Lubin hammered Wilson with this idea. Wilson could not see it. He did much for agriculture in his time; but here he missed a chance for immortality. The time came when Wilson would receive Lubin no more.

So, like a Columbus on the back trail, Lubin packed up and started for Europe. He tried the English. The slow British imagination did not grasp his idea. He tried the French; and, but for a stroke of bad luck—the misinterpretation of an interpreter—he might have landed his scheme in Paris. But it fell through. He sent out feelers toward Germany and found that, though the Germans welcomed any idea that would improve German agriculture, they were less than indifferent to improvement in world agriculture. He brought up at last in Rome. The enlightened King of Italy listened to him; in 1908 the International Institute of Agriculture, with the principal nations of the world represented, was inaugurated in Rome. Since then, the remotest rancher in the world may know, if he cares to, the world situation in his particular staple.

In this crisis the Institute has been of infinite help to the civilized nations of the world. Had the war occurred ten years ago, the warning that food supplies were running low, that we must harbor and economize, might have come too late. It would have come, also, only after elaborate and costly search by special commissions. In 1916 and 1917 one had only to consult the monthly crop-reporting cables of the Institute to know that the wheat crop of such-and-such a country, from a normal of one hundred had shrunk to seventy-two; that the barley crop of that other country was only eighty-three.

The Institute has done many other things, which I shall not catalogue here; but the regulation of the world's food supply, through accurate and official information, has been its special service.

The man who made the Institute sat there before me, his eyes wandering now and then toward the panorama of history, or leaping back to my eyes with a glint of humor or of enthusiasm. He has a face both strong and whimsical—a wide mouth, firm, yet humorous; a full head of unruly iron-gray hair; a short straight nose, rounded at the point. His frank and candid blue eyes gaze at you from under eyebrows as thick and as white as rolls of cotton wool. His broad and stalwart figure belies his real condition;. for he is not in robust health—is, in fact, harnessed to one place at a time. Now and then, as he talks, his words die away; he closes his eyes and breathes heavily for a minute—one of his heart spasms has caught him. Two minutes afterward, as likely as not, he is bursting out on some folly of his times with a vehemence of voice and gesture that gives his listener an uneasy concern lest he injure himself.

Now he was running free on one of his special hobbies—the confederation of democracies against war. Long before that idea grew fashionable he had been exploiting it to whomsoever would listen. Indeed, his International Institute of Agriculture was only a cog in his general scheme of world machinery; of an ultimately dominating world democracy. And at this moment he was speaking not as an American, but as an internationalist.

Paganism Against Judaism

"THIS war was bound to come," said Lubin; "bound to come! Two forces were running opposed to each other, like two express trains. When they get on the same track what happens? Collision had been avoided again and again; but they were bound to get on the same track sometime. And those two forces are ——"

Here he paused and, smiling whimsically, turned his eyes upon my face. He expected an answer, I saw.

"Democracy and autocracy?" I ventured weakly.

He threw out his arms with an explosive gesture.

"No!" he cried; and his voice exploded too. "Judaism and paganism! I am a Jew," he went on. "I've heard Germans say: 'You can't understand this *kampf*; it is the world's *kulturkampf*. You're a Jew!' And I say: 'Patience! We had the law when you sat in front of your cave, sucking a bone. You filled the skull of your enemy with beer and drank "To our chiefs in Valhalla!" until you rolled over dead to the world, and your squaw came and dragged you into your cave by the foot!' I'm not speaking loosely. I'm talking by the book. It's all written down in Cæsar's Commentaries. And we had the law—had it for centuries—when you Anglo-Saxons were coming down out of the trees. It's written there ——"

Lubin rose, with one of his sudden alarming shows of force, vanished from the piazza into his sitting room, and returned with an armful of books. He dumped them down on the table and selected a King James Bible. I opened it at random. And my eye lit on this passage in Revelation:

> And cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled.

I read it to Lubin.

"It's an old Scotch superstition—'pricking the Bible'—that if you open it at random and take the first passage

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PATERFAMILIAS

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

XV

ELIJAH descended from the south-bound train at Long Pine with no expectation of being met by any member of his family. Jason, accompanying Dave Bishoff, had sailed for France; Melina, in parting from her son at the Conifer Arms, had made increasingly clear her bitter resentment at Elijah's insistence on that dangerous departure, and Eleanor was absorbed in Barton Crane. The night was dank and softly warm, as it had been on the occasion of his first arrival, and Elijah sought the inn motor without delay, sitting huddled and indifferent while they turned from the lighted district into the gloom of pines.

He was tired, more worn than he could recall ever having been before. He was weary physically and morally . . . and he had had a shock. The preparations for getting Jason off had been exhausting, a ceaseless round of interviews, examinations in semiofficial quarters, cable offices and outfitting stores. Throughout this he had been tormented by doubt—with a closer approach to the battle front the gravity of Jason's move had become increasingly evident. The submarines had commenced a greatly augmented, vicious activity. If Jason didn't return, his harassed thoughts reiterated, he had practically slain the boy. Still he did not relinquish his purpose, his determination to force his son's lax being into the disciplinary mold of severe service. It had been, finally, impracticable for him to see Jason sail, and he had spent a restless and lonesome night in a hotel.

The following morning he had gone to the office, and, discovering a number of details that required immediate attention, he decided to remain North a few more days in the interest of business. Elijah couldn't clearly recall exactly what had happened; but he had been dictating a letter when suddenly the room apparently swung about his head. He put out a hand, confused and unsteady; and later found himself on the leather couch with a towel of ice on his brow. He had recovered almost immediately, rising with an irritable protest. But later, feeling giddy, he had been prevailed on to see a familiar doctor; and the latter had ordered him out of the office for a year. The attack had been the result of concentration in a relaxed and depressed condition.

"You've done three men's work already," the doctor had informed him. "Go away! Give someone else a chance. Enjoy yourself!"

Enjoy himself! The brilliant façade of the Conifer Arms moved into view. The assemblage hall was filled with festive color, gay chatter, with a denser swirl about the desk at the arrival of the mail. Mel stood with a fixed, cold countenance as he approached. An awkward silence took possession of him, then:

"Jason got off," he articulated.

"I hope you're satisfied," his wife replied. She turned away abruptly, leaving him with hanging hands, dejected and grimy with traveling. He proceeded to his room, accompanied only by the bell boy with his bag. There he sat, and for a long time neglected to move. A light shone through the open doors in Mel's room, and he could see the luxury of shimmering silk on a chair, a collar of sable and ruffled ribbons. At one time he had known every garment Melina possessed—their purchase, entailing sacrifice, the subject of discussion for a week. Now everything about her, in her, too, was strange.

He rose finally, and, refreshed by cold water, felt for a cigar in his waistcoat pocket and made his way below. The eternal dancing was progressing in the ballroom beyond, the eternal solemnity of bridge, the long row of uneasy men apart from the feminine volubility, knitting and bright apparel. He saw Futhey and Mr. Zopher. The former waved to him; but, oppressed by a revulsion from the perfunctory sociability, he turned aside into the pool room.

Andrews in a crisp white coat was leaning by an angle of the wall watching a game at the first table. As Elijah approached, the barber welcomed him with a customary questioning smile.

"I put a new tip on your favorite cue," he informed him.

They proceeded without further speech into the soothing intricacy of the game. After a while, "Jason's gone to France," Elijah said.

The barber was squinting at a possible shot. "And a good thing," he commented; "stiffen him up, if you'll excuse my saying so."

Elijah played. "Ambulance corps, I hope," he added.

Andrews nodded, easily beating him. "You're a little worn with it all," he pronounced, gravely sympathetic. "It isn't easy, seeing a son away like that. You'll do better to-morrow."

In his room Elijah left his door open, hoping that Mel would come up soon and speak to him about Jason. He wanted to tell her what had happened in the office, what the doctor had said. In years past she would have robustly declared that nothing serious could be the matter with him, and rehabilitating him with her own courage, cheer, give him the most reassuring attention. Elijah was in bed, and once he switched on the light beside him in order to see the hour. It was past twelve. Then he heard a key turn, the stir of Mel's skirts within. He pronounced her name, but the sound of his voice was lost in the shutting of her door.

The following morning Eleanor was glad to see him, in a preoccupied manner. She, he saw, was running Jason's Zenith. With Barton Crane at her side she skillfully swept the car about the drive and disappeared in the direction of the clubhouse. Melina was seated in the flagged space of the portico, engaged on a fresh pile of drab-colored wool. Elijah guessed that she was busy for Jason, but he ventured no comment. She made a commonplace remark in an even voice; he replied appropriately, and they relapsed into the silence of knitting and a cigar.

After lunch he went solitary to the golf course. It was filled with players—women in brilliantly striped skirts, men in knickerbockers. They filed past Elijah on the porch, speaking an unintelligible language, dominated by an enthusiasm, a community, to which he was a complete stranger. He returned to the inn and dressed for dinner. Later, when he unconsciously drifted into the pool room, the tables were occupied, Andrews engaged. The sheer weight of circumstance forced him into the company of Futhey and the calamitous predictions of Zopher. The latter had fresh cause for alarm.

"Mark this," he announced, "we are being drawn into a secret understanding with London. The screen will fall and we'll find ourselves facing war with Germany alone. The Administration's dead to the real voice of the country."

Futhey interposed a droning account of a dispute between the station agent and his wife: "He said to m' wife, 'You might get Pullman space for your servant in the North, but I won't put a black in among ladies and gentlemen; not if I know it.' I telegraphed a complaint to the division superintendent . . ."

Elijah was attracted by the passage of Eleanor with some dancers to the water cooler beyond. A full-figured girl in a noticeably low-cut dress of spread sunflowers and black gauze, with elaborately waved hair and a placid pink face, had her arm within his daughter's. The former was smiling over her shoulder at Crane, following beside a tall, powerfully made young man with a handsome profile.

XVI

THE similar days multiplied into a week. There was an evening performance of sleight-of-hand in the hall; a quartet from a negro college filled the ballroom with the primitive melodies of groping camp meetings; Elijah played pool with Andrews. As the time approached for a cable from Jason announcing his safe arrival in Europe Elijah was conscious of an increasing strain. Certainly he would get a message this morning; well, this afternoon; through the evening he lingered by the desk. Mel, too, he saw, was nervous; but she gave him no opportunity for a sympathetic communion of their fears. The day, when beyond all doubt he should have had word, passed without a sign. He dreaded to open the newspapers, certain that he would see in sensational type a report of the sinking of the S. S. Plymouth. Mr. Zopher's pessimism wheeled heavily through his brain. He failed to understand how Mel could play cards; yet, speaking to the maid in her own room, Melina's voice was sharp, unnatural.

At noon the next day he telegraphed to the main office of the steamship company, but the latter had had no word. Eleanor finally stopped him in the upper corridor.

"Father," she exclaimed, "how dreadfully you look! I mean how tired. Do come in and sit down at once."

In his room she gazed at him in affectionate solicitude.

"I'm right enough," he told her, moved out of all proportion by her sympathy. "Ought to hear from Jason to-day." He made an effort to force his mind into another direction. "How is your affair, Nellie?" he asked. "Afraid you've been a little neglected."

"Oh, I'm just where I was," she replied. "There isn't much we can do, is there? My life seems rather hopeless."

Melina entered the room and advanced with a bright, hard gaze. "Now I suppose you must be busy upsetting your daughter," she addressed Elijah. "You not only send my boy to his death, but harass Eleanor."

Oppressed by a Revulsion From the Perfunctory Sociability, He Turned Aside Into the Pool Room

The weight of his responsibility was suddenly more than he could support. "She can do as she likes as far as I am concerned," he declared. "I guess I ought to be done trying to manage the children. I'll invest something for you, Nellie, and have the interest directed to you. About six thousand a year. You'll get more, of course, when I'm gone. But the other will have to do till then. After all, you are of age. I can't live your life for you."

She leaned over him in a grateful embrace. "Father, dear, how wonderfully generous! I'll show you that I am worth your confidence."

She was radiant; he recognized that, filled with eagerness to communicate her good fortune to Barton Crane, she could scarcely linger in their presence. Melina returned to her room, and Eleanor, with a hurried kiss on his cheek, disappeared.

The pines were a maze of purple shadow, the west hung with a rosy veil of light, and there was a distant song of mocking birds. He moved slowly about in the infiltrating dusk, got out a white shirt, and, finding the match box that held his studs, inserted them, with long pauses. The dinner waistcoat had a miserable upper pocket for cigars. He must attend to investing the money for Nellie—Eleanor, they called her now. There was the music for dinner; it played just off the hall and moved to the ballroom later. He gazed down at his hands, and was surprised to see them trembling: the wasted members of a rapidly aging man. A knock sounded on his door. It was the bell boy with a yellow envelope on a tray. Elijah sought a chair, shivering as if from a blast of cold wind. Jason was safely in Paris.

He must tell Mel at once, and he stumbled without ceremony into her room. She turned, slightly vexed, from the dressing table.

"It's from Jason, he's there!" he cried, dropping the cable in her lap. Melina's lips trembled. He was certain that she would weep unreservedly. But instead she slowly controlled her emotion. She inclined her head stiffly and turned away with the message. He waited, still expectant. She said nothing. Her arms rose to her throat, fastening the emerald clasp of a string of pearls.

He informed Andrews, immediately after dinner, that Jason had arrived in Europe; but he thought he wouldn't play pool. He found a secluded corner of the portico, where the smoke of his cigar eddied softly up into the night like his slow conjectures and thoughts of his son. Elijah vaguely heard bursts of smart laughter from within; figures passing up and down, momentarily brilliant in the streaming light of long windows, seemed far away; and he rose, startled, confused, at a sudden animation of youth about him.

Eleanor's hand was on his shoulder. "You simply must come," she insisted.

"No, no," he answered generally, uncertain of their purpose.

"Perfectly wonderful night," another feminine voice added.

"You know Barton Crane," Eleanor went on, "and Fuschia Grange." The girl of the sunflowers smiled, pinkly indolent. "Father, this is John Rapp." The tall, muscular young man with the handsome profile made his acknowledgment in a resonant, serious voice.

Before Elijah quite realized the change he was moving smoothly through a region of pines in the luxuriously deep seat of a large automobile. It was being driven by Fuschia Grange; Crane was in front with her. An immobile chauffeur had a place behind them, while Elijah and Eleanor and young Rapp were together.

"Grange, Texas—frightfully rich," Eleanor informed her father at opportune moments. Elijah had known a Caleb Grange, now dead, in the Southwest, a man of wide cattle interests, who proved to be the same. John Rapp made appropriate observations, but Eleanor said little. She shifted her position irritably, complaining of the manner in which the wind tore her hair.

At intervals they caught the unintelligible periods of a low, continuous conversation in the front of the car. The sound of mirth floated back. Eleanor's uneasiness, Elijah saw, rapidly increased; she was abrupt, then rude, with Rapp. Her disturbance had to do with the large success of Caleb Grange as exemplified in this expensive car and the girl in the front seat. Elijah grasped that with a potential satisfaction. If he were correct in his opinion of Barton Crane the latter would immediately forgo a mere annual six thousand for a chance at a far larger plum. And if he were wrong, if the fellow really cared for Nellie, he must show it now.

In that case Elijah was prepared to do more, all he was able, for his daughter's happiness.

They swung in a wide circle over a countryside faintly silvered by a moon shining through a film of cloud. Back again at the inn Elijah retired, leaving the others to drift in the dim radiance, Fuschia Grange with Crane, and Eleanor following stiffly with John Rapp.

"Poetry," Aubrey Declared, "is Fire, the Great Cleanser. It's Like War, and Shreds the Flesh From the Spirit"

XVII

TWO days later, as he was leaving the inn for a stroll over the golf course, Eleanor joined him. "I thought you were at Sandholm for the weekly races," he observed.

"John Rapp wanted me to go," she replied, "but they were going to stay for dancing and dinner; and suddenly I was sick of the whole thing. It seemed so idiotic," she explained, "with—with this war going on, and Jason——"

He made no comment during the pause that followed. Then Eleanor cried: "I think the whole world is the most disgusting place possible. There isn't anything in it but a low vulgar liking for show, money. Just as you said. I was a fool! And, oh, father, I wish I hadn't let go of myself with that man. He must have laughed at me privately. He's just dropped me cold for Fuschia Grange; and she is perfectly crazy about him. Why, I thought Barton had more taste. She wears high blue velvet shoes and all her rings in the morning—that is, when she thinks he's round and manages to get up so early. I was in her room yesterday at noon, and she was still in bed, the silliest mass of filet and crêpe de Chine. . . I'm done with men!"

"I don't know as you'd call him a man," he responded. "That young Rapp, from what I've seen, is a big sight better. His folks come from Futhey's town. It seems he was a university athlete and general favorite."

"He is too easy," she replied vindictively. "He'd have proposed the first night if I'd let him. I think I'll be a nurse," she stated.

"I would rather see you tending your own," he observed, "in a genuine, warranted home with a front yard."

"I'm sure I'm not domestic."

He gazed at her in mingled question and doubt. Mrs. Futhey wasn't domestic either; Mel no longer bothered with the details of housekeeping; none of the women who flooded the Conifer Arms had—in the gregarious business of bridge and golf and chatter—any time for the effort necessary to the establishment of a home. They preferred the mingled insolence and blandishments of public dining room captains; the glitter and show of dress; the pursuit, in vain powder and paint and relentless lacing, of slim youth.

The men, he was forced to add, were no better. They reminded him of crabs that had shed their hard, businesslike shells, hanging impotent and soft to a comfortable ledge. He had a sinking feeling in contemplating any such continued existence for himself; Mel didn't share his desire, his different need; even old affection seemed to have changed—he saw the indications everywhere about him. But, if there were no escape for himself—he was convinced that the year of rest allotted by the doctor had been a kindly masking of the fact that, practically, he was done—he had at least made a long stride toward saving Jason. He wished that Nellie, too, might find a permanent, reliable joy.

Elijah had an idea that John Rapp might furnish that last.

This opinion was strengthened when the latter sought him in a straightforward manner that evening: "I want to speak to you, sir, about Eleanor," he said directly. "I felt it was my duty to consult you before—before' . . . The truth is I love her."

Elijah offered him a cigar.

"I am obliged," he said sonorously. "I can refer you to my firm, Bent, Paschall & Company, for my prospects and character. I paid my way through Yale, played university baseball three years, made all my subjects, and," his voice lowered, "was elected to Screed and Quill."

Elijah was impressed by these evident marks of popularity, ability and application. "I'd like Eleanor to be married," he admitted in a burst of confidence, "but she's talking of nursing. Of course, though, she might be persuaded ——"

"I agree with you," said Rapp; "a woman should have children and home. Well, with your approval—and I'm certain it carries Mrs. Mimm's—I'll do what I'm able."

He put out a broad, crushing palm; and tall, personable, strode into the gayety of the assembly hall. A proper young man, Elijah told himself. Fine, healthy young specimen. He wandered into the throng, and was stopped by Mrs. Grange.

"Fuschia and them have gone off again," she said, indicating a chair at her side. "Didn't I hear you say you knew Mr. Grange? I can hardly believe death took him, he was that determined and masterful." She fanned herself vigorously, a small, rotund figure in black lace with huge diamonds and a countenance folded in fleshly well-being. "Now Fuschia's another just like him. She resembles me, but laws, all I ask's a nap after lunch and then I'm pleasant to whatever is suggested. But Fuschia! Do you know, since we're talking confidential, I am sorry for that Barton Crane. Fuschia's set her heart on him, and he might as well give in."

"He won't find that hard," Elijah opined.

"Wait till she gets him," Mrs. Grange nodded sharply. "I'll be precious glad for her to have someone else to do with. Not that I'm complaining, you understand. Fuschia is sharp as a whip—her papa all over—and she manages her money splendid, follows the market in the newspapers. There's Mrs. Mimm; perhaps she'll take a seat ——"

Mel, with a cold inclination, wouldn't. She went upstairs, Elijah saw, and he followed her. He hesitated at the door to her room, then proceeded to his own, let himself in and went to the passage through the bathroom.

"Young Rapp spoke to me to-night," he told her, standing in the open door. "He wants to marry Eleanor. Quite a success in college, and referred me to his firm. Futhey says they are all right."

"Matrimony is no longer the only occupation for women," she stated sententiously. "I am not certain that Eleanor wouldn't be better in a sphere of general usefulness."

"I don't know about that. I only want her to be happy," he said; then, suddenly, with a vague inclusive gesture, "I want to keep her out of this!"

"Back in McCandless Street?" his wife queried.

"In any street that's real," he asserted with a return of spirit. "This is only a makeshift for living. Entrées and such and candy; I'd like Eleanor to have good beef and cabbage."

Melina elevated her eyebrows. "We have had one wretched example of your ambition for the children," she stated. "I hope, at least, Eleanor will be spared such crudities as you have just selected."

A door shut violently, but it was not Melina's, and its bang was simultaneous with an ejaculation more forcible than "Christmas!"

XVIII

ELIJAH judged that it would be best to say nothing of his conversation with John Rapp to Eleanor. He observed him assiduously at his daughter's shoulder, erect and grave and prepossessing. Make a capital husband; perhaps he was just a shade well, solemn, for a young man, with a strongly marked satisfaction in qualities that didn't seem altogether of the first importance. But reliable, steady; his remarks were always carefully weighed, conservative, reflecting what the elder was certain were the best opinions. Elijah, from time to time, tried Eleanor's attitude with a casual sally.

She disapproved his humor. "Really, father, don't you think that was a little heavy? Those jokes about 'best young men' are no longer considered in very good taste."

Elijah supposed they weren't.

He frequented the poker games in various spare rooms through the inn. They ended at twelve, or sometimes later, and he would go quietly through the dim corridors to his bed. Mel might be in her room, and a perfunctory "good night" followed; but often she, too, would still be engaged in cards. It was a circle of existence that he resented with a growing irritation, his first kindlier sentiment lost in unadulterated discomfort; but, as he often concluded, there was no escape into the past; his case was not singular. Perhaps he'd soon sink into the indifference of Futhey.

After a period of dragging monotony he received a letter from Dave Bishoff, back from France. "You'll want to hear about Jason," Dave wrote. "Mrs. Bishoff says that a little holiday is due her, and we have decided to come South and visit you all. I don't think you have ever seen Audrey."

Elijah's countenance assumed an expression of slight perplexity. Women, he told himself, were funny. He meant unaccountable rather than humorous. In the present instance he referred to the conjunction of Melina and Cassie Bishoff. Personally, he liked the latter—"whole souled" was the term he employed; but . . . He read that part of Dave's letter at the dinner table. Mel, as he had feared, took on a formidable aspect of cold displeasure.

"It's ridiculous, bringing her," she declared; "your relations are purely commercial, but I can't pretend to bother or be responsible for her. I hope she will find someone congenial here; my friends are a very small and close set."

"So Do I, Mel; So Do I," He Said Over and Over, But His Face Was Bright

"They will have to sit at our table," Elijah remarked.

"Impossible," Mel retorted; "it is much too small. Besides ——"

"Then I'll tell that fellow to get us another," Elijah asserted.

Melina hesitated, glanced at her husband, and turned with a look of commiseration to Eleanor.

"It seems there's an Aubrey," the latter commented.

"Must be your own age," Elijah continued. "Don't know a thing about him, but there ought to be something to Dave's son. Dave is one of the straightest and ablest men in the leather trade. You owe him enough, Melina, to afford to be nice to Cassie." Melina preserved an ominous silence. "They're coming to-morrow morning. I don't suppose you will be at the train."

Elijah headed the small procession of Bishoffs into the Conifer Arms. Cassie followed, a small dark woman fussily dressed, with a sharp nose and an acute glance. Dave Bishoff was a largely planned man with a smooth-shaven face and an unrestrained cordiality, in raiment obviously appropriate to the time and place. Some way behind them strode a tall, thin young man with a hooked nose, challenging brown eyes and a firm chin. He would have been exceptional if only from an air of intense vitality, flashing curiosity; but in addition to that he carried over an arm his coat, a soft brown hat and a necktie.

"Aubrey," his mother complained, "put your tie right on. The idea, coming in here!"

"It's too hot," he said in an abrupt, clear voice.

Melina rose and extended a contained hand of welcome. "You'll see Eleanor at lunch," she proceeded. "And this is Aubrey. Do go up at once for repairs."

"I got fixed some on the train, thank you," Cassie Bishoff replied.

Dave and J. Elijah Mimm found themselves, finally, seated on the portico. The latter produced cigars, but Bishoff was already filling a new brier pipe. "Proper caper among the sports," he announced. His manner, Elijah thought, became a little strained, apologetic; he plainly wished to say something difficult of expression, and leaned forward in a semi-confidential manner:

"You've never met Aubrey before. Well"—he hesitated, and then stated defiantly: "He's a poet."

A full stop followed, in which both men regarded each other blankly. Elijah had no idea of an answer proper to Dave's revelation.

"How did he get to be that?" he asked weakly.

"He didn't get; always was. Now I don't want you to think I'm hinting anything disreputable about Aubrey," his parent continued.

"And it looks, J. E., as if we have been wrong, more or less, in our general view of poets. Except for the poetry, a man couldn't have a finer son: he's so truthful we're scared to death of him, and he is as clean as this new machine-boxed starch. Don't drink a colored drop, not even tea or coffee. 'Rock-cooled water,' he says, or speech to that effect.

"Of course, at first we did everything we could to make him into a plain citizen. Wanted to avoid the natural criticism. But it wasn't any use. He just naturally couldn't stay set in a schoolroom, but branched out over the country, and came back full of the sky and flowers, and such like. Get up in the middle of the night for a peep at 'rosy-fingered dawn.' It was awful, J. E.," Dave asserted.

Elijah agreed with him.

"His mother gave up first; she admitted Aubrey had her beat; and then I saw he'd just have to be a poet. I wouldn't put it past her to get pleasure out of it now. But you can see how it is, explaining to your business friends. 'What's that boy of yours doing?' And you answer, 'Oh, Aubrey? Why, he's writing a book of poetry.' It's good poetry, too, they tell me," he added defensively. "He gets letters from 'em all most flattering, and the magazines print his pieces right along.

"Aubrey was paid eighteen dollars only last week for a poem called 'Phlox and Old Pewter.'"

"He might get us up a circular for the trade," Elijah suggested amiably.

"You tackle him on it," Dave Bishoff replied with a faint superiority. "He'll hand you one about the swollen carcass of commerce."

"I want to thank you, Dave, for whatever you did for Jason."

The other waved this aside and produced a voluminous notebook.

"Everything went elegant ——"

(Continued on Page 81)

Eleanor's Hand Was on His Shoulder. "You Simply Must Come," She Insisted

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. In Canada By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 1, 1917

Practical Patriotism

SOME altogether unexpected results recently grew out of a plan to organize the school children of Philadelphia into a huge corps of Liberty Loan salesmen. When the idea was first broached to a financier of national reputation he gave it his hearty indorsement, and hazarded the opinion that, with careful coaching and effective organization, the children would be able to place two million dollars' worth of the bonds. Members of the committee in charge spoke in every schoolhouse in the city, and told every teacher that her class would be expected to sell one thousand dollars' worth of bonds.

The general feeling among teachers was that an impossible task had been assigned to them; but the children went to work in a whirlwind of enthusiasm and, with all the naïveté of childhood, adopted a directness of method that would scarcely have been tolerated in their elders. Their sales were not paper sales, but real sales; for every subscription was checked and verified by teachers or parents.

The result of this unique campaign was the sale of well over eight million dollars' worth of bonds, or more than four times the amount estimated. With these figures for a basis, bankers have calculated that, if the Philadelphia plan were made nation-wide and all the school children in the country were set to selling the next loan, their total sales might easily aggregate a solid billion. It is not at all unlikely that the National Government will avail itself of this newfound selling force.

The familiar cry of progressive educators, "Link up the schools with life," finds, in the sale of Liberty bonds, concrete expression in terms of utility, real education and practical patriotism. Every such contact that can be established between the theories of the classroom and the realities of life will make common-school education richer and more productive.

War Government

THERE would be a more comfortable and confident feeling in the United States if Congress reorganized. The uncomfortable feeling over the present organization will no doubt increase until reorganization is forced. It would be helpful and patriotic to reorganize now.

Partisan organization of the government long ago went by the board in every other belligerent country that has parliamentary government. The notion of a partisan government in war is frank imbecility.

Reorganization of Congress, with committee chairmanships and like points of initiative distributed among both parties, would, of course, involve a coalition cabinet.

The partisan temptation to retain a strict party organization is obvious. It means that every Democratic candidate next fall can point to the war as a Democratic achievement; probably partisanship looks ahead, also, to the next presidential election.

The peril is obvious too. You may be sure we have not spent a billion a month without plenty of mistakes and wastes. Certainly the war will develop disappointments and resentments. All that will react on the party in power—if it insists upon being a party in power. To have it reacting on a party in power and mixed up with partisan campaigns is not an attractive prospect.

We want the partisan element reduced to a minimum. We want a War Government, not a Democratic or Republican Government.

The present Congress started wrong by organizing on party lines. It can still repair the mistake. Reorganization is a step that must be taken to put this country on an efficient war basis. Playing politics at this time is simply playing hell.

Farmers and Politics

MANY Dakota farmers were much dissatisfied with the way their wheat was marketed. They said it was unfairly graded; that they were cheated by certain trade practices; that middlemen and speculators rigged the market against the producer. They wanted to control the marketing machinery; they wanted better warehousing; they wanted better credit facilities.

So they organized a political party; and in North Dakota they have pretty completely captured the state. Being in political possession they will, no doubt, require the state to set up and operate the kinds of marketing, warehousing and credit systems they want.

This is the logical fruit of our recent political bent; and it seems to be unfortunately true that Dakota farmers had cause to distrust the old political organization. But we think they would have done better to have organized in nonpolitical coöperation, by which they could undoubtedly have set up their own country elevators and terminal warehouses, and secured a fair grading system and ample credit facilities; for the credit of organized coöperating farmers would be almost equal to that of the state itself.

For some years all the pull has been away from coöperation on a large scale and toward political action. The accepted program for any big class or group has been to demand that the state should do whatever it wanted done, instead of the members of the class or group doing it themselves by nonpolitical coöperation. This, of course, tends to make state government a prize to be seized by whatever class can muster the most votes. It increases the inclination to rely on the state for everything.

The state, at best, is a lumbering, stiff-jointed affair, with powerful bureaucratic tendencies and an ineradicable inclination toward party politics. The whole world is looking toward closer industrial organization. We should like to see the state have as little part as possible in that organization; for we believe nonpolitical coöperation is more useful.

The Unconsidered Clerk

"IT'S fine for us!" a correspondent writes on the letterhead of a large corporation. "We read in the newspapers every day or two that switchmen or miners or men in shipyards have demanded twenty or thirty per cent more pay to cover the increased cost of living, and the President is sending some bigwigs out to fix it up. Usually the men get what they demand. Maybe you know that when the price of bread and milk goes up for a steam fitter it goes up just as much for an office man; but nobody else seems to know it. The seventy dollars a month we got before the war is seventy-five dollars now, which is about seven per cent increase. Nobody has any time to bother with us, except to tell us to economize and buy Liberty bonds."

About the lonesomest and least-considered person in the country to-day is the clerk—using that term in the loose sense which includes office men and salespeople.

No one is afraid he is going to strike and tie up an industry—everybody knowing very well he cannot. His money is worth about a third less than it was before the war, and in the general run of cases he—or she—has not a third more money.

Among those whom the census classes as salaried employees there are a great many who have emerged from the general run and achieved such a relationship to the business that they are counted as individuals, instead of merely as undistinguished items in the clerical and selling forces. They can keep up with the cost of living and beat it, because the people up in front, who fix salaries, are personally interested in these individuals. But as for the general run—over a million in manufacturing and transportation alone—their needs are considered last.

Organized wage-earners can command consideration. Some unorganized workers at the margin, who are always slipping off into indigence, get constant attention from the charitable. The clerk who can manage to support his family is mostly let alone.

The Italian Instance

ITALY spent a year and a half in pushing the Austrians back, inch by inch, over a fearfully difficult mountain country. The feat strained Italy's resources to the utmost and is said to have cost half a million men. Except for powerful assistance in money and materials from England, France and, latterly, the United States, she could hardly have made the exertion.

Germany massed a decisive superiority of men and guns, suddenly struck the Italian line, shattered it, and in six days recovered all Italy had gained, seizing the most difficult mountain passes and laying the northern Italian plain open to invasion.

It shows what the strongest natural boundary in Europe, defended by the full military power of the country, is worth against superior preparation for attack. It makes every boundary a scrap of paper, except as there are more men and guns behind it than an enemy can muster. If the Germans had struck with like power and precision in 1914 they would, no doubt, have gained Paris. They know the game now.

Various things may be seen in the Italian defeat—elimination of Italy, indefinite prolongation of the war, and so on. But no one can fail to see in it utter insecurity; a world constantly armed to the last man and the last dollar; a pitch of militarism compared with which what preceded 1914 was quite amateurish—unless the Prussian idea is stricken out and peace established on a permanent basis.

Italy was theoretically prepared for war in 1914, according to the notions of preparedness which then prevailed; and every Italian back felt the burden of the most oppressive taxes in Europe. But, in view of the German drive, her preparations of 1914 look as futile as the sand dams children build to stop the tide.

Either the war must end militarism or militarism, as we knew it before the war, must be merely the A B C.

Russia

THE Russian revolution is not thinking politics, as we understand politics. Broadly speaking, it does not care a rap about politics. Eighty per cent of it is peasant; and, while provisional government and *soviets* at Petrograd have been fighting and fulminating, the peasants over a large part of Russia have simply taken possession of the land. There is no strictly formulated program about it; no enactment; hardly a scrap of paper. With no force whatever to oppose them, they have simply taken possession; and they mean to keep possession.

Just how legal title is going to be fixed up, what the constitution is going to say about it or whether there is any constitution, interests them very little. Revolution for them means possession of the land. Not one in five of them can read; so what anybody is going to write down or have printed in a statute book up at Petrograd concerns them very little. Their interest is not in any political theories or abstractions, but in the very simple concrete fact of possessing so many acres of land.

City workmen, who are mostly peasants at one remove, took possession of factories in the same simple, direct fashion. With very little violence, and usually with much good nature, a committee of workmen notified the proprietor that thereafter they would run the shop—which they did.

The live question now is not what sort of document a constitutional assembly shall produce; but whether the industrial organization of the country can be kept going. Of course it cannot be under these conditions. Three-hour and four-hour working days in revolutionized factories are showing results in the way of a scarcity of boots, coats and implements for the peasants. The livest question for the revolution now is not what the workmen's councils resolve, but whether the workmen work.

The Lawyer's Plea

IT IS an interesting fact that pretty much all records of human thought and emotion, from the earliest to the latest, contain invidious references to lawyers. The voice of the English people, for example, was first dimly heard in the Peasants' Rebellion of the fourteenth century; and one of the things they wanted was a prompt execution of lawyers.

That fact came to mind the other day on reading a lawyer's plea to a jury in a murder trial. We wonder what would happen to American jurisprudence if lawyers were required to address themselves to the jury's intelligence, discussing the facts in the case with the same sense of responsibility that a judge has in discussing the law. Suppose lawyers discussed criminal cases to the jury with the same candor they employ in discussing their cases to their friends, saying nothing that they did not believe to be an honest interpretation of the evidence, instead of striving to provoke passion and prejudice, and lugging in every possible charlatan appeal to sentiment. Why should not a public prosecutor, as a public officer, just set forth his candid judgment of the facts and leave the rest to the jury? Or why should counsel on the other side, being also in theory an officer of justice, use every trick to get a murderer clear?

Time may come when arguments in a criminal trial will have the dignity and self-respect of arguments before an appellate court. The jury system will work better then.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Mrs. John T. Pratt

DURING the recent Liberty Loan drive Mrs. Pratt, who is chairman of the Women's Committee of the Second Federal Reserve District, was to be found every day at headquarters from nine until six, directing the work of one thousand city and fifteen hundred state volunteers. Mrs. Pratt is a college graduate and since her marriage has been active in various phases of civic and relief work. And her responsibilities are not all of a public character either, although she is now a full-fledged voter. She has six of them at home; the youngest of which, a girl, is only eight months old.

A. Mitchell Palmer

THE snapshot in the center of this page represents the recently appointed custodian of enemy property in this country, talking with the President of the United States. Mr. Palmer qualified for this position of great responsibility on a large number of counts. He is a big lawyer, and a big Democrat.

George Kibbe Turner
An Autobiography

I AM a writer. Born in Quincy, Illinois, within the sound of the steamboats hooting for the draw in the bridge over the Mississippi. At the age of seven, determined to avail myself of the educational advantages of the East.

From red-headed hired man on my grandfather's place in Springfield, Massachusetts, received first essentials of quick, terse, nervous English expression; by faculty of Williams College instructed in what must avoid, both in logic and language; by Samuel Bowles, late of the Springfield Republican, taught to keep tearing up copy paper until something approximating an exact idea appeared upon it; by Samuel S. McClure instructed in hopping continents for magazine stories; by George Horace Lorimer awarded the Doctor's Degree in American letters—which I much appreciate—of admission to the columns and fellowship of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is my opinion that this country may yet be saved by the confinement of all the professional and semi-professional pacifists together in wire compounds, where they will soon eliminate each other from our national life by the free exercise of the habitual violence of their actions, language and manners.

Earl of Stair

HE WAS one of the original prisoners at Mons and was so badly wounded that, with others of like case, he was sent to Switzerland. Under the recent arrangement with Germany he has been liberated and appears, in the picture at the top of this page, on his way home

Grace Abbott

MISS ABBOTT'S pet slogan is "Children First." As director of the Child Labor Division of the Children's Bureau, she is doubtless devoting considerably more than eight hours a day seeing to it that the children in the country under sixteen years of age are not sacrificed.

PILLIKIN

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

HE WAS called Pillikin for some childish reason which the world had entirely forgotten. Nevertheless, the name stuck and caused him no end of annoyance. When a fellow can easily pass as old enough to enlist it is bad enough to have to kick one's heels at home while one's friends are going to France, simply because of an altogether too accurate entry in the family Bible; but add to that the fact that you are obliged to hang round a fashionable summer resort and be called by a patronizing diminutive by a bunch of flossy women, and life ceases to be worth living—particularly when you are desperately in love with a girl who has no use for either a mollycoddle or a slacker and acts as if you and not your parents were responsible for your being under age.

They had had a terrible time about it on the parapet of the swimming pool, where Pillikin had been sunning himself between dives.

"But you can do something!" she had asserted vehemently, pulling down her bathing suit. "Look at Dickie Saunders—he got the Croix de Guerre driving an ambulance; and he's only fifteen!"

"Dickie Saunders had a father who put him across two years before the United States went into the war!" he retorted. "Just you try to kick in now and see how easy it is. Don't you suppose I'd give my eyes to sneak in anywhere? But my father and mother won't stand for it."

"I guess if I was any good I'd manage—somehow," she answered sweetly. "You don't look like a child."

"I suppose if I wanted to lie about it ——" he protested in heat.

"Oh, your conscience!" Margery interrupted bitterly.

"Perhaps your heart is weak, too, or your lungs aren't strong. And your liver—don't forget that!"

"Why aren't you doing something yourself?" he cried furiously, tears of helplessness coming into his eyes.

"I am."

"You! What?"

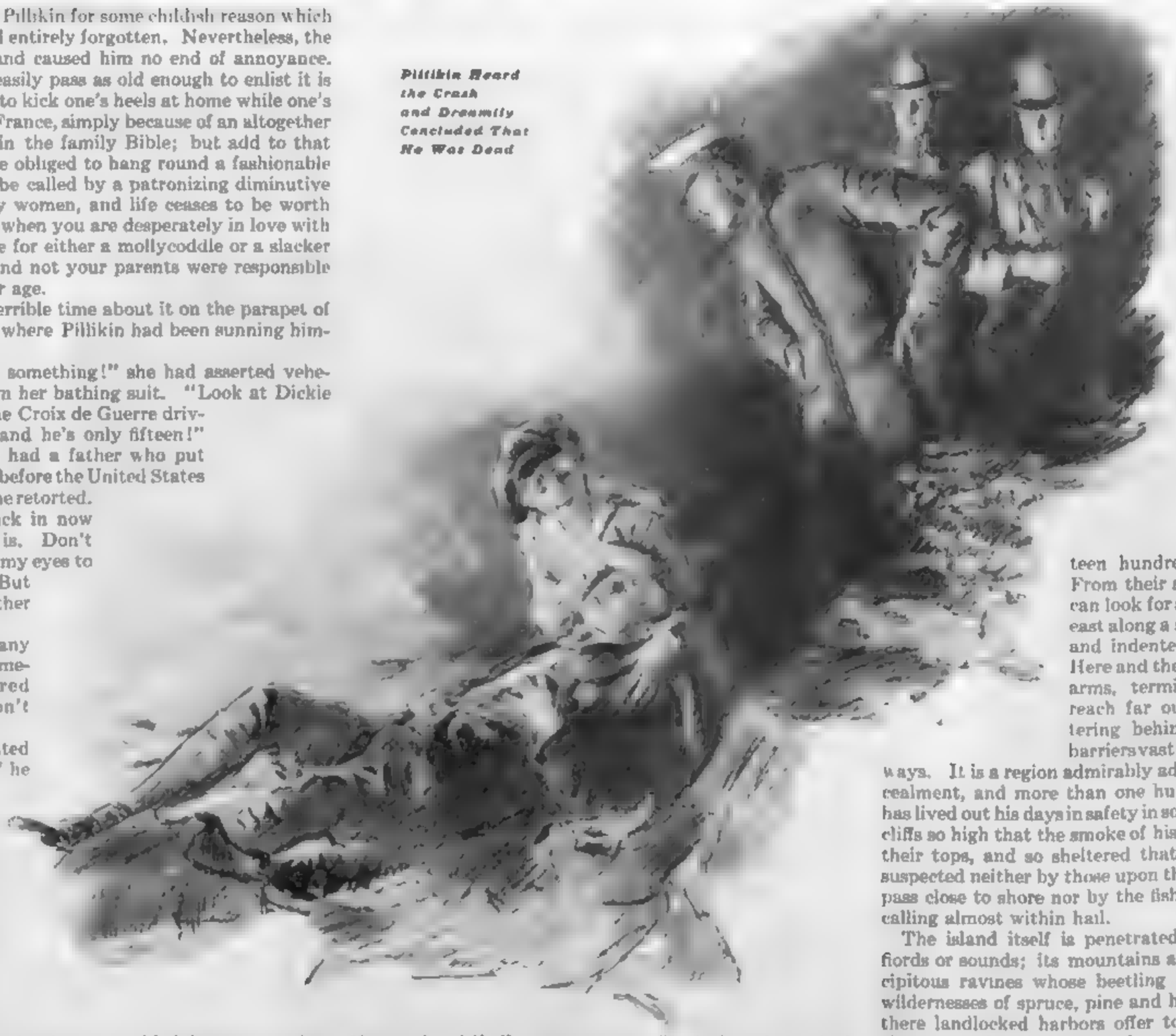
"None of your business!" she retorted jauntily. "Maybe you'll find out sometime." She rose and held her rounded arms in a graceful arch over her head, looked scornfully at him over her left shoulder and added: "Pillikin-willikin-winky-wee!"

Then she shot over the parapet, took the water in a perfect arc, and came up half a minute later on the other side of the pool, where Prince Zamarkroff was sitting with a group of men and girls.

Pillikin, whose legal title was Robert Appleton Ridgeway, flushed a deeper scarlet where his abbreviated bathing suit left his neck and shoulders exposed. Margery Miller was just his age. They had paddled round on Sand Beach together as children, later on had spattered one another at the swimming pool, and as they grew to adolescence had spent long days fishing among the islands and sailing Bob's boat over the bay. And in the autumn they had climbed the scarlet-and-yellow hills, searching out every picturesque nook and sheltered cranny in their wrinkled fastnesses and pretending that they were explorers, pirates or hunters of big game. And here, too, they discovered the marvelous Robbers' Cave, like a swallow's nest on the side of Cambria Mountain, looking straight out to sea.

Then, at the magnificent age of eighteen, Margery had come out and Bob had discovered that he was in her eyes an infant. Equals hitherto, she at first assumed toward him an attitude of motherliness that drove him to distraction, and afterward made it quite plain that she preferred the society of older if not wiser men. The war had made the whole thing intolerable. No one existed for her apparently who did not wear a uniform, and nothing in the nature of an excuse, however valid on its face, had the slightest weight. And now, to add insult to injury, she had called him by the most outrageous of all the variations that scorn, jealousy or rage could invent to play upon his name.

Writhing inwardly, Pillikin got upon his feet and walked back to the bathhouses. What was the matter with her?



Pillikin Heard the Crash and Dreamily Concluded That He Was Dead

He wondered if all women were as illogical as that. And, if they were, what made men work for them and die for them? Margery must be only pretending that she thought he was a coward. She knew better. Hadn't they roughed it together off and on for nearly ten years—in some pretty tight places too? Yet she deliberately persisted in treating him like the dirt under her feet. Pillikin! Ugh!

But utterly unfair as she was, he could probably have managed to overlook her affronts had she not cruelly abandoned him for a foreigner. For he was not only forced to accept in silence the contemptuous epithets she addressed to him but to contemplate the melancholy spectacle of her throwing herself shamelessly at the head of a Russian prince. That he was apparently a good one only made the matter worse; for everybody, including the men, said Zamarkroff was all right. Besides, he had the additional merit of having been wounded at Lowicz at the head of his battalion of Preobrajensky Guards, and, in consequence, of having been sent over to America to recuperate and incidentally to stimulate interest in the Russian Red Cross.

He was a handsome chap of about twenty-six, with a dinky little black mustache, spoke English almost without an accent, painted landscapes quite charmingly, and wore the ribbon of the Cross of Saint Michael. He came—a wounded hero—borne on the evanescent wave of popularity for things Russian, and he engrossed Margery's entire attention. This was less remarkable in that he attracted almost everybody's entire attention. A Russian prince was not an unheard-of thing on Monhegan Island; but a noble Red Cross wounded Russian warrior in midsummer, when there were absolutely no men to be had and the only relief for the ladies was war relief—that was a concatenation of attractions which made him irresistible.

Even the wearer of one of our own uniforms seemed banal by contrast. The wearers of those uniforms—the few of them that from time to time came there—did not mind this. They said Zamarkroff was a fine fellow and a brave soldier. More than that, he was an eloquent and moving speaker, and when he addressed the ladies of Monhegan at the war relief in the high-school building he always drew a feminine crowd that gradually became damp and sniffy as he pictured the sufferings of his wounded countrymen in the hospitals of Kiev and Petrograd.

The outraged and jealous Pillikin swore to abjure society and took to his motor boat to hide his chagrin. But being an available man he could not escape being commandeered for luncheons and dinner parties, and it was due to his enforced presence at one of these that this bit of contemporary history comes to be recorded.

The hills of Monhegan Island—which, its real name having been deleted by the censor, may only be described as lying somewhere off the Atlantic Coast—rise a sheer fifteen hundred feet out of the sea. From their summits the unaided eye can look for a hundred miles west and east along a shore dotted with islands and indented by countless harbors. Here and there long attenuated sandy arms, terminating in thrum-caps, reach far out into the ocean, sheltering behind their spruce-covered barriers vast stretches of inland waterways. It is a region admirably adapted by Nature to concealment, and more than one hunted fugitive of the law has lived out his days in safety in some hidden cove, between cliffs so high that the smoke of his lonely fire did not reach their tops, and so sheltered that his presence there was suspected neither by those upon the yachts that in summer pass close to shore nor by the fishermen who pursue their calling almost within hail.

The island itself is penetrated from the sea by deep fiords or sounds; its mountains are cleft in twain by precipitous ravines whose beetling cliffs frown down upon wildernesses of spruce, pine and hemlock; while here and there landlocked harbors offer to-day the same safe anchorage to the wind-buffeted yachtsman as in the time of Henry of Navarre they did to De Guast, Champlain, and their adventurous comrades from the Old World.

It is an enchanted island, which poets, painters, and particularly musicians discovered and learned to love many years gone by; an island so far removed from the news centers that the great war seemed but a distant pantomime and its thunder but phantom echoes. Even Zamarkroff's impassioned speeches were tinged with a strange unreality. Those summering on Monhegan Island only dreamed of war as they dreamed of love—lotus eaters, hypnotized by the mere physical beauty of Nature, intoxicated by her breath, laden with the smell of pines and the salt air of a sunlit ocean.

"And so," said the prince, sitting at the right of Margery's mother at the luncheon table on their cottage piazza, "the second detachment will shortly sail?"

"That is a secret I am not at liberty to divulge," answered her husband, an official in the War Department, who had run on for a few days' vacation—"even if I knew," he added somewhat inconsistently. "Only the President and the Secretary of War could tell you that."

"It is extraordinary, is it not, how the Germans could have ascertained the exact time of the departure of the first detachment?" continued Zamarkroff. "Your officials must be very careless."

"Oh, there's a leak somewhere," admitted Commander Furguson, the officer in charge of the section. "But even so the puzzle is how the German agents can still communicate with the other side. They get the word across from Yucatan or Honduras probably. There's no other conceivable way."

"How about U-boats?" suggested Mrs. Miller. "By the way, wasn't there a rumor that a U-boat had been seen just out there, off Egg Rock?"

Prince Zamarkroff seemed greatly interested.

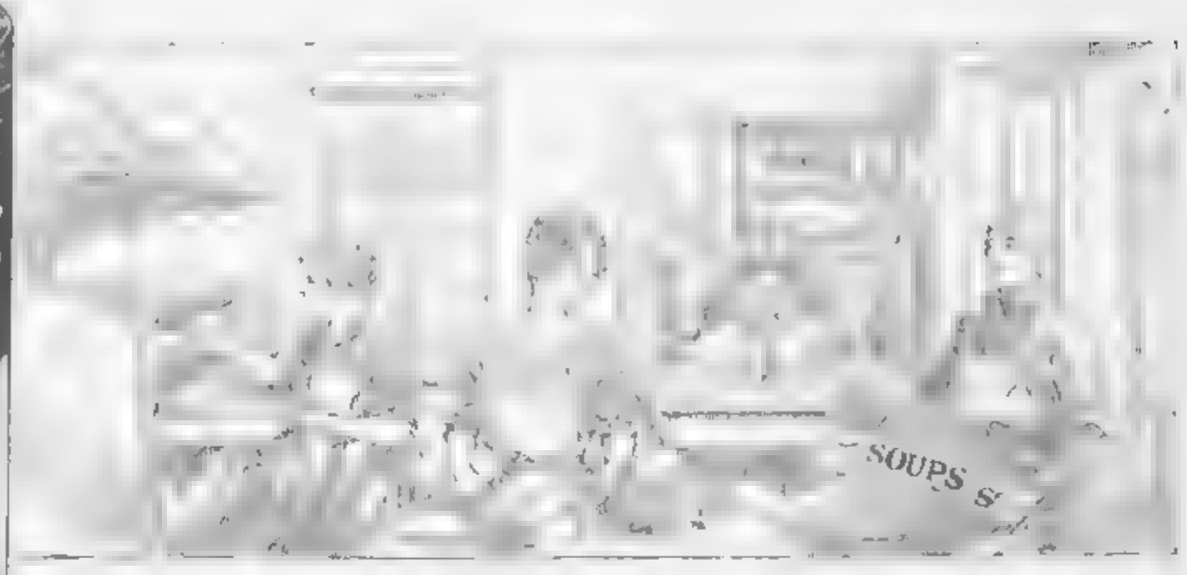
"Indeed! If true, how exciting!"

Furguson laughed.

"Utter rot! There isn't a submarine—except our own on this side of the Atlantic. They're too valuable to Germany nearer home."

(Continued on Page 28)

"I've joined the *Entente* against worry and care
In homes of the free and the brave.
Old General Grouch is stampeded for fair
Wherever my banner I wave."



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We make the strong and nourishing stock from selected beef. And in this we blend fifteen different vegetables and savory herbs beside delicate spices and hardy cereals.

We include high grade white potatoes, choice Jersey "sweets", Canadian rutabagas, "Country Gentleman" corn, Dutch cabbage, small peas, "baby" lima beans, tender Chantenay carrots, tomatoes, okra, celery, parsley, a touch of leek, onion and sweet red peppers and a plentiful proportion of rice, barley and "alphabet" macaroni.

A soup that is both delicious and strengthening, it comes to you completely prepared, cooked and seasoned, ready to serve in three minutes.

You have no materials to buy, no waste to pay for, no cooking-expense. You have the decided economic benefit of the entire Campbell organization and equipment. This eliminates completely the loss and waste of materials through retail marketing, and other needless expenses of soup-making at home—to say nothing of the labor.

Thousands of practical and "particular" housewives who are familiar with the exceptional quality of this popular Campbell "kind" order it regularly from the grocer by the dozen or the case. And this is really the sensible and economical way.

Asparagus	Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mock Turtle	Pepper Pot
Beef	Clam Bouillon	Mulligatawny	Printanier
Bouillon	Clam Chowder	Mutton	Tomato
Celery	Consommé	Ox Tail	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Julienne	Pea	Vegetable
			Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 26)

"All the same, didn't the light keeper claim to have seen one?" inquired Mrs. Miller.

"Oh, yes; he claimed to have seen one," answered the commander. "But I cross-examined him myself and I'm satisfied he merely imagined it. These fellows spend so much time looking for things of that sort it doesn't take much to make 'em see what they're looking for. It was a great chance for an inconspicuous lighthouse keeper to get his name in the paper. Believe me, my dear lady, you have nothing to be afraid of. No U-boat would stick its nose into Monhegan Harbor; or if it did it would take it out again very quickly."

"I know that lighthouse keeper ——" began Pillikin, turning red.

"The lighthouse keeper is an old fool!" snapped Furguson without looking at him. "If he isn't making the whole thing up out of whole cloth he dreamed he saw a U-boat. He never saw one before and he never will again."

Pillikin maintained with difficulty an indignant silence. He had known Eben Hoskins, the lighthouse keeper, all his life intimately. Every year when the transient summer visitors on Monhegan had departed with their silver and linen, their menservants and their maidservants, for Lenox and Hot Springs, and the island lay luxuriating in the green-and-gold radiance of autumn, its wildness unviolated by strangers who cared less for Nature than for society, he had spent a night or two with his old friend, rising in the darkness to climb down with his gun on the rocky point that jutted out into the sea to wait for the gray shapes that whistled by in the growing dawn.

Then, when the sun was high and the bottom of the blind was half covered with dead ducks, he would walk stiffly up past the runway, with its waiting lifeboat, mount the rough wall that kept the spindrift out of the ragged garden, and come stamping into Eben's kitchen shouting for coffee. All day the two would lie round in the sun and fish off the reef; and when evening came Eben would build a big fire of driftwood, and they would pull their rockers up in front of it and the boy would listen while the old sailor would yarn of his early days when he was mate of a coasting schooner in the Pacific, before the Strait of Malacca had been even charted, and, in spite of rocks and reefs, you "just stretched on her every bit of canvas you had in the lazaret and let her bang through."

Much of the real stuff in Pillikin was due to his association with the fine old salt, and a week before every Christmas a box from New York arrived by express at the Monhegan office for Eben Hoskins, containing a collection of heavy socks, mittens, sweaters and mufflers, jam, tobacco, and a small library of technical and standard books.

Lie? Pillikin knew well that his old friend would sooner thrust his right hand into the revolving machinery of the light. Dream? He dreamed only of the vanished days when, unassisted, he could hoist the main topsail of his coaster. So Pillikin's rage grew against the officer who thus derided his friend's honesty.

"And yet they might be here, might they not?" inquired Prince Zamarkroff. "Germany is said to be building four-thousand-ton submersibles, which could easily have a cruising radius as far as the eastern seaboard of the United States."

"But what good would it do her to send them here?" demanded Commander Furguson. "Certainly it would serve no military purpose for a submarine to attack an unprotected summer resort. Germany can sink our vessels as well off Cornwall as she can in the coast lane between Boston and Halifax; and she is nearer her bases. A submarine would have a hard time off this coast trying to keep supplied with crude oil. She couldn't."

"By the way," interrupted Margery's father, "did you hear that some lobstermen pulled up a six-hundred-ton iron tank off Matuxet Point?"

"Empty," said the commander. "An old boiler probably."

Pillikin stiffened at his casual finality. What sort of a coast guardian was a man who didn't believe anybody or anything? And then, just as a pause fell in the conversation, a brilliant idea struck Pillikin. If the German agents in America could no longer communicate by mail or wireless with Berlin, or keep in personal touch with the Wilhelmstrasse, why shouldn't it be natural for them to send the U-boats over here to get information direct? By golly! He was taking a drink of water at the instant the thought came to him and it caused him to swallow the wrong way. He made the suggestion somewhat incoherently after Zamarkroff had resuscitated him by pounding his back.

"But it would take so long to transmit the information to Berlin," objected the prince, who seemed to like Pillikin; "it would be stale long before the submarine got back."

"Couldn't it be relayed by wireless across the ocean by other submarines?" asked Pillikin. "Suppose I'm a German agent here in America and I get some important dope—information, you know—about something; say, like the sailing of the troops for France. I can't wireless it to Berlin because all the stations are corked up. But I have an arrangement with the German War Office to be at a certain spot on the coast at a certain time on a certain day—or every day, for that matter—and I just turn it all over direct to a submarine which is sent to get it."

"But how?" inquired the prince. "Surely no submarine is going to land on the Atlantic Coast when every foot of it is patrolled day and night by such capable officers as"—and he bowed in the direction of Commander Furguson—"as our friend here!"

"I haven't decided how they do it—yet!" answered Pillikin; and they all laughed.

"Our Pillikin has an ingenious mind!" remarked Furguson patronizingly; and Pillikin wanted to kill him.

II

CAPTAIN EBEN HOSKINS was feeding his chickens back of the lighthouse at about five o'clock that afternoon when he saw a small motor boat making out in his direction from Monhegan Harbor. As the government regulations now required him to make a detailed entry in his log of every boat and vessel sighted, he climbed up into the observatory and presently discovered that his visitor was none other than Pillikin.

An hour later, after a hearty supper of flounder and boiled potatoes, the two friends sat on a rock down by the point, the keeper smoking a large cigar unwittingly supplied by Pillikin's father.

"I seen it with my own eyes," Eben assured him. "You know I ain't no liar, Robert. Well—so help me Moses!—I was a-settin' up there in the lighthouse two weeks ago of a Sunday mornin' makin' my reg'lar entry in the log about the weather, which was clear an' almost a dead calm. The sea out toward Matuxet was jes' like glass, with not even a porpoise to rumple it. There was a green schooner come down, about three miles out—guess she was from Eastport, maybe—and I entered her up accordin' to rule. After she passed out of sight I just set there, not doin' anythin' special, a-lookin' out to sea; and—all of a suddint—I saw it!"

"Yes!" cried Pillikin eagerly. "You saw a submarine?"

Eben Hoskins caressed his prickly chin with noncommittal caution.

"Don't say I did, an' I don't say I didn't. How do I know what it was?" he drawled. "Hadn't never laid eyes on no submarine—leastways to know it was one. All I can tell you is what I see."

"Well?" demanded Pillikin breathlessly. "What did you see?"

Eben leaned across the chart table and thrust a gnarled finger out toward the horizon. All about them the bosom of the ocean was bound with gently heaving ribbons of purple, mauve and yellow—iridescent, like watered silk. Not even a gull's flight scratched the deep blue of the eastern sky. There was an expectant silence in the air, broken only by the slow swash of the waves against the reef, their reluctant withdrawal and hesitant return.

"You see that there oily-lookin' patch about half a mile out beyond them cat's-paws? Well, on that Sunday mornin' I was gazin' jes' about at that spot when I see a queer-lookin' sort of black stick standin' up in the water and comin' straight toward me, no more'n a mile away. I reached for my binoculars, but by the time I had 'em focused the stick was gone, and in place of it there was a pilot house, with a man in it, on top of a deck just awash. He come full at me for about ten minutes and I could see him takin' the sun and triangulatin' at the lighthouse. By that time his craft was about a foot out of water. Then she swung her nose over toward the mountain and the man went below decks, and the pilot house disappeared; the deck settled down until it was awash ag'in, and she ducked her bow and sank out of sight."

Pillikin whistled.

"By golly! Did you see her again, Eben?"

"No, but I could follow her for a while by the whitish wake she made under the water and a kind of faint fog that hung above it where she had gone along."

"What did you do?"

"I got out the dory, pulled right over to Monhegan Harbor, and told Commander Furguson. 'You dreamed you saw a submarine,' he says. 'I don't claim to have seen no submarine,' says I; 'but I saw suthin' I ain't never seen before, nor likely to, this side of Zee-bruggy,' I says. I don't think he believed I'd seen nothin'. But he made me write him out a report; and the next week a feller come from the Boston Navy Yard with a book full of pictures and made me show him which kind of picture the boat was like ——"

"And which was it like?" Pillikin's mouth was wide open.

"A boat they called U-28," answered the lighthouse keeper. "It was her—exactly! I didn't hesitate a minute; and afterward I found a picture of her myself in a newspaper. It's over there, if you want to see it. I tell you, Robert, I was jest a-hoppin'! I've been keeper here for nigh onto twenty years and no one ain't so much as doubted my word before. But this feller—though he didn't actually call me a liar—he done so in so many words, asking me the same thing over and over ag'in fifty different ways, until I could 'a' punched his head. I don't know now whether he believed me or not. Reckon he didn't! But he's a born fool—I don't care who he is!"

(Continued on Page 30)

He Was Forced to Contemplate the Melancholy Spectacle of Margery Throwing Herself Shamelessly at the Head of a Russian Prince

The Comfort Car

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 28)

"What do you think the submarine was doing in here?" wondered Pillikin. "You don't suppose there's a base anywhere about, do you?"

Eben pursed his lips.

"I ain't got no theory about it," he replied. "But I do know that there's plenty of ne'er-do-wells as live round here that would pilot a U-boat, or any other boat, anywheres along this coast for a little money. 'Twouldn't be hard to hide among these islands. There's a hundred places within as many miles where a submarine could lie on the surface and charge her batteries, or even land a man on shore, without a chance of her being seen—up Matuxet way, for example, or at the Ovens; or round by Spinnicle Point or Sutton's Thrum-Cap."

"But you could hear her charging her batteries," argued Pillikin.

"Not in bad weather you couldn't!" countered Hoskins. "And, anyhow, I've heard strange noises at night lately not a thousand miles off, either—like a bull roarin'. You'll think I'm crazy maybe, like Furguson; but tell me, Robert, what lights does an honest vessel carry at night?"

"Red to port and green to starboard. Why?" asked Pillikin, the goose flesh creeping up his back.

Eben nodded slowly.

"Right you are, my lad—red and green, green and red, and naught else. Well, I've seen green and blue lights twice—under the mountain."

"The deuce you have!"

Pillikin strained his eyes at the oily patch out near the horizon, half expecting to see a periscope emerge in the middle of it. Hoskins relit his cigar, which had gone out. Already the shadows were gathering on the hills behind which the sun was setting and the gray mist of evening was creeping over the sea.

Not a sail—not a single black spot—broke the broad expanse of darkening water.

"They're here, lad. They're here! What for I don't know. But, whatever the reason, the U-boats are on this side of the Atlantic, hiding among these very islands!" Eben looked at his watch. "Sunset! Time to start the light."

He rose, climbed up the narrow iron ladder, and Pillikin could hear him tramping round overhead. Presently the heavy machinery began laboriously to revolve and a red gleam felt its way from crest to crest out toward the sea

"She must have dived under all three screens of cruisers, destroyers and patrols!" ruminated Pillikin. "Maybe she'd come all the way from Helgoland, didn't know where she was, and had to come up to the surface to find out."

Where was she now? Lurking behind the islands? Lying submerged, like a giant fish, in the shadow of the Cambrian Hills?

Hoskins was still pottering about upstairs, getting things ready for the night.

"Good-by, Eben!" called Pillikin up the circular staircase. "See you in a day or two."

Then he stepped across the threshold onto the oyster-shell path leading to the dock. Darkness had settled upon the ocean, and in the sky the stars were glittering everywhere except in the west, where the white shroud of the dying day was patched by the black shoulder of Cambria Mountain. As he felt his way along the path the gulls upon the outer end of the reef suddenly rose screaming into the air—white, ghostly, wheeling shapes. For a fraction of a second the boy was startled. What had roused the sleepy birds into such wild gyrations? Why did they not settle down again?

"Thump—pound—thump!" groaned the lighthouse behind him. "Pound—thump—pound!"

On it ground, like an enormous mill, filling the night with its uproar and its blinding red illumination, as much as to say—or so it seemed to Pillikin: "This way! This way, U-boats! This is the entrance to Monhegan Harbor, one of the most fashionable resorts in America. Land a squad of marines and grab the town; fill your tanks with oil and your stomachs with pâté and champagne; give your crew the freedom of the place, and take away a handful of millionaires with you for ransom."

The water looked very black and the gulls were still screaming as Pillikin shoved his boat off the rocks. Accustomed as he was to being out in the open at all hours alone, he had an uncanny feeling of being watched. He had the same desire to make a noise that he had had as a child when sent on an errand in the dark. Six miles away a dim blur of light in the sky showed where lay the unprotected village. There was a festa on at the swimming pool that evening and he had planned to go to it and make a final attempt to reinstate himself with Margery.

Instead, however, of steering for the harbor, he turned seaward, up the bay, hugging the shore by Matuxet Point and straining his eyes toward the invisible horizon. The ocean breeze was cold and damp, and soon Pillikin felt quite numb; but he kept on doggedly at his voluntary patrol until he had gone eight or ten miles out to sea; then he turned and steered straight for the Cambrian Hills.

Suddenly he shut off the engine and grabbed his glass. Far up, near one of the mountain tops, a white flash winked, stopped, and winked again. He could almost count the pauses between winks: Flash—flash flash—pause—flash flash flash. Somebody was sending a message in an unfamiliar code, a message that obviously was being repeated over and over again—a general call probably.

He turned and peered into the ominous blackness of the ocean behind him. A couple of miles to the eastward two green and two blue lights were dancing as if in answer. Shaking with excitement, Pillikin placed the hatch over the engine pit and started his motor. He could not tackle a submarine; but, by golly, he could find the fellow on the mountain—if anybody could!

III

AT ABOUT the time Pillikin landed at the lighthouse to pursue his independent investigation of the manner in which Commander Furguson had performed his duties, that official received an unexpected visit at headquarters from Margery's father. Mr. Miller was in an exceedingly agitated state of mind. It appeared that he had strolled to the Reading Room after lunch in the company of Prince Zamarkroff, and after passing an hour or two there had returned to his cottage, to find that in his absence someone had gained access to his room and stolen his dispatch box containing papers of the utmost importance.

"I suppose it's my own carelessness!" he ejaculated, fanning himself violently with his hat. "But who would have imagined that anything of the sort could happen up here? My copy of the code was in that box!"

Commander Furguson tapped the table with his pencil.

"Keep cool—in the first place. Of course it's bad business, and I don't blame you for being excited. There's a good deal been going on here in your absence that you evidently haven't heard about. Yours are not the only papers that have been taken. There are some very active and decidedly clever agents of Germany operating in this neighborhood, and they are in constant communication with enemy vessels at sea. I have seen their signals myself."

"But at lunch you denied that there were any U-boats about!" retorted Mr. Miller.

"I had to deny it. Otherwise my efforts here would be futile. The old lighthouse keeper is thoroughly reliable. He unquestionably saw a submarine—of the U-28 type. Sooner or later I hope to get one of them. But my first task is to catch the chap who is signaling to them."

"Then young Ridgeway was right?"

"Entirely. We can see their lights on the mountains; but, though I've had almost every foot of shore patrolled by my men for months, we can't seem to locate the place from which the messages are sent. This infernal island is so full of cracks and fissures that a fellow could hide in one of them and signal every night for a week without a chance of being caught."

Mr. Miller rose.

"And there's nothing you can do?" he demanded, seriously perturbed.

Furguson made a slight gesture of assent.

"Yes, there's one thing we can do; and with the assistance of your daughter we are going to do it within a few minutes."

"My daughter—Margery?"

"I understand that is the young lady's name," smiled the commander. "You see, early in the summer she came to me and asked what she could do to help; and she has been acting under my orders ever since."

"What do you mean?" asked her father incredulously. "Under your orders!"

"I mean that she has been doing detective work of a highly efficient sort. Without her we never should have suspected your friend Zamarkroff. You see the prince rather took a shine to your daughter and she seized the opportunity to study him pretty carefully. Gradually her suspicions were roused, so that when one day last week she saw him start out for a walk, carrying a paint box the size of a small dress suitcase, she followed him, and after quite a chase discovered him on one of the mountains leaping from crag to crag like a chamois—until he caught sight of her, when he immediately commenced limping again. He explained that he was looking for suitable views to paint.

Continued on Page 32

He Gripped the Ladder in a Frenzy of What He Refused to Recognise as Fear

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of National Carbon Co. Inc
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Chicago Atlanta San Francisco

The light that says
"There it is!"

(Continued from Page 30)

"She thinks he is the one who is doing the signaling and believes she knows where he does it. In a word, my men tell me that Zamarkroff has just met his confederate and has ordered his motor to be ready at seven o'clock. It is now six-fifty. When he starts I am going to follow him with a couple of marines and take your daughter with me—that is, if you have no objection."

Mr. Miller raised his eyebrows.

"Do you mean to say that Zamarkroff isn't a Russian prince?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—some distant connection of the Czar, I believe. His papers are simply perfect. My men have gone through everything he has at the hotel and there isn't a scrap of evidence against him that's worth a nickel. However, he has a trick of staying out alone very late at night and he never throws anything in his wastebasket. Queer thing, that! He's received a heavy mail for weeks and not one scrap of paper has he let go out of his hands. He must take it off with him and burn it somewhere."

"Well, I've no objection to Margery's going with you," said her father. "I only hope you get your man, and get him right! But I never should have suspected Zamarkroff."

Ten minutes later a motor containing Margery, Furguson and a couple of Jackies was flying silently through the dusk, following the distant and at times invisible tail light of the prince's car.

His Royal Russian Highness was going somewhere—that was certain. But where?

"If he intends signaling from one of the mountains," whispered Margery to Furguson, after a pursuit of a dozen miles, during which night had fallen, "he must stop either at the trail just above Indian Head or at the one beyond Stafford's Farm. There's no other path on this road. Go slow! We may overrun him."

The chauffeur-Jacky retarded his spark and shut off the gas, and the big car slowed down, barely creeping round the turn ahead of them. There was a strong smell of dust, with a whiff of gasoline in it. Furguson jumped down and flashed a light on the ground, disclosing footprints and a tiny black puddle of oil.

"The road's all trampled up—he must have got out here," he remarked. "Ah! There's his car—hidden in that patch of trees! Now, Miss Margery, where is your path? Perhaps you'll lead the way?"

Another motor now stole noiselessly up and a squad of marines clambered out.

"No talking, boys! Remember, this is a still-hunt. Take my light, Miss Margery. Now then—forward!"

Margery received the light from the commander and directed it at the opening in the bushes that marked the beginning of the trail up the mountain. Only the gleam in her eyes betrayed her excitement as she leaned over and whispered to Furguson:

"This is my first *real* man hunt!"

Then she parted the shrubbery and plunged into the forest, followed by the others.

IV

MEANTIME Pillikin steered for the white flash on the shoulder of Cambria Mountain, while the blue and green lights behind him grew dimmer and dimmer, and finally were swallowed up in darkness. He no longer felt lonely; no longer had the sensation of being watched. On the contrary, he was thrilled with a fierce and exultant joy.

Somewhere up on that mountain side was an alien enemy signaling to a hostile craft, transmitting to the German Intelligence Office information that might lead directly to the sinking of United States transports crowded with Yankee soldiers and sailors. Or, even more immediately, it might result in an attack upon the island and its unsuspecting inhabitants. Furguson and the rest of the regular military and naval authorities were willfully obtuse—criminally indifferent. He—Pillikin—alone of all the men of Monhegan was advised of what was going on, and it was up to him to rise to the emergency.

Moreover, there was no one better qualified than he—perhaps no one so well qualified—to determine from just what point the signals were being displayed.

"He's up somewhere near the north ridge," said Pillikin to himself. "That's so as to get a clear range 'way out to sea, past Matuxet. But he isn't on the ridge itself, because I can see the outline of the mountain above the light. He's about where the big bluff rises over the Beehive Bowl. If he's hiding in a cleft or a gorge I shall lose sight of his light if I steer either left or right; but if he's on top of the cliff itself I shan't lose it, no matter where I steer."

He swung over the wheel and veered off to the east for a few hundred yards. The flash was suddenly extinguished. Then he steered back and presently the light came into view again.

"He's in a hole in the rock," Pillikin concluded. But where could it be? The fellow wouldn't just hide in any old place. He'd want a secret spot, concealed from the casual examination of climbers and sheltered from wind and rain—a cave; and the more difficult of access the better.

The Beehive Bluff was a precipice, a sheer six hundred feet in height, rising above a circular basin or tarn on the mountain side, known as the Bowl. A steep path led to the base of the cliff and partway up its face; but it was soon supplemented by rails and handholds, and the ascent of the last three hundred feet could be accomplished only by the aid of iron ladders fastened to the vertical side of the rocks. It was not a dangerous climb by day for persons possessed of sound hearts and strong heads; but it was a nasty place in dusk or wet weather, or for those who had either a tendency to vertigo or were unused to perpendicular ascents.

Just at the crest of the last ladder was a cavern in the face of the cliff, caused by the erosion and falling away some million years or so ago of a piece of granite, which had left a triangular shelf large enough to hold half a dozen human beings. This was the place Margery and Pillikin in their childhood had named the Robbers' Cave and peopled in their imagination with hairy ruffians armed with cutlass and blunderbuss.

From above, the cave and precipice were approached through the Breakneck Woods and the ridge of Cambria Mountain; whence the path, descending, gave directly upon the ledge, traversed it, and then plunged over the edge by the ladders.

A sign on the ridge where the path turned off from the main route to the summit stigmatized it as "Steep and dizzy—for experienced climbers only." No more secluded spot could be found upon the entire island. Even by day there were, during the entire season, at best only a few persons who cared to hazard such an ascent when equally charming views could be had for far less trouble. But from the ledge one could look clear across the Atlantic toward the Bay of Biscay. A light displayed there would be visible as far as the eye could see.

Pillikin had no doubt that the sender of the flash, having approached by way of the mountain, was ensconced upon the ledge, confident in the supposition that no one but those for whom it was intended could observe his signal.

As a boy Pillikin had had an uncomfortable experience upon one of those ladders when a sudden turn of dizziness had attacked him. He had been looking down through the rungs at the waving tree tops and placid surface of the Bowl, so many hundred feet below, when for an instant everything went black. He clung like a cat to the ladder against the cliff, while the world swam about him, and gradually regained his vision; but he was left weak, shaking and wet with sweat, and he had barely strength to drag himself up and roll, half fainting, upon the ledge. Often as he had visited the Robbers' Cave since then he had never attempted to climb up to it by the ladders, but had always taken the path over the ridge through the woods.

To-night, however, if he should follow the latter route he knew he would arrive too late. It was now ten o'clock. The signaling might cease at any moment, and the opportunity to effect a capture, and possibly prevent the transmission of important information, would be lost. To return to Monhegan Harbor, notify the commander and reach the bluff by way of the mountain would take not less than three hours. On the other hand, he could climb the ladders to the cave in less than thirty minutes.

He ran his motor boat aground in a sandy cove at the foot of the mountain and, as he looked back across the water, found that he could still see the green and blue lights. They were keeping at it apparently. Then he climbed out on the beach and felt his way to the path that led to the Bowl. It was pitch black in the woods, save for a pale alley overhead between the branches, through which he could dimly discern the stars. Below he could see nothing, and he

(Continued on Page 35)

For His Christmas
Give Him a

BOYCE MOTOMETER

"YOUR CAR DESERVES ONE."

Standard Model $10.00
black and nickel finish with heavy glass protecting crystals

Junior Model 5.00
smaller in size, nickel finish, without glass crystals

Midget Model 2.50
nickel finish without glass crystals small size recommended for use on small cars only

Any one of the three models may be applied to any car

This [illegible] of the action of [illegible] the [illegible] of your [illegible] absolutely.

The Boyce Moto-Meter [illegible] year of all years when economy of operation [illegible] duction of repair bills are so essential. [illegible] extravagant gasoline consumption, [illegible] winter driving. It gives instant warning [illegible] trouble *starts*—not after it is too late.

It warns you

—when your radiator needs water
—when your motor needs oil
—when you are wasting gasoline
—when your motor is operating too cold or too hot and indicates a safe, normal temperature.

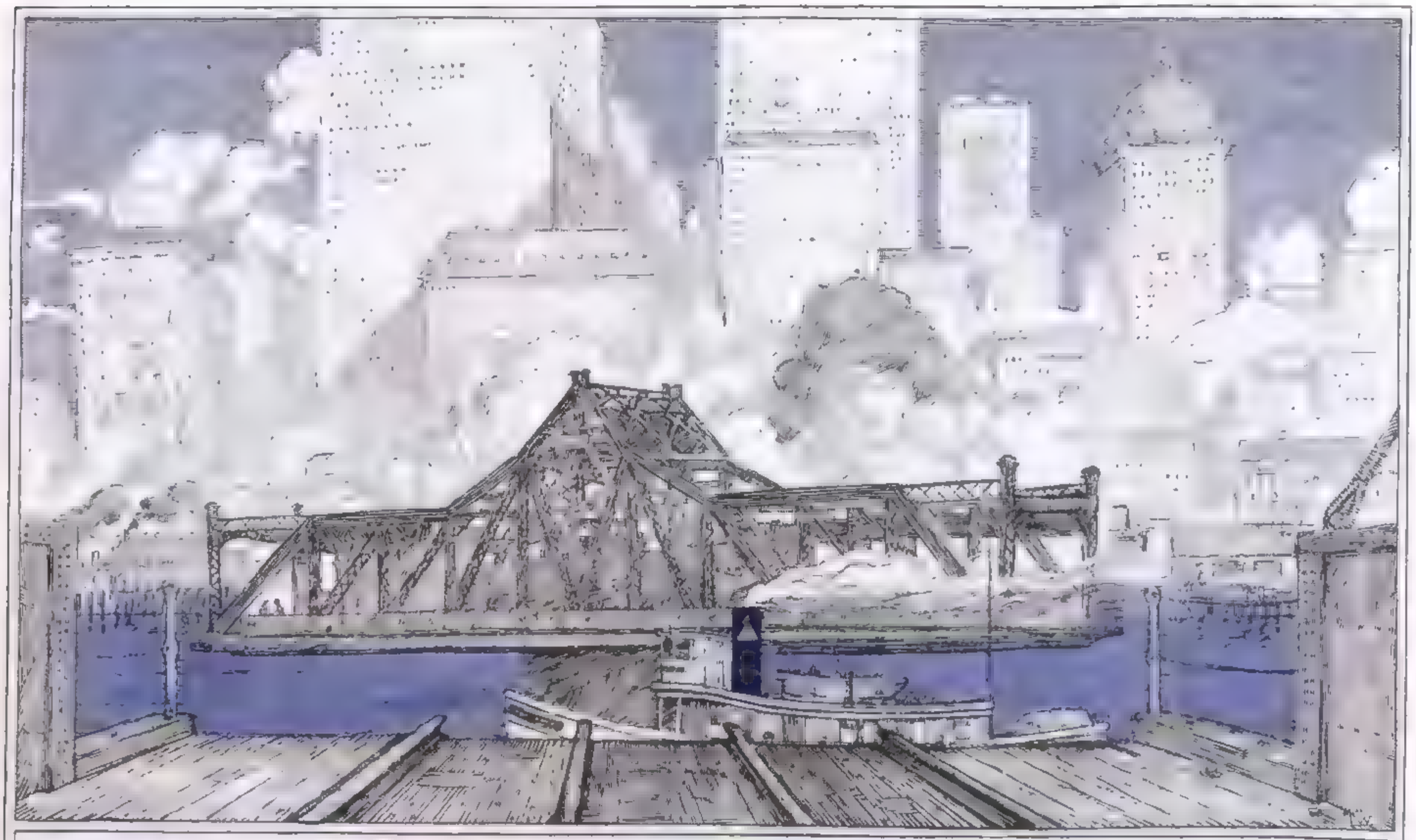
In addition to its great utility, the Boyce Moto-Meter gives a touch of distinction to any car.

In use on [illegible] motor cars and accepted as standard [illegible] motor by their pleasure car manufacturers. Easily and quickly applied to any car. Each instrument packed with [illegible]

Your nearest [illegible] supply you. [illegible] the Boyce Moto-Meter [illegible] or any part of the country. If [illegible] experienced [illegible] to [illegible] wide interest [illegible] back of money order. Specify [illegible] Write for [illegible] booklet.

The Moto-Meter Company, Inc.
Long Island City New York

Creators of Temperature Instruments for gasoline motors
Exclusive Licensee of the Boyce Fundamental Patents



True Balance in Tire Construction

You've seen a great bridge swing on its center to let river traffic through?

Ever thought what would happen if that bridge were not absolutely balanced?

* * * *

The same with automobile tires—they must be balanced to give the supreme service in endurance and mileage that is characteristic of United States Tires.

They must be so balanced that all parts are of equal strength,

—that the rubberized fabric carcass has the same enduring mileage in it as the massive road-resisting tread,

—that while the tire slowly wears out, as all things in both men and material eventually must,

—it wears out as a whole, not in parts.

* * * *

United States Tires are balanced tires—balanced in all that the word implies.

They are so balanced that they wear out gradually—wear, and keep on wearing, until finally you have secured from them the supreme mileage and service for which they are famous.

* * * *

If you could only see the painstaking, exacting care that is exercised to maintain this balance in the construction of United States Tires, you would at once understand why they are the high-mileage, low-cost tires of the day,

—and you would make your next tires United States Tires.

United States Tires Are Good Tires

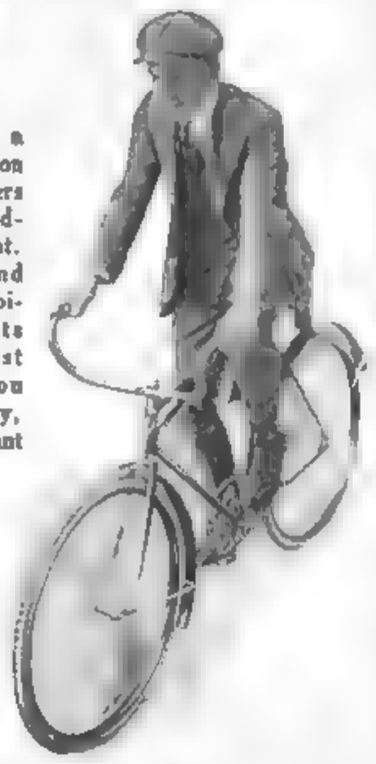
'Royal Cord' 'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Plain'

Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aëroplanes

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

VITALIC
Bicycle Tires

Tougher Than Elephant Hide



Vitalics are a fine temptation that few lovers of bicycle riding can resist. The zest and sparkle of bicycling at its glorious best comes to you in these spry, brisk, buoyant Vitalics.

Nothing Rides Like Vitalics

The sturdy quality of Vitalic Tires is recognized by leading manufacturers who use Vitalics as standard equipment on the following well-known wheels:

Racycle	Flying Merkel	Yale
Miami	Dayton	Emblem
Hudson	Iver Johnson	Snell

These strong, long-lived, resilient tires bear the name Vitalic.

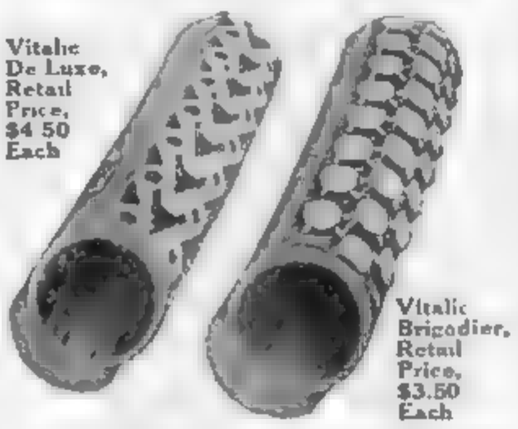
Vitalic De Luxe is made of the choice of the world's best rubber throughout its extra-thick tube and tread. Its two plies of motorcycle tire fabric, nearly as heavy as that used in automobile tires, is built of 8-ply twisted cotton yarn. V-shaped suction, non-skid tread. All white. Retail price, $4.50 each.

Vitalic Brigadier is a rugged, enduring performer. Tough, four ply fabric built of strongest cotton thread. A great favorite with riders who demand long service. Black, heavy studded tread. Extra-heavy inner tube. White side-walls. Retail price, $3.50 each.

Vitalic Enduro is made of a two-ply triply twisted fabric. Very high-grade inner tube and friction. Carefully selected rubber throughout. White side-walls and black block tread. Built for real service. Retail price, $3.00 each.

SEND TODAY

for FREE Vitalic testing section and booklet, "Tougher Than Elephant Hide." Please give name and address of your bicycle tire dealer.



CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
1904 Liberty St., Erie, Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 32)

was in constant danger from loose stones and from exposed roots that seemed to loop themselves about his feet. Boughs lashed his face like whips; but he thrust them away, and hurried blindly on. He must reach the ledge while the spy was still there!

He had not progressed more than a hundred yards before an unexpected turn in the path caused him to lose his balance, and he fell heavily upon a pile of rocks, twisting his leg under him so that he groaned in agony. For a moment he found himself unable to rise and concluded that he had broken his leg; then the burning pain localized itself in his ankle and he realized that he had escaped with a sprain. He felt sick and faint, but there was nothing he could do; and after lying there for two or three minutes the chill of the night mist somewhat revived him and he managed to pull himself to his knees and creep on.

Above him the mist swirled and drifted, here and there letting through patches of starlight; and once he thought he could make out the straight face of the cliff towering overhead. Then he almost collided with the trunk of the big pine that marked the point where the path turned upward; and, in spite of the torture, he began his climb. It already seemed to him hours since he had left the boat. Suppose the spy had gone, or—worse—was taking his departure by coming down the face of the cliff? What should he do if they met in the middle of one of the ladders—in a perpendicular encounter?

It was lighter, now that he had got above the level of the Bowl and he could look down upon the mist, which looked like a heavy bank of snow. The only difference was that the top seemed to rise slowly toward him like the smoke from a caldron. The path had become steep, like the side of a roof, and he had to crouch against it to prevent sliding back. He did not remember it to have been so difficult. Perhaps he had taken the wrong turn. He wondered whether this blind chasing through the dark after supposititious spies was a sensible thing after all. Probably if Margery ever heard of it she would merely call him a crazy ass!

Behind him the bluff blocked his vision; below and seaward he could look across the ravine through which he had just come to where he knew the shore ought to be, and could hear the low growl of the surf. He raised himself to his knees and peered nervously about him. Perched up there in the night, he had the same sensation of being watched that he had experienced out in the bay. He felt very, very lonely and his ankle burned as if it were being scarified with red-hot pokers.

But ten miles out to sea the lighthouse on Egg Rock kept winking its red eye at him regularly every five seconds. It gave him a slight feeling of comfort. Eben was there. Somehow, seen from that elevation, the light seemed to be high up in the air; and then, far below it and very close at hand, Pillikin saw a green-blue flash: "Dot—dash—dot dot—dash." Why, it was almost at his feet! Was the sea right down there? He could almost throw a stone into the flash. They were still signaling. There was yet a chance that, if he hurried, he could interrupt their communication.

But from now on he should have to use his feet, and at the first pressure upon his ankle he cringed with agony and leaned weakly against the cliff, groping as he did so for the rungs of the iron ladder, which he knew ought to be there. His hand came in contact with the cold iron and he shivered in spite of himself.

Would he ever manage to drag himself up those three hundred feet? He stood irresolute. Suppose he got halfway to the top and then turned giddy! He caught his breath as he imagined the loosening hold, the awful moment of anticipation, and the terrible downward plunge. But the green-blue light was flashing again—rapidly. He must do his best!

He faced the vertical surface of rock before him and placed both hands upon the rungs of the ladder. Perhaps it was all the better that he couldn't see. He must make the climb entirely by his sense of touch. Once off the ground, it wouldn't be so bad. It was almost like going over the top from a trench! He shoved his hands up the sides of the ladder and lifted himself off the ground. Then he painfully began to climb.

Suddenly he found himself trembling violently and clinging frantically to his support. One of the rungs had given slightly with his weight. The heart almost went out of him at the thought that perhaps some of the other rungs might be missing! He hadn't counted on that. Perhaps the path had been discontinued and was no longer kept in repair. He gripped the ladder in a frenzy of what he refused to recognize as fear. He hung there with his face to the cliff for what seemed an interminable period, and at last his terror passed, being succeeded by a feeling of not caring what happened to him. During its brief ascendancy he worked his way up the ladders again and, in spite of the twinges in his ankle, made considerable progress.

He had ascended thus about one hundred and fifty feet and was getting more at home on the ladders when the moon unexpectedly rose over the shoulder of the mountain, and for the first time he was able to see distinctly his exact position. He had paused for a moment to get his breath and to ease the pain in his foot and had turned to see whether the green and blue lights were still there, when the valley below him gained definition. Before it had been merely a vague black immensity at no particular distance; now he could see its treetops waving fully four hundred feet beneath him.

His eyes crept down the cliff foot by foot, ledge by ledge, estimating the distance. It was horrible! Nothing between him and those jagged rocks at the base except his ability to hang on to that rusty iron, fastened loosely into the rotten old cliff! His legs became suddenly weak and the power of sensation passed out of them altogether. He was holding himself there only by his hands—and his hands were getting cramped. He tried to move and found that he could not. With teeth chattering, he looked up and perceived that the cliff slanted outward, overhanging the ladders. He never could manage it—never!

He looked down again and pressed himself against the rungs. Nothing could persuade him to attempt to descend. To move either way seemed utterly impossible. He would simply cling there—his nerve gone—until he lost his grip from fear and fatigue, and then go crashing down into the woods below. They would find his body weeks afterward; would wonder what fool thing he had been trying to do. But, like the others, this spasm of terror passed away.

With eyelids screwed up tight he lifted himself up and over the outjutting rock; and, finding that this was a desirable method of procedure, he kept on, feeling his way rung by rung. Along toward morning, as he was firmly convinced—but, in fact, at the end of what was only twenty minutes—he began to realize that he was nearing the top of the cliff.

Instantly full courage returned to him and he no longer gave any attention to his own safety. It was too much to hope that the man was, in fact, still there; but—flash! Just over his head, it seemed, a thin ray of light flickered against the fringe of bushes that grew in the crevasses of the cliff and vanished. There it was again! His heart beat so loudly that it seemed to echo against the rock. Suppose the fellow was armed! It wasn't reasonable to suppose that he wouldn't have a pistol.

Pillikin suddenly had a complete perception of his own foolhardiness. What could he, hanging like a kitten to a tree trunk, hope to do against a man standing firmly on the ledge above him, even if the latter hadn't any firearm? He was at a hopeless disadvantage. The fellow could pound him on the head with a rock until he was forced to let go his hold. Ass!

Inch by inch he lifted himself until his nose was on a level with the roots of the shrubs that bordered the ledge. Then gradually he worned his head and shoulders through the leaves and branches until, partly lying on his stomach, he was half supported by the rock itself.

At a distance of about five feet from where he lay someone—he couldn't see who—was working a large "blinker." Behind the light he could dimly make out the seated figure of a man who was resting the mechanism on one knee and who appeared to be reading from a paper that lay between his legs; for he would occasionally turn the light on the ground and then resume his signaling. Obviously if Pillikin climbed over the ledge the man, if he so willed, could merely kick him off into space.

Moreover, though he did not fully appreciate his own condition, the boy was conscious of being exhausted; he was, in fact, sustained only by excitement. The momentary relief from the frightful suspense of being on the ladders gave him a

(Concluded on Page 37)

STRIKE-O
TOY TINKERS

Here's a rolly Tinker twister on a jolly Tinker frame,
And some funny Tinker Pins that make a rolly Tinker game.
Just a twist too much and you won't score a-n-y-thing,
A twist too little and you won't score much!
It's a snicker, little flicker of a twist that wins,
With these bobby little, tricky little Tin-ker Pins.

Here everybody! The Tinker Family of Toys wish you "good-morning" and invite you to play with them. For Tinker toys are quainter, simpler, better toys—chiefly because the Toy Tinkers find it just as good fun to make them as you will to play with them.

So the happy spirit of playtime has danced into Tinker toys; and some are made for little folk and some for little big-folk too.

Well, Tinker Pins are for the little big-folk, that years can't make old. Try them—for fun—even if you turned fifty last birthday! Get the roller going, and the score-book out; and all the close finishes and twisty score-plays will come of themselves.

Tinker Pins are lots of excitement—stacks of fun—no trouble at all. The pins don't scatter. The parts can't lose. Nothing is noisy. Everything folds up afterwards in a clubby little box, bought ready wrapped and ready to mail.

Here are the Tinker Family of playthings—all of which are packed into mail-handy boxes.

TILLY TINKER: The nursery Pavlowa who dances divinely and scorns winding. 75c

TINKER TOY: Builds almost any shape with or without a name. Even without "instructions." 50c.

TINKER PINS: You play with pins but it's skill that wins. $1 00.

TINKER BLOX: Little letter-men who teach tots letters while they play. 50c

Your toyman smiles as you buy a "Tinker"—it will make you happy, too!

TOY TINKERS OF EVANSTON

In the State of Illinois

The Gift Watch

Ivied walls, venerable elms, a song drifting from an open dormitory window. As enduring as this haunting, life-long charm of campus memories are the gold watches recently presented to six Yale men for distinguished and loyal management of class affairs since their graduation.

The memento deemed worthy of symbolizing this high esteem of their classmates was

Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

Christmas, too, fixes the attention of givers of taste upon Hamilton Watches. No memento is a worthier symbol of affectionate regard. With 32 beautiful models to choose from, Hamilton is the gift watch par excellence. Infinite accuracy combined with a lifetime of enduring, uninterrupted service. The modern timepiece, keyed sharply up to the requirements of modern American life. The engineers of America's most famous fliers carry Hamilton Watches.

Write Today for the Hamilton Watch Book—
"The Timekeeper"

Hamilton prices: complete cased watches at $27.50, $30, $38.50, $40, $55, $62.50, $72, and up to $150. Hamilton movements to fit your present watch case for $14 ($15.25 in Canada) and upwards.

Hamilton Watch Company, Dept. J, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Prevent Foot Ailments

Boys and girls who wear Buster Brown Shoes during their growing years will have naturally formed feet, free from bent bones, broken arches, bunions, corns and other annoying foot ailments—so prevalent in adults, and the result of wearing poorly designed shoes.

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

For Boys—For Girls

are the only shoes made upon the famous Brown Shaping Lasts, which are scientifically designed to meet every requirement of the growing foot—to give proper support to the soft, pliable bones, at heel, ball, toe and arch. Buster Brown Shoes therefore fit the feet perfectly, without undue pressure at any point, while preserving Nature's lines of grace and beauty.

Buster Brown Shoes are correctly made—from the best leathers—in attractive styles. They outwear ordinary shoes—can be resoled again and again. Good shoe stores everywhere sell them for $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and up. Look for "Buster Brown" stamped in on each sole. It means dependable service—plus foot protection.

The book, "Training the Growing Foot," tells the complete story of Buster Brown Shoes—why you should buy them—where you can get them. It is free. Write for it today.

Manufactured only by

Brown Shoe Company

St. Louis, U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 35)

false sense of security; but his leg was throbbing with pain and his muscles trembled as with a chill.

He was all in, and more than half knew it; but he didn't care. That spy should never get away alive! Of that he was confident. If need be they would both roll off the cliff locked in a death grapple that would loosen only when they crashed through the tree tops six hundred feet below or, striking some projecting angle of rock, were hurled outward in a sickening parabola into the waters of the Bowl.

The man's face was concealed in shadow; he was engrossed in his work, businesslike, methodical. An oblong box lay near by, and Pillikin could distinguish wires connecting it and the blinker. A faint, hardly audible sound emanated from it—like that made by the spasmodic fluttering of a moth, it seemed to Pillikin.

It was a unique scene—this alien perched on this peaceful cliff, signaling by night that the War Lord of Europe might move his armies and his fleets to meet the uprising of American Democracy; but Pillikin was neither thrilled nor impressed by its uniqueness. Motionless upon his stomach, he was fully occupied at the moment with the problem of how he should cover the four or five feet between him and the man before the other could regain his legs or seize his pistol.

He did not propose to allow himself to be simply pushed off the cliff or shot. There was nothing in that. He must get the jump on the other fellow, or it was all up. If the man would only drop something or turn round! No such luck! On and on he went—flash—dot—flash—as if he were silently engaged in transmitting the whole of the encyclopædia. If he completed his task and assumed an erect position Pillikin would be worse off than ever. He must make a rush for it.

For a moment the stars seemed to tremble as the boy gripped the edge of rock and pressed his knees firmly against the top rung of the ladder.

He knew that the chances were all against him; that in all likelihood he should be either shot or dashed to pieces within the next couple of minutes; but he was ready to pay the price. The man was pumping the flash light rapidly. Every instant vital information was being communicated to the enemy. In a moment more the entire message might have been sent and it would be too late.

Pillikin did not wait. Uttering something between a war cry and a scream, he hurled himself headlong upon his seated adversary and struck with all his might at the man's face. There was a smothered oath in some guttural foreign tongue, the light was extinguished, and Pillikin felt fingers tighten like steel claws about his throat as the man struggled to release his right arm from the boy's grip.

Instantly they began to fight like gladiators—conscious that but one of them could survive this desperate struggle in midair. At one moment their legs swayed helplessly over the edge of the cliff; at the next they were within an inch of falling into space.

And then quite unexpectedly a deadly faintness came over Pillikin. He could not account for it, since he felt no pain; but he found himself quite helpless and weak. A rushing sound like wind in the tree tops filled his ears and he seemed to be falling—falling! Had he been hurled over the precipice? Should he, in fact, presently crash to the earth at the foot of the bluff?

He felt someone knocking at the side of his head as if he wanted to come in. Funny, that! A fellow wanting to get inside your head! And still he fell—and fell!

v

COMMANDER FURGUSON'S party, under the guidance of Margery, groped its way through the Breakneck Woods and gradually ascended the ridge of Cambria Mountain. Haste was no part of their program, as Zamarkroff must be given plenty of time to reach his place of concealment and to get to work. In any case he must eventually choose one of two paths—that to the summit or that to the Beehive.

An hour's climb brought them to where the path bifurcated, and again Margery's flash disclosed a telltale footprint pointing toward the Bluff. The woods were thin, as they were nearly above the local tree line, and they could follow the path without difficulty. From time to time they stopped and listened intently, but could neither hear nor see anything of their quarry.

The girl was now satisfied that the prince intended to signal from the top of the cliff above the Bowl—perhaps to make use of the Robbers' Cave for his purpose.

Another hour and the path began to descend sharply along a rift on the shoulder of the mountain thickly overgrown with alders, through which the moonlight cast strange shadows. They were now not more than a hundred yards from the cave and Margery signaled to stop. Her part of the night's work was finished. If there was to be any dénouement the marines could have the glory of it.

"You will have to go on very carefully," she said to Furguson. "If he is here at all he is just behind that ledge. You can creep up behind him ——"

She had no opportunity to conclude her explanation of how Zamarkroff's capture might be consummated, for at that instant a weird cry arose just ahead of them, followed by a confused noise beyond the rocks.

To Furguson it sounded not unlike the thrashing of a moose in the underbrush.

Pistol in hand, he dashed forward through the alders, with his men just behind him. A moment and they were at the top of the cliff; the next, they had jumped down upon the ledge where Zamarkroff was just extricating himself from the grip of the half-stunned boy.

"Hands up!" shouted Furguson as the prince stumbled to his feet and stared bewilderedly into the leveled carbines of the marines.

The Russian made a stealthy movement toward his paint box, beside which lay a mass of papers.

"Stay where you are!" ordered the officer as he picked up the sheet nearest him. It was headed:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON

and was addressed to Mr. Miller.

"Step this way!" he remarked shortly to the prisoner.

Zamarkroff, with his arms elevated and his eyes fastened on Furguson's pistol, had started slowly to obey when Margery saw him suddenly slip on the loose gravel that covered the ledge. In attempting to regain his balance without lowering his arms he stepped upon the blinker, which, rolling from under his feet, threw him backward.

For a moment or two he struggled for a foothold, with the fear of death in his face. Two of the marines sprang forward to assist him; but, before he could grasp their outstretched hands, a piece of turf gave way and he slid over the edge, clutching wildly at the shrubs about him.

Horrified, they all stood motionless, waiting for what, it seemed, would never come. Six hundred feet! Then, far below them, they heard the crash of tree tops—and a few dislodged stones trickled down the bluff. Then silence!

Miles away—and still falling, as he thought—Pillikin heard the crash and dreamily concluded that he was dead. Also, he saw—indistinctly—lights flashing all about, and half decided that the fellow, having killed him, had started signaling again.

Then he became conscious of the warm blaze of a big fire, of moving shadows, and a severe pain in his throat. Someone placed a bottle to his lips and a stream of liquid flame descended into his vitals. He could hear Furguson saying: "Take another pull, old chap! You'll soon be all right." And Margery sobbing: "Oh, Pillikin! Oh, Pillikin! Why didn't I tell you?"

"Zamarkroff nearly choked the life out of him," cheerfully remarked another voice. "But how on earth did the boy get here?"

"He must have come up over the ladders—in the dark!" said Margery.

"Up the face of that cliff?" inquired Furguson, aghast. "Impossible!"

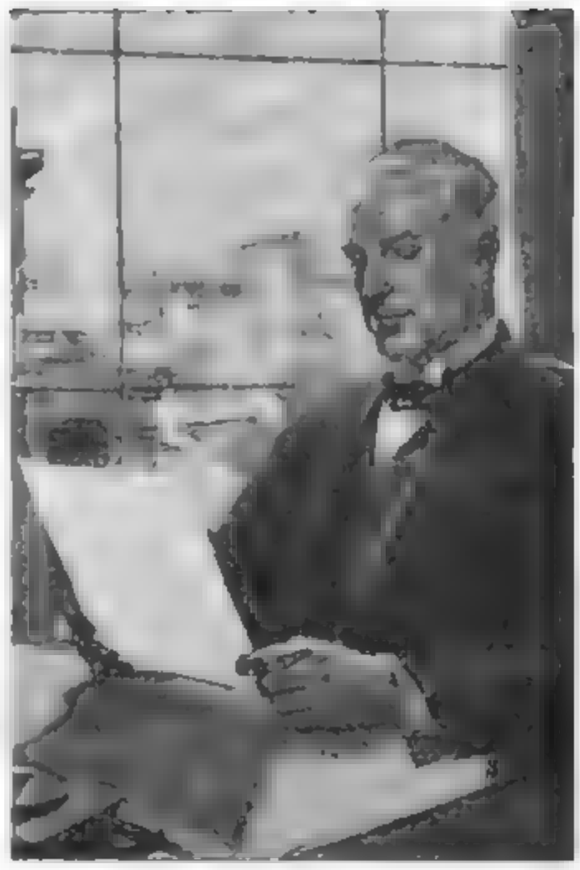
"There's no other way," answered the girl. "And to think that I thought him a slacker!"

Pillikin, entirely happy and almost comfortable, in spite of his ankle and throat, smiled faintly. Margery uttered a little sigh of relief and gently smoothed the hair back from his forehead.

"Oh, Pillikin, isn't there anything I can do for you?" she asked with contrition.

He gazed up at her solemnly for a moment, as if giving his reply due consideration.

"Yes," he answered rather thickly, but with the severity befitting a real man. "You can cut out calling me Pillikin!"



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New rags and highest grade bleached fibre, tub sized with animal sizing, and air dried—that is the Construction Bond quality which gives dignity and force to your message.

Construction Bond, at an increased cost of but 1-10 to 1-5 of a cent per letter, thus vastly increases the efficiency of and the returns from your correspondence.

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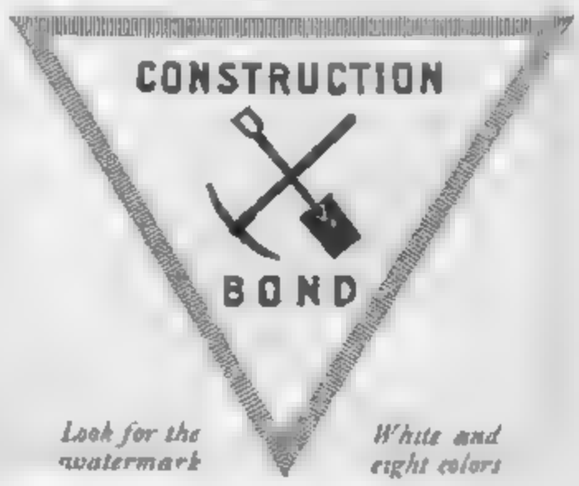

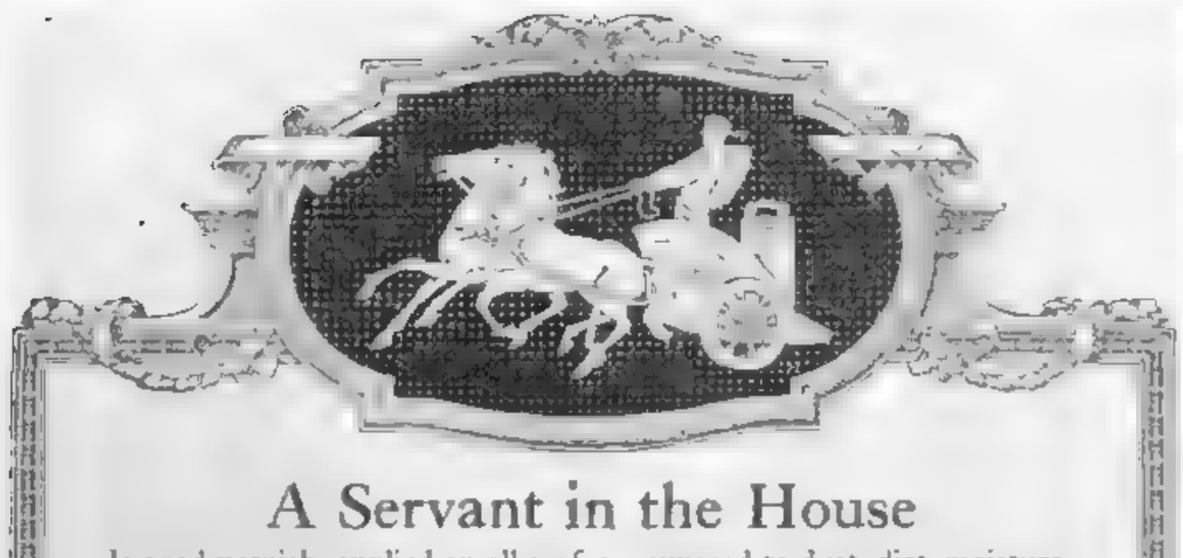

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produces a fine, smooth floor, with a soft lustre—neither glaring nor slippery—a floor that is easy to clean, the most enjoyable to look upon and the acme of comfort and refinement.

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GEM RAZOR

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A MILLION DOLLARS

(Continued from Page 6)

his old left hand at his little old perpetual-motion machine, back alone in the shop. And I went along home, thinking how I'd put the thing—about the mortgage—to Polly.

III

"THIS—this is a nice time to be getting home," said Polly, coming to the door, with two red spots in her cheeks and that little hitch in her voice she had when she was mad or excited

"I know it," said I. "But I had a fellow come in just as we were closing up that I had to wait for."

"I guess if you'd tried hard you could have got rid of him," said Polly, kissing me finally.

"You've got to stop this, Bill," she said. "It turns everything upside down in the house, and you know it!"

"I apologize," said I.

"That—that won't do my dishes for me," said Polly, going out in the kitchen for my supper.

So we didn't talk much while I was eating. Both the kids were in bed; and we sat there alone.

"Who was it?" she asked me finally, when she thought I'd had punishment enough—"this man who came in to see you?"

"Oh, a fellow came in," I said, "who had a new idea for a motorcycle."

"Another one of those cranks with frayed cuffs, I suppose," she said, "that come in every week with a fortune."

"Maybe," said I.

And I helped her clear off the table, and went back and sat down and smoked and thought it over while she did the dishes.

"Tell me about it," said Polly, coming back and sitting on a stool beside me—come round again, good-natured as usual.

So I kissed her and told her what happened.

"Poor fellow!" she said, staring and getting red when I told her about his flopping over on the floor. "Wh-why didn't you bring him home?"

"Oh, I fixed him out just as well, I guess," I said.

"Did he have anything you could use?" she wanted to know. And I told her about his improvements he had on the motorcycle; and what old Tom had to say about it.

"Well, I always thought myself they were a kind of a miracle," said Polly, "tearing round the way they do. I wish father was here, sometimes, just to hear what he'd say when he saw one. But they are, anyway, that's what I always think when I see one—just a miracle!"

"Well, I hope this one will blossom out," said I, "into a full-fledged one."

"Why?" said Polly.

"Because it'll be our miracle if it does," I said. "It'll be our own meat."

"What do you mean?" she asked me, sitting up and looking at me over the arm of the chair.

"I've arranged with this fellow that's got the thing to make up one or two for us on trial. And if they turn out right," I said, "we're in on the ground floor, without any expense to us. It might make a barrel of money for us; it might make us rich."

"I don't see why it shouldn't," said Polly.

"Other people have luck."

"I hope so," she said, patting my hand on the chair arm. "I hope you make all the money there is, Bill. It's about your turn. You've had your share of the other thing these last few years in that old bicycle business."

"There's no money in it any longer," I said for the millionth time. "We got into it too late."

"I know it," said Polly.

"It's about as profitable now as a deserted gold mine," I told her.

"And about as cheerful, you poor old Bill," said Polly, patting my hand again and laying her face against it. "Especially for a man who's so up and coming, naturally, and anxious to get on as you are.

"I wonder what it would seem like," she said finally, kind of dreaming, "to have all the money you want. I wonder sometimes. I wonder if we'd be any happier with a hundred thousand dollars and a big house than we are right here in this little house on Collins Street."

"I wouldn't mind trying it once," I told her.

"I don't know how I could be—much!" she said, sighing.

And then we went upstairs.

I didn't say anything more till we were getting ready for bed.

"Now here, mother," I said then; "I've got something else to tell you. I didn't tell you everything."

"Wh-what is it now?" she came back, her voice sharpening up. "What is it?"

"Wilkins is going to get through."

"What!"

"And take his money out."

"What!" she said. "What for? What's he going to do that for?"

So I told her.

"That old pig," she said. "That old disgusting thing. I always did hate him."

"You don't any worse than I do," I said; "nor so much. But that don't get us anywhere."

"I suppose it don't," she said.

"We've got to raise the money for those notes of his."

"How are we going to do it," she asked, her voice still clearer and higher.

"You tell me," said I.

"Can't you get it at the bank?" she asked me.

"No," I said. "Not any more than that first loan—that one thousand dollars I had at the start. If I could I'd never had Wilkins in the first place. No, there's nothing from the banks—not in the bicycle business, since the slump!"

"What will you do then?"

"I don't know," I said; "unless you want to let me put a mortgage on the house!"

She was sitting on the bed before I was through saying it.

"Never, never, never!" she said. "A mortgage on this house! Never!"

And I didn't say anything.

"How could you think of such a thing!" she said. "Father's old place!"

I didn't answer her.

"The only thing we've got sure—for the children," she said, taking hold of my arm. "And when you know how I feel about a mortgage. Anything but that, Bill. Anything but a mortgage! No sir!"

I kept still.

"I won't do it, Bill! I can't!" she went on. "You know it. It would half kill me. Oh, why don't you say something!" she called out to me, shaking my arm.

"What is there to say?" said I. "If you can't stand for a mortgage that's all there is to it."

And she kept still now.

"I can go back, I suppose, and lie down in front of Wilkins, if he'll let me!" I said. "I guess he'll have to, for that matter. And we can keep on the way we are now—sliding down hill—year after year.

"On the other hand," I said, "if I took the bicycle business back myself, I know it pretty well; and if worst came to worst I believe I could clear myself and get out whole. And in the meantime there's a chance in the other thing—maybe the chance of a lifetime. It isn't impossible," I said. "It isn't as if fortunes hadn't been made time and time again in machine shops out of things with no more promise in them than this."

She sat perfectly stiff and rigid.

"But that's up to you," I said. "I believe it would be all right. I believe if you want to stand for it—in two or three years—if you want to come in and stick ——"

"If—if I'll stick, Bill. If I'll stick!" said Polly, sitting there like a ramrod. "You say that again and I'll scratch your eyes out!"

So the next day I handed Wilkins his money.

IV

WE MADE up the first one with our own hands, you might say. All the stationary parts of the engine were cast special. We even bent the tubing on the frame ourselves, to be sure and have it right and plenty strong. Then we took her out on Breakneck Hill, and tried her.

"She's good, Pasc," said I, when we came back with her. "She's good."

She took it like a bird.

"I'm glad you like her," said Pasc.

(Continued on Page 41)

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"Swift's Premium" Oleomargarine

The modern table delicacy

SWIFT & COMPANY, U. S. A.

Makes cake that is richer, more delicate

(Continued from Page 38)

"I certainly do!" said I. "We've got something there, and don't you forget it."

"She does pretty well," he said.

"She's got the power right in her. She's got power enough to tear open any ordinary machine like that Rajah, like you would an envelope."

"That's why I built her so strong," said Pasc.

"She's got the power," I said; "she's got the strength; she's got the reliability. She's a wonder—she's there!"

"I'm glad you think so," said Pasc, chewing faster than usual on his slippery elm.

"That settles it," said I. "We're going to get in back of this thing, and we're going to drive it."

I'd been thinking and figuring day and night on the thing.

"I tell you what I'm going to do," I said. "I'm going to run out the bicycles just as fast as I can; get rid of them, and the bicycle business, and get right after this."

"Ain't you hurrying things a little mite?" said Pasc.

"No," I said. "I know where I can place all these bicycles right now; and get a little something for the business, and it may be some time before I get another such a chance. There's no risk in that. I'm glad to get out so well. There never will be any money in it. That day's gone by.

"But in this thing," I said, "there's a good big chance. Take it at the worst. If we only sold three hundred of them a year we'd make a good nice thing out of it.

"No," I said. "I'm doing the right thing, and I'll tell you why—another reason. The man that grabs this thing—these new improvements we've got—has got to go after it hard. It won't be lying round long. There's no real binding patent on it—except maybe on your carburetor."

"I guess maybe you're right," said Pasc.

"I know I am," said I.

So we did; we went right after it, day and night. We hardly took our clothes off to go to bed. We decided to make up six machines to start with. And while I was making up the last of the bicycles Pasc Thomas was getting the first of the motorcycles ready for market. We decided finally we'd call her the Hoodlum—just the opposite, you might say, of the Rajah. We thought the name would strike the young fellows just as well as that did—better. It was Pasc's wife's idea mostly.

We sold this six—first three, and then two and then one more, to young bloods round the town who wanted something special—extra good. And they were good; everybody that saw them said so.

"But all in town, though," said Pasc. "We don't get any orders from outside."

"That don't worry me," I said. "That will come later. Give them a little time, and they'll advertise themselves. They'll get started. We haven't really tried to push them outside yet. I'm not worrying."

So we went ahead and made up six more; and after that I had something to worry about!

"This won't do," I said, when we footed up the cost of the things. We weren't making a dollar; we were both working our heads off and not making day wages—turning them out separate by hand.

"I tell you what I can do," said Pasc. "If you let me go ahead and make up forty at a time, I could save you thirty dollars on a machine right there."

"Go ahead and do it," said I.

"Can we?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so," I said. "With what came in from the bicycle business and what credit we can get on material."

Forty was going to be quite a strain for us, I knew that. It meant we had eight thousand dollars, pretty near, tied up in the things before we got through. It meant a second mortgage on the house, too, finally.

"Go ahead," Polly said to me. "I throw up my hands. Go ahead. We might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

"You're a good sport, Pol!" I said, when she fixed it up for me.

"I have to be," she said, "living with you."

Way down in the bottom of her heart she was as strong for the thing as I was—talking about it all the time. That was about all we did talk about those days—the Hoodlum. We had it for breakfast, dinner and supper.

"The only thing is," she said, "can you sell it?"

"Sell it?" I said. "I certainly can! Why couldn't I? It can spin circles round anything that's made."

"Those other people, with the Rajah, have got such a start, that's all," she said.

"You watch me sell it," I said.

But just the same, I didn't. I had no luck with the dealers out of town.

"We don't know it," they said to me. "It may be the best in the world. But it's new, that's all."

Finally the best thing I could do was to put it in with a dozen or more dealers that I knew were reliable, on consignment. And then they didn't seem to sell—only a few right there at home.

Finally it got along toward August, and it was plain we'd have to do something before long. Our accounts were coming due; and our balances at the bank were way down.

We did our banking, like a good many of the people in the bicycle trade had, with Proctor Billings' bank—the Second National—coming in when his father, old man Billings, was alive.

On the first of August that little bookkeeper, that girl I'd got out of business college, after Wilkins left, came back in the afternoon from the bank and said:

"The teller said to tell you that Mr. Billings sent word to you he wished you'd fatten up your balance a little bit; it's been pretty low lately."

That didn't sound good to me—the way things were moving. We only had a loan of a thousand dollars there; but we certainly needed that. And I had been figuring and figuring on how I could get it up in the fall. And now I was afraid he might close down on us entirely.

"Couldn't you go to Proctor Billings," said Pasc, "and show him how you're fixed? Tell him what the prospects are when we once get started."

"Show him," I said. "That's the last thing I'd do! Proctor Billings—that tailor-made dude! He'd close on you as quick as he'd close his hand. Go to him! That's what the old bicycle manufacturers did to his father. And you know what happened to them."

"I've heard more or less," said Pasc.

"He cleaned them out, that's all," said I. "He ruined them. They always claimed they'd have pulled through if he hadn't started the thing. And he'd done their banking for years, for ten years—and made himself rich out of it. But he jumped on them first when the time came. He got his money; and he was about the only one who did.

"That's the danger in this thing, Pasc," I said; "what we're up against all the time. I wish a thousand times it wasn't; I wish there was some way you could just go ahead and make a good thing and sell it—and not spend three-quarters of your time figuring, figuring how you're going to get money to do it with. Money—that's always the trouble. And especially when you're doing business with people like that Billings crowd.

"Oh, I know them," I said, "father and son—I've watched them for years. And they're as like as the Indians on two copper cents. Only this one now wears more expensive clothes, and has more college educated manners. But underneath, neither one of them ever had any more bowels than a file.

"But don't fret, Pasc," said I. "Everything's been running against us so far; but there's got to come a change sooner or later. Something's got to break in our favor. It can't run against you all the time."

I counted, of course, on some sales coming in from somewhere. But they didn't. Instead of that, right away that next week the machines began coming back from the dealers entirely—first one and then another.

"Three came in to-day," Pasc told me one night.

"Three!" said I, and jumped on a train to New York to find out what was the trouble.

"We can't sell them, that's all," said this dealer. He was a good friend of mine.

"Why not?" I asked him.

"Well, they're new for one thing."

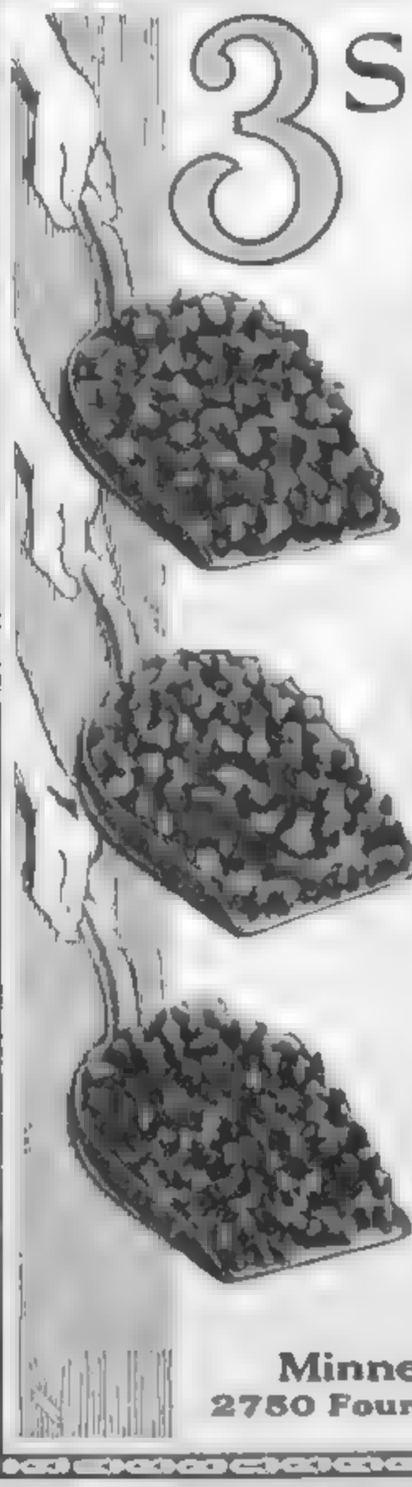
"So's everything—once," said I. "That's no reason."

"Well, if you want the truth—way down underneath," he said, "I can give it to you"

"Go ahead," said I.

"But if it got back to me, you understand—that you got it here—it would kill me as far as the motorcycle business is concerned."

"I understand," I told him. "What is it?"



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"It's the Rajah people," he said. "They're knocking you to beat the band—that's the trouble. They've got everybody scared. They say your things look good, but they won't stand up."

"Oh, they do, do they?" said I.

"Yes—all those changes in the machine, and especially those new mechanical valves."

"So they're looking for a fight, are they?" said I, getting hot. "Well, they've come to the right place for it—if that's what they want—or anybody else. We can accommodate them."

"Don't start eating *me*," he said. "That won't get you anywhere."

"No," said I. "It's somebody else I'm going to eat—not you. And I'm much obliged to you."

And I started back home again—figuring it out on the train.

"There's just one thing to it," said I to Pasc. "We've got to fight."

"How?" said he.

"We're going down there to Newark on Labor Day," I said, "and show that Rajah crowd up—and that piece of junk they've got!"

"You mean to say," he said, "you're going into racing?"

"That's what I mean."

"Look here," he said: "How are you going to do that?"

"I can do it," said I.

"That costs money, going into that racing game," said Pasc.

"I understand that," I told him.

"Where'll you get it? Who's going to back you?"

"We won't have to be backed," I said; "not to any great extent, and I'll show you why. We've got the machine. We know that, don't we?"

"Yeh," said Pasc, with those queer blue eyes of his on me.

"We can cut figure eights round that piece of junk of theirs."

"Good and sure," said Pasc.

"All we need is somebody that's got nerve—that can hang on to her and let her go."

"When you've said that," said Pasc, watching me, "you've said a good deal."

"I know that," I answered him. "I know we've got to take a man who's had some experience."

"You bet you have."

"But if he had that—and the Hoodlum under him, and plenty of nerve ——"

"Who is it you've got in mind?" he asked me.

"You know that little red-headed boy of Tom's?" I asked him. "That little Chuck Powers?"

"Uh-huh"

"That's the one. He's ridden quite a lot—in quite a number of these races round the country, and he's got nerve to burn."

"Will he do it?" said Pasc. "Will he take the chance?"

"He'll do it," I said. "I know the boy. He'll jump at it."

"Well, do we want him to, ourselves?" said Pasc, stopping his everlasting chewing of his slippery elm. "Do we want to take the chance of having him?"

"Why not?"

"Well, we wouldn't want to be responsible for killing him."

"Killing him!" said I.

"You never saw those devils—those real professionals," said Pasc, "riding a real race, for blood, in one of those new motordromes—those bowls."

"They do have some bad accidents on them, I know that," said I.

"When something goes or they shoot off the edge of the bowl it's liable to be sure death. They kill a plenty of them in a season—going at those speeds"

"Well," said I finally, "we've all got to take our chances in life, that's certain. If I get him will you do it—will you get out with him and help him and train him up on the fine points of the machine?"

"I'll try it," said he. "But it will be a kind of an experiment, from his standpoint or ours—whether we'll get anywheres with it."

"We've got to, that's all. It's that or nothing now—with us. If we don't we bust—by the first of October, anyhow, when those accounts come due and that note at Billings' bank."

"But look here," said Pasc: "How are you going to do it, anyway?"

"He won't cost anything, nor the machines, nor you—nothing but expenses."

"What are you going to do about the boy?" Pasc wanted to know.

"I'm going to him and tell him we'll put our machine and expenses against his time; and if he makes good we'll make it up to him, and more, later. He'll jump at it! I know it!"

"Maybe," said Pasc. "But even so," he said, bringing out his old envelope and pencil stub, the way he did when he was figuring or working on his mechanical ideas, "even at that, where'll we get the money?"

"We'll get it," I said.

"Do you realize where we stand," he said to me. "What our bank balance is? I don't think you do."

"Why not?" said I.

"While you were gone," he said, "this thing came up. Myrtle came in when she found out, and told me about it."

"What's she done now?" said I. He was talking about that little bookkeeper we got from business school. She was always in trouble with something.

"She sent out for me in the shop," said Pasc, kind of slow, "when she found out."

"What is it?" said I.

"It seems she made a little mistake in her addition. We haven't got so much in the bank as we thought for."

"How much have we got?" said I.

And he told me.

I jumped up on my feet and cut loose.

"Seven thousand devils!" I said. "How'd she make that mistake?"

"I don't know," said Pasc. "Kind of worn down and tired, I guess."

"Did you fire her?" I said.

"No."

"Well, I will to-morrow," I said.

"No, you won't," he said, "when you think it over. She's nothing but a kid—and she's tired out, that's all."

"That won't help us any," I said, "when she makes some great big blunder."

"We're all tired some," he said, "round here, nowadays."

"She never will catch up," said I. "She's always behindhand. She isn't fit for it anyhow. She hasn't got blood enough in her body to keep a mouse alive."

"Besides," said Pasc, "what do you expect? What else can you get anywhere for eight dollars a week?"

"Aha," I said. "Well, we'll see!" He didn't convince me then; I meant to let her go anyhow. I only wish I had.

"But the question is," said Pasc, "how are we going to do it, anyhow? How are we going to get the money for racing—or even for our rent and our pay roll?"

"We might sell a machine or two more than we expected."

"I've counted on more now than we'll sell," said Pasc, looking at his old envelope.

"We can do it somehow," said I.

"You have to have several hundred dollars anyhow."

"We can do it."

"How?"

"I don't know how, but we'll do it," I said. "I know that. Because we've got to! We're like that bulldog that climbed the tree. And we'll sit right down here now and figure it out."

"Jerusalem!" said Pasc, looking up at the clock. "See what time it is."

It was after seven. "Zetta'll snatch me baldheaded," he said, jumping up.

I knew there was no use of talking now; that was one thing you never could move him on—anything where his wife was concerned.

Besides, I could see myself there was no use of going ahead then, before supper.

"I tell you what you do," said I: "You come right over to the house after you've eaten."

"Shall I bring Zetta with me?" asked Pasc. "She gets almighty lonesome sitting there alone in that flat."

"Sure!" I told him. "Bring her along. The women can amuse themselves while we talk business."

And then he rushed out.

Old Tom Powers got in before I got out myself, and I asked him about his boy.

"He won't get much out of it first," I said. "But if he wins out he won't lose anything by it in the long run. You know me well enough to know that anyway, Tom," said I.

"He'll do it, I guess," said old Tom, talking a little slow. "He's crazy about the riding and he knows every nut and bolt in that machine of yours. He'd ought to," he said. "He was brought up inside a machine shop. His mother weaned him on machine oil"

And he showed his gums in that old lean graveyard grin of his.

(Continued on Page 45)

That HOWARD *for his Christmas*

Now is the Time to Select It

THOUSANDS of other gift purchasers are looking for Howard Watches, too. A word of counsel—*make your selection now!* You want to see the full series of Howards—the Period Howards especially. These beautiful Howards are being snapped up right and left. If you delay, your jeweler may be out of just the model you want.

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WITH numerous makes of cord tires contesting, the past year has witnessed the sharpest rivalry for Tire Supremacy that motordom has ever known.

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The **body** of the Firestone Super Cord Tire is built of walls of stout cord, each cord imbedded in pure gum, no two cords ever touching to cause friction. The **cushion** (which is under the tread to absorb shocks and protect the inner body) is a thick layer of pure gum; the tread is tough and thick. The **beads** which hold the tire in the rim are specially reinforced. The **sidewall** is also reinforced giving extra strength against rim-cut and raising the bending point of the tire safely high. **More mileage** at less cost. Users of Firestone Cord Tires are enjoying a new and higher standard of mileage. Ask your dealer.

That motorists find extra values in Firestone Tires is proved by the fact that our sales increased 72 per cent this year up to September 1st. Our total business this year will exceed $60,000,000.

New Fabric Tire Features Suggested By Success Of Cord Construction

Firestone FABRIC TIRES

have benefited by every feature of cord tire construction which can be used to advantage. THICK, TOUGH TREAD gives longer surface wear. MORE RUBBER BETWEEN LAYERS. Added protection against internal friction and greater resiliency. THICK CUSHION STOCK. Still more resiliency, protection against tread separation and stone bruise. REINFORCEMENT IN SIDEWALL. Greater strength at the bead. Firestone dealers will show you a cross section of the newest output of FIRESTONE FABRIC TIRES, **explaining the features that add more miles to Most Miles per Dollar.**

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio — Branches and Dealers Everywhere

(Continued from Page 42)

"You haven't got any objections, have you?" I asked the old man in spite of myself—seeing that old right-hand stump of his. The boy was the only child they had.

"His mother won't like it very much, I suppose," he said. "He ain't only eighteen; and he's the only boy she's got. She thinks it's worse than it is too."

"Yes, I know."

"But he's got to take his chance," he said, "along with the rest of us. Women always think the worst of everything."

"Go on now," he said, stopping talking about it kind of suddenly. "Go on. I'll lock up after you. Don't you ever go home to your wife in season?"

So I left him as usual, poking round in the dark, closing up the place after me.

V

SHE was a kind of a dark-looking woman—Pasc's wife—a fine, full figure of a young woman, with black hair and red lips. I had only seen her once or twice, when she'd come into the office. She hadn't come to town until just lately; and when she did they didn't live near us; they'd gone way over to the other end of town, where they were putting up those new eighteen-dollar-a-month flats.

"Hello!" she said, coming into the door. "Hello, Mr. Morgan. Howdy do again? And this is Mrs. Morgan, isn't it? Howdy?"

"I'm ashamed of myself," said Polly, taking off her wrap for her, "for not coming over and seeing you."

"Oh, don't mention it," she said. "With your kids and doing your own work at the same time, I know just how it must be. If I was you I'd be dead."

And she went over and took a chair and started talking along to Polly.

"We'll let the men alone," she said, "to take care of their own troubles."

She was smart as a steel trap, you could see that; just brim full of life.

"Our sitting room's pretty small," said Polly. "I'd take you upstairs only the children are asleep there."

"Oh, this is all right," said Pasc's wife. "We can sit over here and talk and not disturb them a particle.

"You go ahead now, boys," she said to us. "You talk your business, and we'll sit over here and get acquainted."

You couldn't help liking her; she was so kind of free and easy, and friendly. She started right along talking to my wife.

"It is kind of lonely," she said, "at first—not knowing anybody in town; and more so with us. I always did like to go, I'm that kind, and Pasc there is just the opposite. That's the trouble with us."

"I guess you don't fight much," said Polly.

"No, we don't fight," she answered her, looking at Pasc and smiling. They were a queer couple—entirely different from one another. But you could see they thought the world of each other, especially Pasc. Every time she looked at him his lean old leathery face lighted up like a jack-o'-lantern.

I was out getting a cigar for Pasc, from the sideboard in the dining room.

"I always want to go too much," I heard her going on to my wife. "I was brought up that way. An only kid, kind of spoiled. But he wants to come home and sit there nights, thinking out something in his head. For the last two years it's been this carburetor. He's got carburetor on the brain. It was pretty fierce sometimes, especially for a bride. I used to get mad and call him my human carburetor, sometimes. Didn't I, Pasc?" she called over to him.

And he grinned that sudden dry grin of his, like those still fellows do—their teeth opening up suddenly out of their stiff faces.

"Just to show him I'm living," she said, "I have to get up and kick over the traces now and then. But I know; I'm not a fool about it. I know I can't quarrel with my bread and butter. And especially now, when we're all going to make so much money on the Hoodlum.

"Now you go ahead, boys," she called over to us, across the room. "Stop your listening and get down to business."

"All right, sister," said I, and we went ahead. I felt as if I'd always known her, all my life.

"Now here," I said to Pasc. "Let's get right down and find out just what we can do. Let's figure out just what we can hope to lay our hands on."

And Pasc brought out his old pencil stub, and another old envelope—half covered up with drawings and figures.

"Now in the first place," I said, "here's one place we can cut down some. We can get rid of this one man."

"I hate to do that," said Pasc. "He's been a pretty good man for us."

"I know that," I said. "But we've got to do it. We can make it up to him sometime later."

"But you can't cut out much, that's certain."

"Not and run," said I. "Unless you and I stay there twenty-four hours a day."

"You'd better take your beds down and sleep there," Polly called across the room.

You could see they were both listening to us while they talked. They had to more or less, the room was so small.

"Never mind," I called back to her; "you keep out of this now!"

We couldn't cut out much that we hadn't already—try all we could. I could hear the women going on with their talking as we sat thinking about it.

They were talking about housekeeping, and the trouble of getting along on what they had. And what they'd do if they had money.

"What I object to is the smallness of it," I heard Zetta, Pasc's wife, say; "being cooped up so when you're poor."

"Now here," I said to Pasc; "let's get back to the main thing. Let's see what we can hope to lay our hands on. There's one or two other men," I said, "I believe I might sell one to if I shaved the price a little."

"Yes, I know," said Pasc, wetting his little pencil with his tongue. "But even so, you've got to have several hundred dollars yet to pull out anyway. Isn't that so?"

"Yes; that's right," I had to admit.

"I'm afraid we're kind of up against it," he said.

"Not on your life!" I said; and I sat there at one side of the center table figuring on it.

I could hear the women. They were talking about money still, what they'd do if they had it—like a couple of kids. I had to grin.

"If you had a lot of money what would you do with it?" Zetta was asking.

"I don't know," said Polly.

"I do. I'd live!" said the other one. "And we'll have it, too—out of this last thing—I know it. And when it comes I'm going to have one grand large time!"

I had to grin to myself. We were sitting, figuring our heads off to see where we were coming off, and she was spending our money for us already.

The worst of it was we didn't get anywhere; there wasn't any loophole apparently.

"We were funny folks that way at my own home," I heard Pasc's wife going on, "about money. Sometimes we had a lot; and sometimes we didn't. My father was in the livery-stable business; and he used to go round to these big races and bet quite a little, and he was pretty smart at it, too—but sometimes he'd get caught!

"But when we had it, we had it. We didn't keep it long. I was the only child and he used to give me everything there was, when he had the money. I used to go everywhere and do everything, about, that he did. We used to have the finest horses in town; and he let me drive them all the time—when I wasn't more than ten years old. And I could drive some! I'd like to see a horse that would go too fast for me—or anything else!" she said. "That's why I've been so much excited over this Hoodlum. I'd like nothing better," she said, "than to dress up like a man and take one of those things and ride and ride and ride!"

She'd got kind of excited talking about it; and the color had come up under her dark cheeks—shining through the skin. She certainly was a stunning-looking woman those days.

"I'm like my father, I guess, more ways than one," she said. "We both had to be going fast all the time. He gave me this," she said, breaking off, and taking a big diamond ring off her finger. I hadn't seen it before. "On my eighteenth birthday. Before he died. Don't you love them? I do. I think they're wonderful. I'm going to have a bushel of them when this Hoodlum makes good when we get all this money we're going to."

"I do," said Polly. "I like them pretty well. Only I never had one yet—not a real one."

"I always thought the world of this one. Isn't it a dandy?" she said, turning it so the light struck it.

"Isn't it a lovely one!" said Polly.

"Thank You for SEW-E-Z"

Hamilton-Beach-Racine

"You can't guess how much it helps in sewing. And to think I can use it for all these other things—mixing and sharpening and polishing—and to run the electric fan. It's wonderful."

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You can use it for whipping cream and beating eggs, for polishing silver, for sharpening knives; and the fan attachment will keep you cool on those hot, sultry days. It's the handiest little home helper you ever saw.

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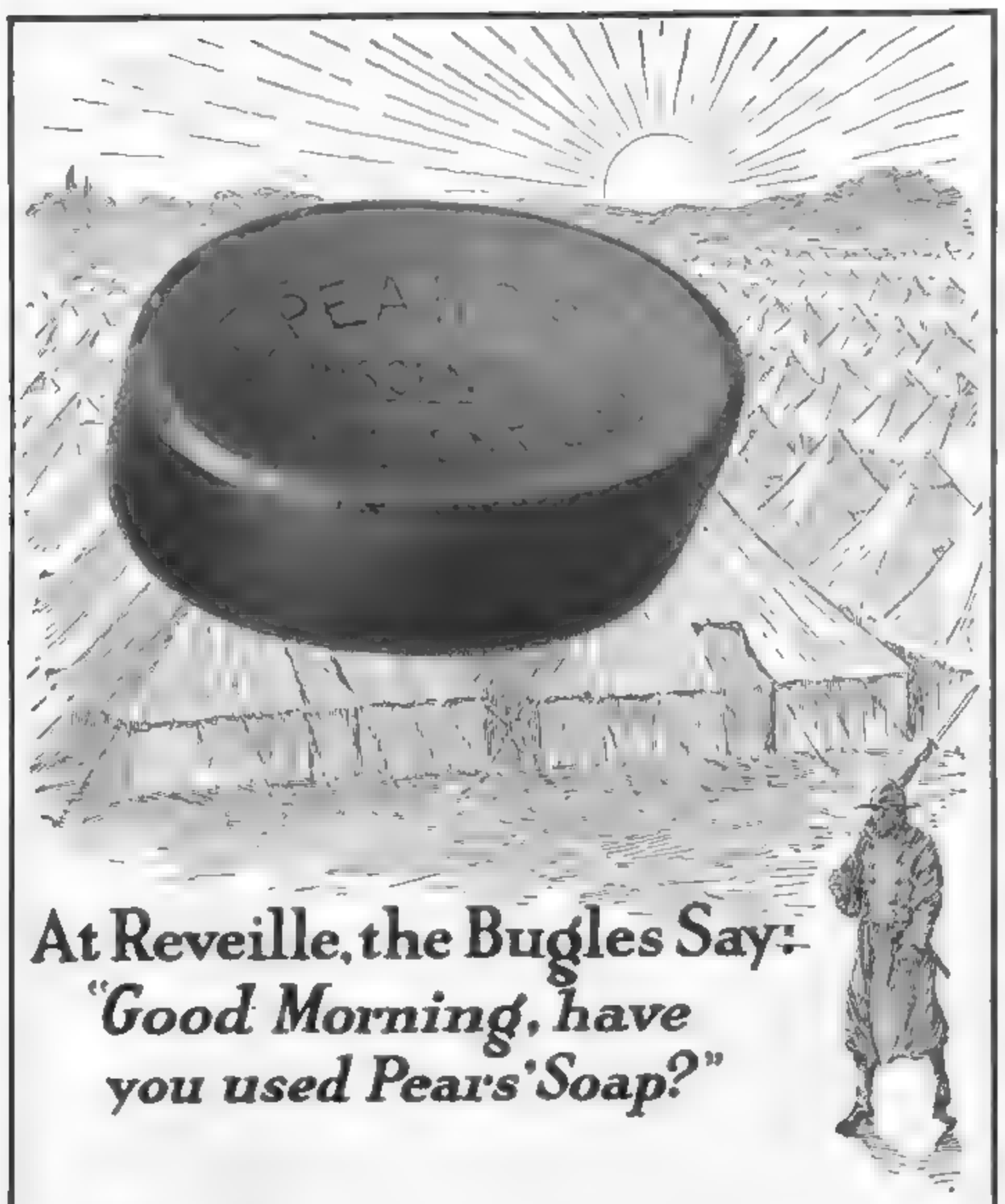

At Reveille, the Bugles Say: "Good Morning, have you used Pears' Soap?"

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Relatives and friends—wondering what they shall send the boys—can't make a gift more sure to be appreciated than a box of Pears'—the purest, the most thoroughly cleansing and refreshing toilet soap.

Pears' has these qualities because it is made of the purest materials, carefully blended. Every cake is put away to *age* a whole year. During this *year-aging*, all free moisture is eliminated. This makes possible a concentrated soap, easy to carry in a soldier's pack. An *economical* soap, a cake of which outlasts two cakes of ordinary soaps.

Army and navy men will make sure of Pears', if they buy it themselves. But how thoughtful, how pleasant when relatives and friends surprise the boys with a box of Pears'. Why not do it this very day?

At your dealer's. 15c a cake for the unscented, $1.65 a box of a dozen. Pears' Glycerine Soap (Scented) 20c a cake in single cakes or boxes of three, $2.25 a box of a dozen.

If you wish to test Pears' for little expense, Walter Janvier, 417 Canal Street, New York (Pears' United States Agent), will send you a trial cake of the unscented for 4c in stamps.

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

Pears' Soap

I looked over and saw it. It was a great big fine stone. It made me kind of sore. She sitting there showing the light on that diamond, and we sitting over across the room—figuring, figuring. Figuring and not getting anywhere; with all our assets tied up in those thirty or thirty-five motorcycles.

"I give it up," said Pasc finally, looking up from his old envelope.

"Well, I don't," said I, and kept along.

I saw Polly flush up when he said it, and knew she was listening in all the time.

"I never was much good at figures," said Pasc, stopping and waiting for me.

But I didn't get anywhere either.

"You're up against it, too, ain't you?" he said to me finally.

"Well, I don't see just now where the money's coming from."

"Well, then," said Pasc, "will you want to go ahead with it?"

"I sure will," said I.

"You don't want to start and spend our money for something you can't finish, do you?"

"No. But you don't want to bust either, do you?" I said to him.

I thought I was talking pretty low, still; but I guess I wasn't.

"No," he said.

"Well, we will," I said, "unless we find the money to put this thing through!"

He didn't say anything.

"We'll bust, that's the English of it," I went along.

"Excuse me," I heard Pasc's wife saying to mine. I had noticed their talk had slackened up the past minute or two. "Excuse me, Mrs. Morgan," she said, "but I've got to get into this thing the men are talking about."

When I looked at her I saw her face was red as fire.

"What do you mean?" she said to me. "Did you say you'd bust if you didn't have more money to run off that race with?"

"Well, that's about the size of it."

"Do you mean to say," she said, turning to Pasc, "things have got as bad as that, and you never told me?"

And those black eyes looked clear through him.

"Why didn't you?" she wanted to know. "Why not?"

"I didn't want to bother you," Pasc told her.

"Bother me," she said in a sharp voice; "I wish you'd bother me more sometimes!"

And we all sat there for a few minutes—feeling awkward.

"You must have thought I was a nice one," she said to me; "fooling round and talking about money and showing off my diamond."

"I didn't think anything about it."

"Look here," she said to me; "would three hundred dollars be any use?"

"It might be," I said. "A good deal."

"Here," she said; "take it!"

And in a quarter of a second she had that ring off her finger.

"Take it?" I said, flabbergasted. "What?"

"This ring," she told me. "It's worth three hundred dollars."

"Not on your life!" said I.

"Your father's ring!" said Polly.

"Yes, you will!" said Pasc's wife.

"Not and take any chance like this with it," I told her.

"Didn't you tell me," she asked, "that three hundred dollars might pull you through? Save you?"

"It might. Yes."

"And haven't you put in everything you own—a mortgage on your house, and everything?"

"Yes," said I.

"Then what do you take me for?"

"No, sir," she said to Polly, who started to reason with her about this ring from her dead father. "No," she said, standing very straight and still. "We're partners in this thing, aren't we? Then you've got to take it.

"What do you think I am—you putting up your house and all that, and I sitting here with this thing? You take it now, before I get mad. If you don't Pasc will. Isn't that right, Pasc?"

"Darned sure," said Pasc.

"No, sir," said I again. I refused to take it.

"All right," she said, quicker than a flash—and she handed the ring over to Pasc. "I tell you what I'm going to do then."

"What?" said Pasc, grinning at her the way you do at a nice lively child.

"Will three hundred dollars pay for the expenses of this race—everything?"

"It ought to," said Pasc.

"Then it'll be my race," she said. "I'll pay for it. You go ahead, boys, you run your race; and I'll pay for it. And you'll see it's done!" she said to Pasc.

"You can count on that," said Pasc.

"But you don't take any risks of losing it," said I. "You could pawn it, if you like, but you've got to fix it so we're both responsible for getting it back to you."

"You've got to have it, anyhow," she said; "whether you lose it or not."

So we compromised, finally. Pasc took it and put it in his pocket before she would be satisfied.

"You needn't think," she said to me, "that you men are the only ones that ever take a chance in your life."

She looked great—flushed up that way, but her upper lip, set down on the lower one, straight as a die.

"There's a woman," I said to myself then, "that'll go a long ways for what she's after."

She started smiling then, showing her big white teeth—when she'd had her own way.

"You'll pay me for this," she said—"don't you worry—when we win out; when the Hoodlum gets going right. Because we're going to win—don't you forget that. This race, and everything we're after."

"That's the way to talk," I told her. "I always did like a woman with some spunk and go to her."

"Well, we've both got 'em, I guess," said Pasc, looking at our wives.

"Gad, yes!" I said. "That's one satisfaction. You bet we're going to win," I said to Pasc's wife.

"And right after that I'm going to collect on you both," she said, and started to laugh again.

"You can go the limit with me," I told her.

"I wish half the time," she said, "I was a man anyhow."

"Pasc don't," said I; "and I don't blame him."

"I do, just the same," she said. "You can go somewhere and do something. You aren't cooped up all your life, like a woman—never able to get out, and get what you want most."

"What's that?" said I, jollying her.

"Just what you do."

"What?"

"Money," she said. "Without it where are you? With it you can cut loose and be free. Heavens," she said, and threw up her arms above her head; "you can live!

"You watch me," she said, "when we get the money. I'll have diamonds galore—and automobiles, and some real clothes, once. I'll go to New York and get some clothes that'll make these country frumps round here sit up and take notice!"

"You bet you will, and I'll see you get them, if he won't give them to you," I said to her, jollying her again.

She was considerably younger than any of the rest of us.

"And now we're going," she said, getting up.

And then they went on home. I noticed Polly didn't have much to say when they'd gone.

"She's a stunner, isn't she?" said I. "I don't know when I've seen a handsomer woman."

"Yes," said Polly, without any spirit in it.

"Like one of these redbirds you see sometimes on the top of a tree, in the country. You can't keep your eyes off her. Don't you think so?"

"She is striking looking," said Polly. "But she uses kind of funny grammar; and she dresses pretty kind of conspicuous."

"She can stand it," I said.

"Yes she can—in a way."

"What's the matter with her?" I said. Polly was always pretty nice about other women. "Don't you like her?"

"Yes," said Polly; "she's a kind of a lawless thing, but I like her—very much."

"Then what is it," I said, "that you've got against her?"

"Nothing."

"What is it?" I said, keeping after her. "Are you jealous of her? It's something; I know that!"

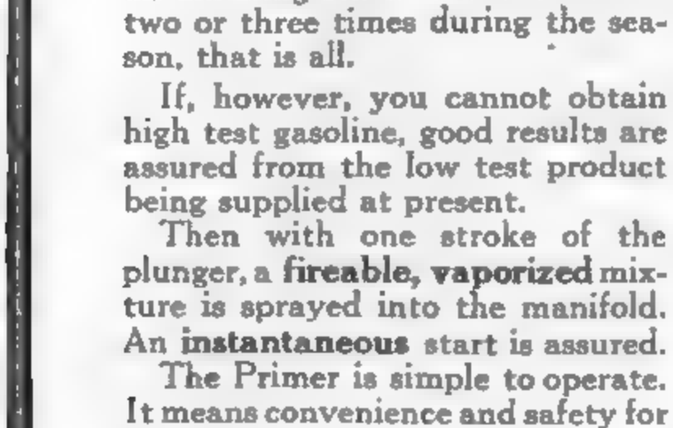
"Nothing in the world, "she said—"not against her."

"Against who then?" said I, trying still to worm it out of her.

"Against myself," she said finally.

"Against yourself?"

(Continued on Page 49)



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The Primer is simple to operate. It means convenience and safety for the man or woman who drives. No discomforting delays in the cold and rain; no soiled clothes.

Batteries and self-starters are spared from early exhaustion. Cold weather lowers the efficiency of even the best batteries, and this is intensified by successive grindings incident to starting a cold motor. Such a saving, alone, will more than pay the small cost of the outfit.

If you crank your car by hand, you need an Imperial Primer to put instantaneous life into a stiff, unyielding engine that may have been cold for hours. One lift of the crank and your car is off, even in zero weather.

In less than an hour, any garage man can install an Imperial Primer on your car. Or, if you prefer, you can do it yourself. With every outfit is included complete, easy-to-understand instructions for installation.

Why not get this dependable assurance of **quick, easy** starting before the winter has advanced any further? Thousands of satisfied users in all sections of the country would not be without one all the year around. Write today for booklet describing this wonderful little device that has revolutionized automobile starting.

Imperial Primer

Makes Cold-Weather Starting Easy

Should you have difficulty in procuring an Imperial Primer in your community, send us $6 and we will forward a complete outfit, prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

This invaluable outfit consists of a small, substantially made plunger pump, auxiliary tank for high test gasoline, bolts, connections, and tubing for any make of car. In operation, one upstroke of Pump (K) draws in a small charge of gasoline from the auxiliary tank (P) and one downstroke shoots the charge, vaporized, into the manifold at (M) and (R).

All connections are made by means of the well-known Imperial Compression Couplings, no soldering, flaring or threading being required. Simply drill and tap into the manifold for ⅛-inch iron pipe thread.

DEALERS: *Here is an ideal and profitable seller. Every car owner and chauffeur needs an Imperial Primer right now. Write for details.*

$6.00 COMPLETE FOR ANY CAR

$7.50 IN CANADA

(A554)

THE IMPERIAL BRASS MANUFACTURING COMPANY

1227 West Harrison Street, Chicago, Ill.

ALSO MAKERS OF Imperial Oxy-Acetylene Welding, Cutting and Lead Burning Equipment; Watrous Sanitary Plumbing and Liquid Soap Fixtures, Bronze Kick Plates, Door Guards, Push Bars; Gasoline Cocks, Compression Couplings, Wixon Tire Pumps, Bronze Signs and Name Plates; Imperial Self-Heating Irons

FOR HER CHRISTMAS

The Vogue of Community Plate

A Gift for her dainty table—what more sure of delighted appreciation! You can give her a chest containing a complete service of Community Plate *at prices from $50 to $300. Or special pieces for occasions—or a set of teaspoons, for instance, $6 the dozen. At your service for 50 years.*

A Few Distinguished Patrons of Community Plate: *Duchess of Rutland, Countess Cadogan, Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Honoré Palmer, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, Mrs. F. C. Havemeyer, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.* Oneida Community, *Limited.*

(Continued from Page 46)

"Oh, why didn't I think of that!" said Polly, letting it loose; flushing up to the roots of her hair.

"Think of what?" I said, wondering.

"What she did—that diamond ring."

"Diamond ring!" I said. "You haven't got any diamond ring."

"But I've got other things," she said. "All that old jewelry of mother's. That is quite valuable."

"What do you want to do?" I said; "give us that!" I had to laugh at her standing there all flushed up.

"I guess you've done about enough, girl," I said, kissing her. "You've put up about all you own. I guess we've all got about enough up to put on one motorcycle race. You can keep your mother's jewelry.

"But let me tell you something," I said, thinking. "If this thing works out you'll see some race. If that boy of Tom's can stick on the old Hoodlum we'll show up that Rajah thing. We'll show them what a real motorcycle is!"

"I—I bet we will," said Polly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sense and Nonsense

Yellow

IT WAS a little yellow cur, with battered hide and stumpy tail,
Whose life path was a weary round from village dump to garbage pail.
A mongrel, mangy, fleasome pup, the sort which men forbear to shoot,
But frighten yelping up the street with stone or stick or lifted boot.
And this same cur, one autumn morn, sat sadly down to scratch, and try
To answer this soul-searching quiz: "Lives there a creature low as I?
Breathes there one living thing"—so ran his pessimistic monologue
"Which, viewed apart by decent folk, is meaner than a yellow dog?"

He thought and thought. "Suppose," he mused, "I were a man born o'er the sea,
Who fled from hopeless, slavish toil to this bright country of the free;
Where, lifted by that country's hand, reared 'neath her laws, I rose to power
And comfort, station, wealth—until to her, Columbia, came the hour
When, fighting for her life, she asked my aid, and I refused, and tried
To help her foe, because, forsooth, I hated one she fought beside.
I am a yellow dog," his tail gave to the road one earnest pat.
"Men call me mean and low; but still I think I'm not so mean as that!

"Or shall we postulate this case? An editor am I, whose pen
Writes, in an alien tongue, the words read by some still half-alien men
Whose fathers came, as mine did, here, forswearing all they left behind,
To seize the chance she offered—she, America, the great and kind!
All that I have and am I owe to her; but now, when foes attack,
With venomed pen I lie in wait to slyly stab her in the back.
I'm sure," the pup soliloquized, as in the roadside dust he sat,
"No yellow dog of all I know has such a yellow streak as that!

"Or let's suppose," quoth he, "I am a politician of the breed
Which, seeking place, cries shrilly, 'Peace!' and strives the foolish mob to lead.
I rail 'gainst duty, honor, truth, my country's name and flag—and all
That I my slimy self may drag a little higher up the wall.
Suppose I were a thing like that! Suppose in hall or senate I
But no!"—the cur leaped to his feet—"I'll not suppose it! No; nor try!
I am, thank God, a yellow dog." He trotted off with head erect.
Compared to these, he felt he had abundant cause for self-respect.

—Joseph C. Lincoln.

Heroic Herman

WALTER KELLY, better known in vaudeville as The Virginia Judge, is an Irishman by descent and a Southerner by birth; but he has a good many friends who belong to a different race. According to Kelly one of these friends of his, who is in the cloak-and-suit business on the Lower East Side, was bragging to an acquaintance about his son Herman.

"Herman is a fine boy, if I do say it myself!" stated the proud parent. "Here, just so quick as this here war breaks out, Hermy, he says to me: 'Popper,' he says, 'I got to go!' And the next day he's in the army. Purty soon, I bet you, he goes right to the top of that army too."

"Did he get a commission so soon?"

"No; straight salary!" said the father.

Expecting a Crowd

CHARLEY LEWIS, who lives in Washington now, came from Kentucky, and once in a while he goes back down there on a visit to the old home. The last time he was in the Blue Grass district he took a trip on a small steamboat up the Kentucky River, which, among other things, is famous for the scenery and the distilleries along the shores.

He overheard a passage between two darky deck hands, quarreling about something near the engine room.

"You keep on pesterin' me," threatened one of the debaters, "an' I'se gwine come over dere whar you is an' jes' natchedly cave yore haid in."

The second negro reached toward his hip pocket.

"You an' who else?" he inquired softly.

Out of Danger

EDDIE GARVIE, who is an actor, swears he heard the following conversation take place between two colored women in Denver. Said the first one proudly:

"My husban' ain't been arrested fur goin' on twenty-five yeahs."

"Yessum," said the second. "Well, mine's in fur life too!"

John Philip's Bad Boys

TWO persons, evidently from the high grass, were at the New York Hippodrome one Sunday night during a concert by Sousa's Band. In a period of lull Roy Barnhill, the advertising man, who was sitting just behind the visitors, heard one of them remark to his friend:

"That there feller Sowsa ain't got no control over his gang at all."

"How do you figger that out?" asked the second man.

"Why," said the first, "the very minute he quits threatenin' 'em with that there little black club he's got, and turns his back on 'em, the lazy scoundrels quit workin'. Jest watch 'em."

The Orthodox Omelet

A NEW YORK cartoonist, who imbibes sometimes, met a couple of friends one evening on Fifth Avenue when he was experiencing some difficulty in navigating properly, and insisted that they should go to dinner with him. Almost by force he dragged them into a restaurant. When the trio had been assigned seats the waiter placed a menu before each of them.

"Since you're giving the party, old man, you'd better do the ordering," said one of the guests.

The host made a vain effort to focus his wabbly vision upon the words on the bill of fare. Then he laid the card down and, with the air of one to whom expense is absolutely no object, he said to the hovering functionary:

"Bring us an omelet—gre' big omelet—shee?"

"What kind of an omelet, sir?" inquired the waiter.

The artist thought for a moment. Then he made his choice.

"Bring us an egg omelet!" he said.

Salt Mackerel

Direct from the Fishing Boats to You

Your pail is ready—fat, meaty, juicy mackerel —send no money—try the fish first.

Frank E. Davis PRESIDENT

It's thirty-three years, come next September, since I began supplying the choicest of Gloucester's famous mackerel direct to the homes of families throughout the country.

Our Own Home Kind

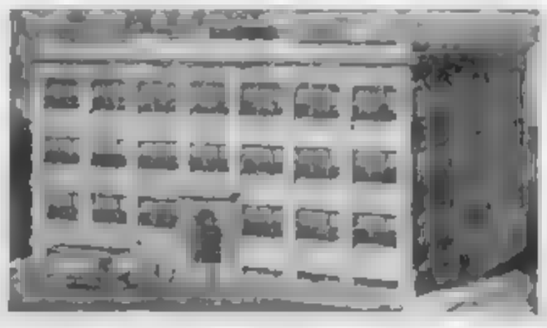
People here in Gloucester, the leading fish port of America, laughed at me when I began to sell mackerel by mail. They didn't realize how hard it is for other people to get good fish. But I did. So I decided to make it easy for everybody, everywhere, to have full-flavored, wholesome fish, the kind we pick for our own eating here at Gloucester. 65,000 families are buying from us today.

Fishmen for Generations

You see, I *know* fish. My folks, 'way back, have always been fishmen. They helped found Gloucester in 1623. My boyhood days were spent aboard fishing boats. Catching fish, knowing the choicest and picking 'em out, cleaning and curing them the *right* way, has been my life's job.

Thirty Years' Development

Today our business is housed in a modern, four-story, concrete building, with 20,000 square feet of floor space; fitted with the most improved and sanitary equipment for cleaning and packing fish. Standing at the water's edge, the fishermen's catches are brought right into the building. They go to your table with "the tang of the sea" in them.



Such a *Good* Breakfast!

A fat, tender, juicy Davis' Mackerel broiled to a sizzling brown; some butter, a sprinkling of pepper, a touch of lemon, if you wish—how good it smells, how tempting it looks, how it tickles the palate, and, oh, how it satisfies!—the favorite breakfast dish of thousands.

Fall Mackerel, Fat and Tender

Most of the fish your dealer can buy are Spring fish, thin, dry, and tasteless. What I've selected for you are Fall fish, juicy and fat with the true salty-sea mackerel flavor. We clean and wash them before weighing. You pay *only* for *net* weight. *No heads and no tails.* Just the white, thick, meaty portions—the parts that make the most delicious meal imaginable. You probably have never tasted salt mackerel as good as mine.

Send No Cash—Try the Mackerel First

I want you to know before you pay that my fish will please you. If there is any possibility of a risk, I want it to be at my expense. Just mail the coupon today, and I'll ship at once a pail of my mackerel containing 10 fish, each fish sufficient for 3 or 4 people, *all charges prepaid*, so that your family can have a real Gloucester treat Sunday morning. Then—if my mackerel are not better than any you have ever tasted, send back the rest at my expense. If you *are* pleased with them—and I'm sure you will be—send me $3.90, and at the same time ask for "Descriptive List of Davis' Fish," sold only direct, never to dealers. *Remember:* Meat, flour, potatoes, *everything* has gone 'way up in price. In comparison, Davis' mackerel is low. An economical food—so good to eat, so nutritious! The "Sea Food Cook Book" that goes with the fish will tell you just how to prepare them.

Mail the coupon now with your business card, letterhead or reference.

Frank E. Davis Co.
298 Central Wharf
Gloucester
Mass.

Frank E. Davis Co., 298 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

Without obligation on my part, please send me all about your Mackerel, and your Descriptive List of Davis' Fish. Also tell me how I can get 10 fish, each fish sufficient for 3 or 4 people, for $3.90 on ten days' free trial.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Johns-Manville
NON-BURN
ASBESTOS
BRAKE LINING
LONG before the day of the motor car, Johns-Manville engineers had learned how to make dependable brake lining for giant industrial machinery. And so the tremendous and sudden demand for automobile brake lining found them years ahead of competition both in command of the best raw material and in knowledge and experience in the process of manufacture.
The strong, tough fibres of Asbestos that are woven with wire into Non-Burn Brake Lining come from Johns-Manville's own mines and represent the highest grade of Asbestos mined anywhere in the world.
Inquire about Non-Burn when you buy a car. And insist on it when re-equipping.
* * *
To the Trade—Non-Burn is distributed strictly through jobber-dealer channels, under liberal discounts. Details of this protective trade policy sent on request.
H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
NEW YORK CITY
10 Factories—Branches in 55 Large Cities
JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT
When you think of Asbestos you think of Johns-Manville

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

(Continued from Page 20)

your eye lights upon, it's a prophecy or a word of guidance," I said. "I hope that's true!"

"The beast!" said Lubin, ignoring the superstition, but grasping at an idea. He waved a hand to indicate a world beyond the bulk of Vesuvius, trailing her smoke plume out to the north. "That's what it is up there—the beast. But it's only one manifestation. We've had these two tendencies always—the angel and the beast. Did it ever occur to you," he went on, shifting his point of attack abruptly, as he has a way of doing, "that there's hardly a word about politics from cover to cover of the New Testament? Only one that I think of—and that has been terribly mishandled, misinterpreted, misunderstood—'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's'; and Paul's commentary—to obey the powers that be, for they are ordained of God. But the Old Testament is a political document. For we understood righteousness in masses; we taught that righteousness exalteth a nation. Oh, yes; we were untrue to our faith often. Who isn't? We had kings. We made wars. But we were the first, the very first, to conceive the idea of big corporate morals; that nations like individuals were to be under the yoke of the law.

"When my boy was at Harvard he sent to me for a volume of Blackstone. I looked it over before I sent it on. And I read this—written only a little over a hundred years ago, mind you—'Land is vested in the king.' The law of Israel vested land in God. No one—not even the king—could remove the landmark without being responsible to God—which was, in this case, manifested in the will of the people. For removing the landmark the prophet Elijah removed the crown from Ahab, and Jezebel was thrown to the dogs. The farmer was not to be deprived of his land; there were to be no renters—only free men, not servitors. The Jews were forced to become wanderers on the face of the earth; but they carried this idea of freedom with them. Equal opportunity, a fair chance for all, justice—and, above all, the Messianic idea of justice between nations. But there was the beast—the pagan beast drinking from his enemy's skull. And the beast had many forms. He was not only murderous kings and lying diplomatists and Cæsar and Napoleon; there were queer indirect forms—opinions."

Lubin suddenly snatched two books from the table and held them up. One was Spencer's First Principles; the other was the Guide of the Perplexed, by Maimonides.

Spencer and Maimonides

"You know Spencer, I suppose," he said. "Do you know anything of Maimonides? No? Let me tell you about him. This Maimonides was a Jew. Therefore he had, of course, a crafty disposition. Spencer had finished the first hundred pages of his book. Somehow—I don't exactly know what trick he used, but he was a Jew and crafty, as we say—Maimonides sneaked into Spencer's study, stole these first hundred pages of his book and plagiarized them. There they are; read them when you have time. The circumstantial evidence seems absolute. There is only one thing about the story that puzzles me"—Lubin leaned forward, transfixed me with his clear blue eye, and smiled—"Maimonides died seven hundred years before Spencer. Still, I suppose you can explain that little discrepancy—how Maimonides came to know so much of what is contained in Herbert Spencer's First Principles—if you take time enough. Perhaps a German *kulturist* could.

"Maimonides was the mentor of Spinoza; but look what Spinoza has written!"

He opened another book, and I read a passage from the Tractatus Theologico-Politicus, which I quote from memory:

"Therefore, the sovereign state is not under the moral law. Acts immoral or punishable in an individual may be considered moral when performed by the state."

"And there you are!" said Lubin. "And there you are! The creed of the pagan state; the creed of the beast! But it's logical—mind you that! A missionary, just arrived, asked a heathen chief: 'What is good?' 'That I may take my neighbor's wives and oxen,' said the chief. 'And what is evil?' 'That my neighbor takes my wives and oxen.' In the beginning the world was void and there were no morals. The strongest savage went out with a club and brained his neighbor, and took away his ox and his woman. 'Well,' people said, 'we can't get along like this; it's too disturbing. If this keeps up there won't be anything left of us but just that fellow.' So they got together and had a powwow, and passed rules of conduct. Then they agreed that the first fellow who broke the rules should have the whole tribe on his neck. So we began to have morals; and then came Israel and the law, and the commandments. Thou shalt not kill! And if you do society will take care of you. But get this—it couldn't exist without the agreement of society. It needed force; corporate force—everyone getting together and agreeing that if John was wronged by James all the rest should come down on James hard. We had the law inside the nations; but in the relations between nations—each was sovereign—there was anarchy! Anarchy!"

Logical German Paganism

Lubin burst out in another of his alarming explosions of voice and gesture. His heart troubled him after that, and he closed his eyes for a minute before he resumed:

"Isn't it logical, then, that, under paganism, Germany should have torn up the treaty regarding Belgium? Isn't it logical, under paganism, that any nation should tear up a treaty when it opposes its interests? Spinoza says that it is to be so as long as the nation claims to be sovereign; outside of the yoke of law."

With a feeling that he was leading me into some mental trap I flew to the defense of my side in this war. Governments, I admitted, were at times terribly immoral. I felt sometimes that the ethics of any government were lower than those of the lowest person in the government.

"And yet," I said, "look at England. Perhaps, in going to war for the defense of Belgium, the British Government did not think of the treaty obligation, but only of convenience—with Germany established on the Belgian coast, England was done for. Let us say that, for the sake of argument. Nevertheless, the British people would never have permitted the government to ignore its treaty obligations or to have sanctioned that outrage. If the government had wanted to keep out of the war the people would have forced them to it. Four Englishmen out of five who enlisted in the Kitchener army joined because of their indignation against Germany for tearing up that treaty."

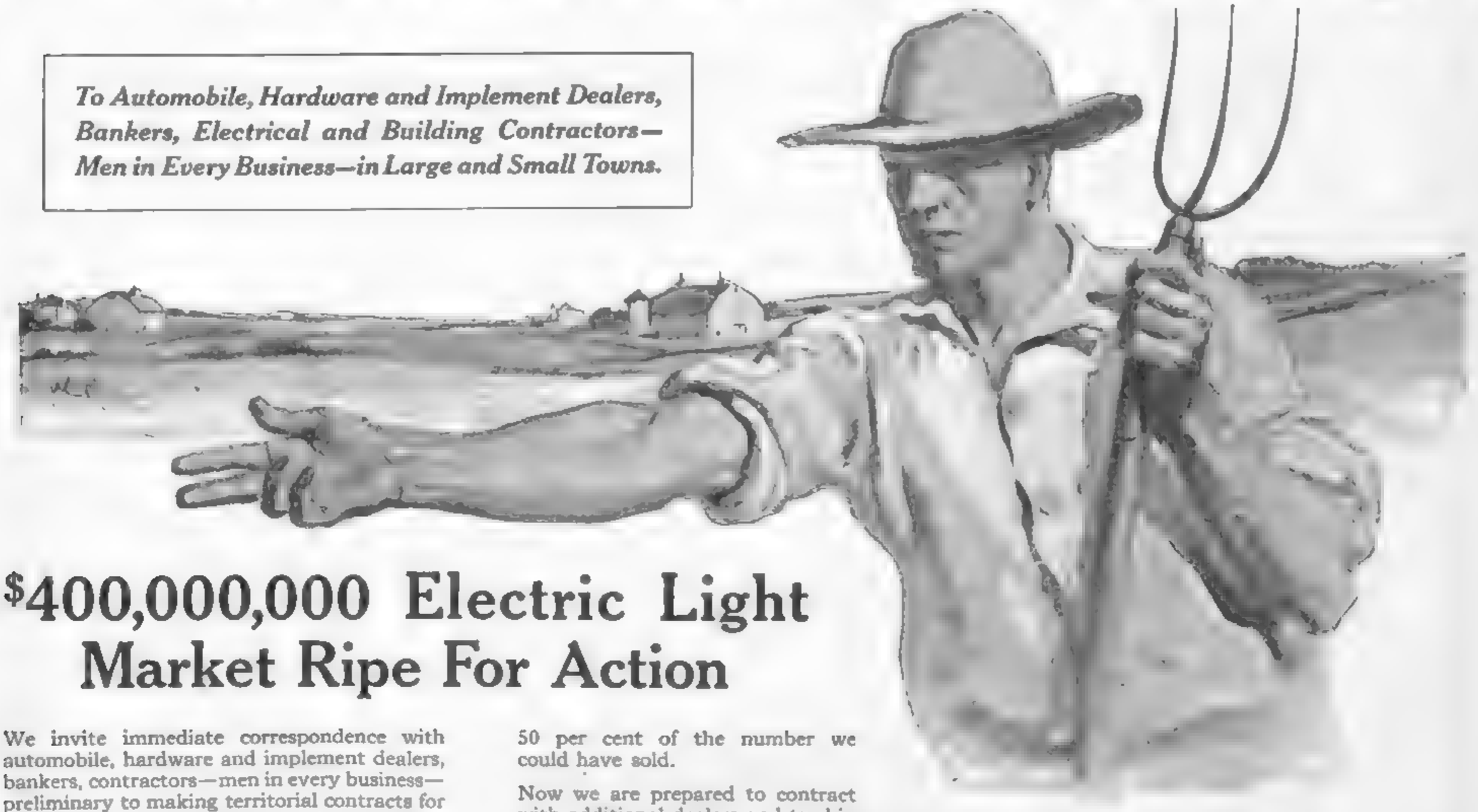
"And why?" asked Lubin. "Why can Germany tear up a treaty when England can't? Democracy—Israel triumphant, if you want to call it that. A hundred years ago that great anarchist, Napoleon, was devastating this country because he wanted it—just like the savage who thought that good was being able to take his neighbor's wives and cows. Not so long ago as that, England, as a government, also did rotten things. But they've gone over the bridge; have had their Passover—democracy. Democratic government can't get the people to stand for national anarchy; such things are gone and we are nearer the Jew's ideal. We went over the bridge from the first. Yes; we've been untrue to our faith, sometimes—who isn't? You see, people have been under the moral law a long time. Governments have never been placed under the moral law. Hebraism and paganism are the opposing forces now in deadly embrace in the world's great *kulturkampf*. Oh, yes; you may state it in many ways.

"Christianity is all right," he added, running suddenly up one of those little intellectual bypaths that, with him, always come back in the end to the main track. "There is nothing to criticize in Christianity whenever it is grandly Christian; for then it is also Hebraic. But it is often otherwise in some of the applications of Christianity. It's when they trot out the banners of a king who's going to conquer some innocent little country, and bless them—bless robbery and murder in the name of Christianity—that the reasonable Jew objects. It's when some upper class, in the name of a perverted Christianity, says to the poor: 'Oh, yes, I know you're miserable; but think of the glorious time to

(Continued on Page 53)

6,000,000 Farmers Waiting For Lalley-Light

To Automobile, Hardware and Implement Dealers, Bankers, Electrical and Building Contractors—Men in Every Business—in Large and Small Towns.



$400,000,000 Electric Light Market Ripe For Action

We invite immediate correspondence with automobile, hardware and implement dealers, bankers, contractors—men in every business—preliminary to making territorial contracts for the distribution and retail sale of Lalley-Light to farmers.

Our honest conviction is that Lalley-Light has no equal as a farm electric light-and-power plant.

Our experience plainly demonstrates the farmer's preference for Lalley-Light.

It also convinces us that the farm electric-light field, wholesale and retail, is the greatest since the coming of the automobile.

Yet this field has not been touched in a big way. It lies waiting for Lalley-Light. It is practically virgin—and tremendously rich, for farmers have never been so prosperous as now.

Big Chance For Men In Small Towns

Men in many old established lines—in large towns and small—are taking Lalley-Light territory.

The 6,000,000 farmers in this country are 6,000,000 potential buyers of Lalley-Light.

Approximately a million of them own automobiles.

On the same ratio Lalley-Light's market reaches the huge figure of $400,000,000.

Actually, it is even greater. For *every* farmer—not merely one in six—wants and needs electric light and power. And most are able to buy.

In the last six months we have sold 21,550 Lalley-Light plants. That is perhaps only 50 per cent of the number we could have sold.

Now we are prepared to contract with additional dealers and to ship plants promptly and in quantity.

One of our distributors disposed of a large and profitable state automobile agency to devote himself wholly to Lalley-Light.

Sold 29 Plants Before First Shipment Arrived

Several leading automobile distributors in Kansas City formed a separate company and signed a $600,000 contract with us. Their first order, for immediate delivery, totaled $85,000.

Typical conditions are reflected in the case of W. J. Dabney Implement Company, Atlanta, Ga., which sold 29 plants before receiving the first shipment of a carload (30 plants) and ordered three more carloads (90 plants) at once.

A great automobile accessory house in St. Paul put seven of its best salesmen to work on Lalley-Light.

Lalley-Light To Head Farm Lighting Industry

We believe the farm lighting plant industry will eventually compare with the automobile in volume, if it does not actually exceed it.

Picture Lalley-Light at the head of that industry.

Lalley-Light is a patented plant which has been in actual farm use for seven years.

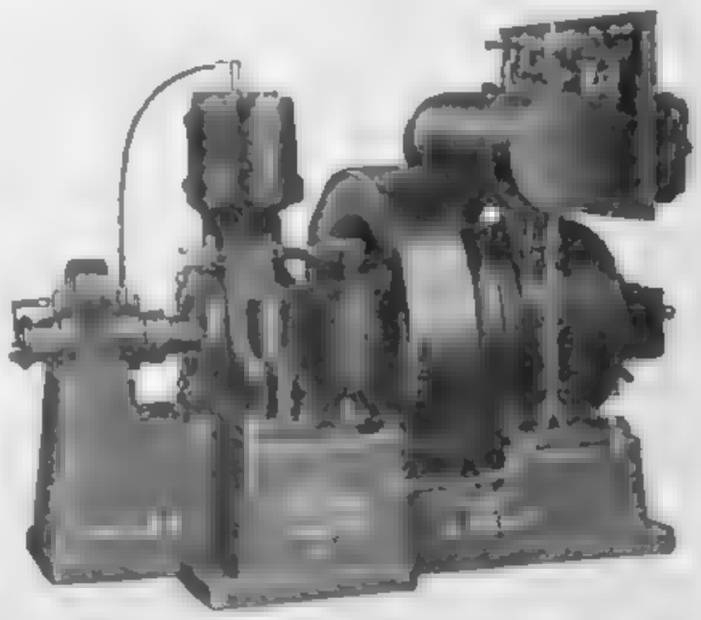
Detroit capitalists and engineers, foreseeing the enormous market for a plant of its established efficiency, economy and simplicity, purchased the patent rights and are now manufacturing it on a large scale.

These seven years of practical use assure the dealer, as they assured us, that Lalley-Light is in no sense an experiment.

We cannot make your own opportunity plainer. We can only urge quick action.

Write to us today; or tear out our address to remind you to write when you reach your office.

Lalley Electro-Lighting Corporation
Detroit, Michigan



The generating plant is 27 inches long—14 inches wide—21 inches high. Complete outfit includes 16-cell storage battery also.

LALLEY-LIGHT
ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER FOR EVERY FARM

Where Bone and Sinew Grow

From the field of Durum Wheat come the vital elements for making bone and blood and sinew. Sucked up from the soil, drunk in from sun and rain and dew, shaped by Nature into golden grain.

The richest flavored, most glutinous and most nutritious part of that grain milled into what is called Semolina Flour.

That flour made into delicious, nourishing and satisfying macaroni—Golden Age.

Eat more macaroni—it brings you in their purest form the body building elements of the Durum Wheat field.

Golden Age, the machine-dried macaroni, is the name to ask for—it cooks quicker—rich in gluten—exquisite of flavor—cleanly made and cleanly packed—sweet as a nut—a golden-yellow table delicacy.

(Continued from Page 50)

come! If you thank God that things are as they are, and behave yourselves, and leave us the fine clothes and the champagne, and the leisure and the glory of this world, you'll be rewarded eternally in heaven.'

"Israel's prophets and teachers always tried to bring the Kingdom on earth, as well as in heaven. And that's what I'm getting at when I talk of a confederation of the democracies creating the Kingdom. That is Jewish; that is Christian; it is not pagan. We've made progress within the nations. A man can't kill his enemy because he feels like it. If he does all society gets together and jumps on him—sees that he doesn't do it again. The nations ought to do and can do the same thing. They couldn't have done it a century ago, maybe. They weren't in touch. They couldn't understand each other. Now they are—they can understand each other if they will. Democracy hadn't conquered a century ago. It has conquered now in the allied nations. It lately swept China, and it swept Russia only this year. And democracy is peace and justice—very close to the Kingdom.

"I wish I could get it to our boys over in Uncle Sam's country—how different this war is from other wars! It isn't in our nature to kill. You don't see an American boy naturally taking a knife on the end of a gun and jabbing a man with it until he dies, and then going on and jabbing another man—doesn't fit, somehow. Other wars—what did they matter? They'd spent their thousands of lives and the millions of money—for what? Ask them. We don't know. Has it helped anyone? We don't know. Why did they do it then? We don't know. But this—this matters! It's worth your life and mine, and everyone's life. It's the war of the Kingdom!"

Town Against Country

Lubin had been talking too fast and hard. He rested a moment, panting, and then broke out, with one of his whimsical smiles:

"Doesn't sound very original to you, does it? Well, it would have been original ten years ago, and plumb crazy about the time when Napoleon was ravaging that city over there. What did they know of the confederation of democracies; of the Messianic age; of the predictions of the prophets; of the beating of swords into plowshares; of the time when each was to sit under his own vine and fig tree, with no one to make him afraid? And the struggle is eternal"—Lubin's arms flew out; his voice roared in one of his alarming explosions of internal energy—"eternal; or until the Kingdom is here on earth as it is in heaven!"

SORRENTO, September 21st.

There's no use in trying to guide the conversation of this man Lubin; it blows uncontrolled. He is riding a special benevolent hobby in these days; and, though it absorbs most of his energies, it does not always govern his thought. So, though he had dwelt for half-hour passages upon his plan for a national system of agricultural chambers of commerce in America, he never got down to a full discussion of the subject until yesterday afternoon, out on Naples Bay.

Sometime in the middle of the day the sirocco, that enervating, sticky heat wind, had stopped blowing, and the late afternoon came off cool and pleasant. We had taken a little lateen-rigged sail boat, commanded by Luigi, a skipper who can sail round a ten-cent piece, and tacked out on a dying breeze to the point where Capri raised her double crest from the mists on one bow, and the grottoes on the other make black slashes in the brown cliffs. And here Lubin fell to talking of his hobby, whose expression in America is the Sheppard Bill, now before Congress. How much of a ripple that bill has caused at home I do not know. Very seldom do I see an American newspaper or periodical in these wandering, homesick days.

Lubin reached into his pocket for a pencil, found none, and drew out a cigar instead. Balancing that across one finger, he began to talk.

"Do you know the foundation for Alexander Hamilton's idea of protection?" he asked. "Well, it's a governing principle, as good now as it was then. There's the city"—he indicated the pointed end of the cigar—"and there, at the other end, is the country. They're opposite poles. They always have been and they always will be. The city means progress. The country means stability. A peasant nation, like some of the Balkan kingdoms, is stable; but not progressive. Things are in danger of going so"—he pulled the cigar by its blunt end until it tilted and fell.

"No progress. Other peoples go ahead. They don't. Fill up the cities, strengthen them, at the expense of the country, and things go the other way. You have progress—mad progress, without stability. Like this"—he pulled the pointed end of the cigar until the state, thus illustrated, fell.

"So Hamilton fought for the protective tariff when we were just a peasant nation, in order to build up industrial cities and make a balance. But now the balance has swung the other way. Have you watched the statistics on agricultural ownership? Well, the last census showed that thirty-five per cent of the American farmers were tenants. That meant, really, that thirty-five per cent of them were working for some fellow in the city. Things have gone fast since the last census. From the most reliable information I can get, it's about fifty-fifty now. The city is getting ready to own the country. When that happens"—he picked up the cigar again, balanced it, let it fall—"we go! Of course, when it comes to a financial transaction, the average farmer simply isn't in it with the city man. The city man doesn't have to be told how to market the set of harness or the suit of clothes he has made. He gets that in the very atmosphere he breathes. Any city man can do a farmer in a business transaction. Doing the farmer is his pet sport.

"Now look at Germany. She had to face that problem and another one too. Twenty or thirty years ago the bosses of Germany began to notice that socialism was getting a terrible hold. They said among themselves: 'They say they're after capitalism; but capitalism means us. If this thing keeps up, we go!' Germany is a scientific autocracy; and for that reason it is the most dangerous autocracy the world ever saw. It's the beast, educated and made intelligent—and, therefore, a worse beast than ever. So they said: 'We'll take the wind out of this socialism. We'll steal its thunder.' What they cared for was political control—autocracy. They could afford to make an economic democracy if they only kept political autocracy. That looks all right to modern Germans. I don't need to tell you the flaw, I suppose."

He had no need to tell me, who had been over here for three years, observing the thought of Germany as made visible through her works. Before the war people used to say, carelessly, that all this noise about politics was foolishness; that it made little difference by what system a country was governed so long as business kept running and people were reasonably prosperous. We know better now. The fruits of a bad political system in Germany have been nine million dead, twelve million cripples, and the destruction of happiness for an entire world!

The German System

"But there's no reason why a free people shouldn't copy the best of her economic machinery, is there?" pursued Lubin. "The foundation of life is food and the foundation of civilization is the farmer. They must keep the farming class strong, as a balance to the city. So they started"—here Lubin paused and smiled—"the *Landwirtschaftsrat*. There! I was a long time learning that word and I have to set my face every time I say it. They chartered a system of agricultural chambers of commerce, or unions, or whatever you want to call them, all over the empire. There was a little chamber in each farming community, which was under a central body in each district. The district bodies were under a larger central body in each kingdom, and the whole thing ran up to a governing body for the empire.

"Every one of these bodies, from the smallest to the greatest, had a paid professional secretary, a specialist on agricultural conditions, market conditions—everything the farmer should know. The city man could not do the farmer any more, because the farmer, unless he was a natural fool, consulted his local secretary, who had accurate knowledge on almost everything a farmer wanted to know; and if he hadn't, he passed the question upstairs until he got his answer. The middleman began to knuckle down. And the farmer kept his land. Everywhere else the percentage of owning farmers—peasant proprietors they call them over here—went down, down; even in France. With us, it's now about fifty-fifty. But the German percentage is still away up in the eighties.

"The farmer vote!" Lubin proceeded, making one of his quick shifts of attack on the subject in hand. "The farmer vote! We haven't any farmer vote. It's a political myth. The farmer doesn't really know what he wants—he only knows that things are wrong and ought to be remedied. But the farmer vote in Germany counts, because the—that organization—don't make me pronounce it again—has found out for him and instructed him.

"They call the Reichstag a debating club. It is and it isn't. Politically it is. It can do nothing to prevent a declaration of war by the governing aristocracy, or to make peace, or to decide by whom the nation shall be governed; but the policy of that dangerous scientific autocracy has been to allow economic liberty. So the Reichstag can make laws for the economic government of the country. Now when they come to a law affecting agriculture they have to submit it, before passage, to the *Landwirtschaftsrat*."

"Can the *Landwirtschaftsrat* veto it then?" I asked in my ignorance.

Official Bodies Best

"Oh, no! It doesn't need the power of veto. What it does hold over the Reichstag is a political terror. If it disapproves of the law, and says so, the Reichstag knows that any member who voted for the bill has got himself in bad with the farmers and will lose the solid farmer vote at the next election; for they hang together because they know what they want and the best means to get it. And they know because their expert secretaries, all the way up the line, have been studying the situation and informing them.

"We have the Grange. It has done something. It has accustomed farmers to organization, for one thing. But you probably know what a Grange meeting is like. Brother Smith gets the attention of the chair: 'Mr. Chairman, I wish to make a few remarks about the money devil in Wall Street.' Brother Smith is all right. The money devil is there. But the Grange can't fight the money devil, because it doesn't know how and it hasn't the machinery. The Grange is unofficial, for one thing. Nothing prevents rival organizations, which scatter the efforts of the farmers; in fact, there are such rival organizations now. Its secretaries, as a rule, are not experts. Theirs is more a social job than a business one.

"Our organization, like the German, ought to be semiofficial. It should be chartered by the Government. That is because only one organization at a time can work in this field—it must be exclusive or it's nothing.

"What if Hoover, when he took hold of the food situation, had possessed such an organization as this? He could have learned in a week the sentiments and needs of the farmers; he could have passed advice straight down to every farmer in the land—he could have had them mobilized before he began. He can do it yet if Congress will pass that bill."

"Never change horses while crossing a stream," I objected.

"Unless the old nag under you is giving out," replied Lubin. "As a matter of fact, the French have done that very thing. Back last year they organized the peasant farmers on the German model. And right now France is in better shape for native food than any other nation on this side. Without her farmers' organization, Germany could never have held out. The machine was ready from the first month of the war. She has made mistakes in food control; but the fault was with a few politicians who did not know how to use the machine, not with the machine itself. That has worked perfectly.

"Will the farmers see it, even if Congress does? I don't know. Someone will have to educate them and organize them, of course. I suggest that as a career for some young man. We're all at heart terribly suspicious of the new thing. There was Arkwright, who learned how to knit by machinery. His fellow workmen smashed his machine. They thought they did it because it threw them out of work. They did it, really, because it was new.

"When I was a boy in the West the Digger Indian women were troubled with insects in their hair. So they used to mix in a kettle a fine mess of adobe mud. They'd plaster their hair with that and then sit in the sun until the whole mess made a regular brick helmet. After three or four days they'd go down to a stream and wash out their hair. Yes; it got rid of the insects. But they could have done it in a quarter of an hour with a comb and a little medicine. However, if you'd have shown them the comb and medicine and tried to explain, they'd have thrown you out of the tepee."

Luigi, the skipper, brought the boat round on a sudden tack, and skimmed the entrance of Queen Joanna's Bath so narrowly that I could have reached out and picked a bunch of red lichen from the rocks. The rest of the party was peering outward for a glimpse through the entrance into that fairy grotto, the ruined plaything of some luxurious lady whose very bones were now dust. But Lubin, as I saw when I looked back, was still gazing out to sea.

"It's an awful job—changing this world—isn't it?" he said.

NAPLES, September 24th.

The landlord of the hotel at Amalfi, where, the day before yesterday, we broke our journey for luncheon, is an old gentleman, wearing the side whiskers of a past era, between which gleams an expression of geniality set thereon by fifty years in the hotel business. When he welcomed me I thought he spoke good English. Only when I tried for deeper acquaintance did I learn that he knew merely a few stock business phrases—like "Do you wish a room, sir?" or "Luncheon will be served at one"—which he spoke with that trick of accent common to his race. Whereupon I took to French, which he spoke fluently.

Amalfi hangs on a cleft along the Tyrrhenian shore. Were I writing a mere account of travel I should stop here, with page after page about its startling beauty. There is a short but broad strip of fine beach, and in the old years it was a resort where strangers came in winter, and natives, driven out by the baking heat of interior Italy, in summer. The winter season is no more, as the landlord informed me when we shifted gears to French; but some Italian families came this summer. A few bathers, braving the midday heat, were even then swimming in the blue water below. He seemed so glad to see strangers, after all this dreary time that he followed us about, talking. He was joined presently by a sixteen-year-old granddaughter, with the dark pagan beauty so common in Southern Italy, and a little hunchbacked grandson.

An Inn With a Past

We fascinated the girl—we beings from the outside. The very situation of Amalfi, shut up in a cleft between mountain and sea, and the very strangeness of its architecture make it appear a world apart, as though it belonged to another planet. It had been more than two years, we realized, since she had seen many strangers; and two years is a long time when one is sixteen. She could speak no language we knew; but her great soft eyes were always on us, interested and wistful.

So, when luncheon was done, we joined the family at coffee in the parlor of the inn, a room decorated with high-colored Italian gewgaws, with models of ships, and with signed photographs of honored guests. Among them I picked out Longfellow, signed with his familiar signature. Yes, that was true, said the host, Longfellow had visited this house, and had written a poem about it. Behold the poem! He produced a leaflet, printed, with many a typographical error, in English—Longfellow's poem on the inn.

Many other eminent persons had visited his house. He rattled off the list and came out with a fine climax on the name of Garibaldi. Yes; Garibaldi! He came in the sixties, on a secret mission. "And my father, who was a patriot, knew; but kept the secret. I saw him sitting where you are now—our Garibaldi! I was only a boy then, and my father kept this house."

Gazing from picture to picture, I came at last to the photograph of a stout young Italian in a cook's apron and cap, standing amid the papier-mâché glories of cheap country photography. Framed beside it was a letter in German, the paper bearing a coronet.

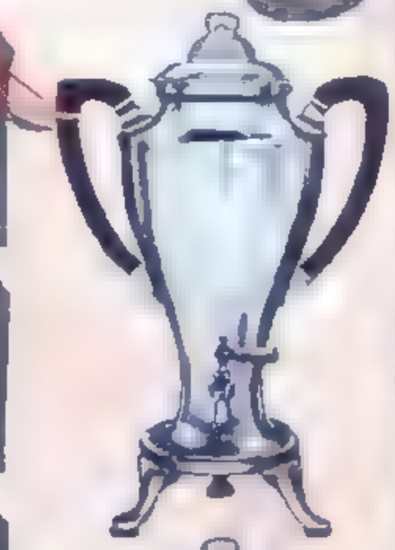
"My son" he said. "Ah, he was a cook! Listen! That is a letter from a prince. He came here. I said to my son: 'It is a prince; do your best!' His dinner

(Concluded on Page 57)

Here is pleasure and satisfaction pictured in ten alluring forms—every one carrying the zest of novelty and having its usefulness enshrouded in a glittering cloak of highly polished nickel.

In addition to pleasure in their use, there is the satisfaction of real economy.

9-cup Grecian Urn
A beautiful coffee machine: valveless with safety switch. Polished nickel.
Price $15. Can. $19.50.



9-cup Machine Percolator
Practical and handsome; highly polished nickel; valveless; safety switch.
Price $13. Can. $15.

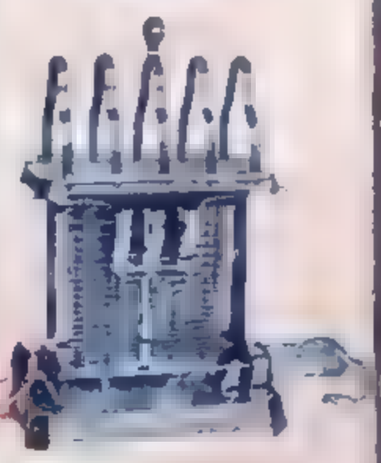
6-cup Aluminum Pot
Another style aluminum pot with long spout. Valveless; safety switch.
Price $8.50. Can. $9.50.

Lipped Aluminum Pot
Made entirely of aluminum, highly polished. Safety switch; valveless.
Price $8. Can. $8.75.

6-cup Nickel Pot
Highly polished; handsome design. It is the model most in demand.
Price $9.50. Can. $11.25.

6-cup Panelled Pot
A new design of unusual beauty. Polished nickel. Valveless; safety switch.
Price $10.50. Can. $12.50.

Chafing Dish
To use on regular Hotpoint Stove.
Dishes $5. Can. $6.50.
Stove $5.50.
Can. $7.25.



Hotpoint Toaster
Toasts two slices quickly to a crunchy brown.
The rack is detachable.
Price $5.00. Can. $6.00.

3-heat Chafing Dish
Self-contained element. Two attractive designs.
Colonial $13. Can. $15.75
Mission $15. Can. $19.50.

Hotpoint Tea Kettle
This practical kettle is a very handsome shape. Highly polished nickel.
Price $10. Can. $11.25.

Hotp

This is a time when remembrances sho
let us all bear in mind that a sensible

Gifts with the novelty of newness—but an established vogue
course—useful every day—and a source of pleasurable com

Has your friend electric wiring available? "Yes"—then the a

Electric tableware of distinction

That charming five-cup pot (in centre, above), or the artistic pa
with Ovenette—each of them answers the requirements you h

Look for the Window With This Mission Display

To help you locate the Hotpoint Distributers, most of them are this Fall displaying the Hotpoint Mission Screen. This week most of the 8,000 Distributers will have a window arranged as above. Look for this window.

Two Exclusive and Very Important Features

All Hotpoint Percolators are valveless, which means that percolation is secured without the use of valves, traps, floats or other troublesome contraptions.

All Hotpoint Percolators are now equipped with our new Safety Switch which automatically saves the percolator from injury if the current is left on when the pot is left empty.

In case the Safety Switch operates to protect the pot, it can be quickly put into service again by the user without expense or trouble—just set a little lever. Nothing to buy, no fuses to install.

And remember, that with the Hotpoint, percolation begins in half a minute—the coffee, steaming hot and amber clear, is ready to pour in six to eight minutes, starting with cold water.

oint

ould be used more freely than ever, but
Nation will give sensible gifts.

. Gifts that are handsome as to appearance—substantial, of
fort to the recipient, while a constant reminder of the giver.

nswer is obvious—the gift should be

that is practical and inexpensive

nelled machine, or again, the efficient three-heat table grill, shown
ave established. So do the articles in the smaller illustrations.

Hotpoint Five-cup Percolator Pot (in centre of large illustration)

The five-cup percolator pot shown on the tray is the ideal size for most families and is one of our new appliances.
Heavily nickeled and highly polished. Price $9.50. Can. $10.75.

Hotpoint Panelled Grecian Urn

This stately appliance carries an air of distinction which puts it in a class by itself. And yet, it is eminently practical when a large company is to be served. Capacity 9 cups. Valveless and the Safety Switch, of course. Price $18.00. Canada $22.50.

Hotpoint Three Heat Table Grill (at left of 5-cup percolator)

Zipping hot, so you can cook above and below the glowing coils in the dishes that are provided. Shown with Ovenette above.
An efficient stove for table or for kitchen use. Three heat control; you reduce the current at will. Price $7.50. Canada $9.50.

HOTPOINT ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY
Ontario, Calif. Chicago New York London
CANADIAN HOTPOINT ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA
Largest Manufacturers Electrically Heated Household Appliances in the world.

This is another half-dozen Hotpoint appliances which stand for sheer utility and dollars-and-cents economy.

They are essential to the full enjoyment of home life and make delightfully intimate gifts for one's personal friends and relatives.

HOTPOINT DOMESTIC IRON
It has set the standard for twelve years. Its principal advantages are—
—attached stand—hot point—cool handle—thumb rest—hinged plug.
3 lb., $4.00. Canada, $5.00.
5 or 6 lb., $5.00. Canada, $6.00.

Flexible Metal Comfo
Fits principal body curves. User controls heat. No trouble or risk.
Price $6.50. Can. $9.

Safety Comfo
Aluminum ⅝ in. thick; not flexible. Current consumption negligible.
Price $5. Can. $6.50.

Immersion Heater
Smooth nickeled cylinder. Plunge into any liquid. Small $4.50. Can. $5. Kitchen size $5.50. Can. $6. Crook-neck $6. Can. $7.50.

HEDLITE HEATER
Attached to any lamp socket. Instantly the copper reflector takes the appearance of a glowing bowl of heat. Adjust reflector to direct heat wherever needed.
Handsome—base and standard nickeled, back of reflector black; guards and reflector polished copper. Guaranteed. $7.50. Can. $9.

HOTPOINT VACUUM CLEANER
Enjoy an always-clean home. All the dust and dirt is drawn up and permanently removed instead of being switched from spot to spot.

And it is easy. Just attach to any light socket. Then push cleaner lightly over the floor (working radius of 25 feet). Simple attachments to clean hangings, clothing, tufting, book cases, under heavy furniture, etc.

Fully up to the Hotpoint standard with many exclusive features. Cleaner complete in the United States $27.50. Attachments $7.50.

Pictures from Home

Over there, with thousands of miles of sea and land between them and home, are Our Boys, smiling and fighting—fighting with bullets, against a dogged foe; with smiles, fighting homesickness and dread monotony.

It's a part of the nation's job to-day to keep those boys cheerful, to hold fast the bonds between camp and home, to make light hearts and smiling faces—and these things pictures can help to do—pictures of the home folks and the home doings, pictures of the neighbors, pictures that will enliven their memories of the days before the war—simple Kodak pictures, such as you can make. These can help.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

(Concluded from Page 53)

that night was a true creation. The prince sent for him. 'You must go to Germany to be my head cook,' he said. My son went. But after six months he came back. He did not like Germany. *Voilà!* His letter from the prince.

"You do not read German? 'The best cook I ever had—an artist!' it says. There is his other picture."

Above the mantelpiece hung an enlarged crayon portrait. As I turned back I saw that the eyes of the girl had brimmed over with tears.

"Dead two months. On the Carso. Before Monte Santo," said the father. "He was cited. They sent me his decorations."

"He was your only son?" I asked.

My host shook his head.

"I had six—all in the army. One"—here he smiled a little with pride—"has been wounded twice, and is a captain now. He"—my host indicated the crayon portrait—"left five children; they are with me. He would have taken my place here, as I took my father's; for he was such a cook, monsieur—such a superb cook!"

While Antonio, the driver, waited for the cool of the day before bringing out his horses, pretty well spent by the work of an unexpectedly hot morning, we braved the direct-beating heat of midday, to see the town. Only dogs and foreigners, the Italians say, walk in the sun. However, on the first street we were joined by an eight-year-old girl, blond of hair, as these Southern Italians often are, but brown of eye. She attached herself to our persons and never left us until she waved us good-by at four o'clock.

I regret to say that at first I took her for a beggar; but when I offered her a sou she simply put the back of her hand against her mouth and shook her head. At the cathedral she was always underfoot of the verger; she skipped ahead of us, like a sprite, down every street. She, too, I think, was taken with the fascination of the unknown world. Who knows that we did not plant an impulse which, ten years from now, shall draw a girl immigrant through Ellis Island?

You cannot go far in Southern Italy without running against traces of American influence; and the contrast is always odd, since this region is unimaginably different from our world of bright hard airs, wooden houses, steel construction, sanitary plumbing, and efficiency. We were going over the cathedral, our faithful little henchwoman trotting after us, a finger in her mouth; and the verger led us into the vestry, a room venerable with age when Columbus sailed. There, like a Puritan in a group of Neapolitan fishermen, among the embossed silver candlesticks, the heavy embroidered vestments, the venerable sacred paintings, stood, stark and stiff, a regular eighteenth-century New England Chippendale-pattern grandfather's clock! An inscription on one side stated that it had been presented to the church by the natives of Amalfi resident in New Haven, Connecticut, Stati-Uniti. Framed on the other side, in one large group picture, were the photographs of the donors—in American clothes, with their front hair all carefully cowlicked!

From Hoboken to Sorrento

Antonio, the driver, sprightly, gray-haired, conversational, was himself a trace of America in Italy. I noticed when we started that he spoke a little English; and presently I found another item of peculiarity. Your Latin loves small animals, like dogs and cats, as witness the tenderly cherished trench dogs that are the soldier's consolation along the Great Line. To them they are kind. If they seem unkind to horses, it is not the unkindness of cruelty, I think, but simply of incomprehension. The horse nature somehow fails to dovetail with Latin nature. "The Latin," said a British cavalryman to me, "is naturally a poor horse master."

But it delighted the soul of a horseman to see Antonio care for his team all through that hot drive. He carefully accommodated their pace to the hills. Before watering them he took out their bits, cleaned their nostrils and their slathered lips with a sponge which he carried under the seat, rested them a bit, and, his fingers on that horse thermometer under the crotch of the foreleg, saw that they did not drink too much. Before starting he wiped down their slathered sides with a bit of sacking or a wisp of grass, and saw that the harness did not rub.

It was no surprise, then, when, during a stop for watering, Antonio suddenly volunteered:

"I spik English good one time, *mais* I become bad because I no talk. I learn him in Hoboken, New Jersey."

He volunteered further—speaking a patois of English, French and Italian—that he learned the livery business there, and practiced his trade for a time in New York before returning to Italy and setting up in business for himself.

"I no like New York," he added. "People all right—yes. Winter—snow—*effroyable!*" And Antonio blew on his fingers and gave a series of realistic shivers very refreshing on that blistering day. The rest of his remarks had to do with business. It was hard to keep livestock in condition at current prices. He took down a nose bag from under the seat, and showed a mixture of bran and coarse beans—supper for his team. It cost four times what good corn used to cost, he said—"And regard it!"

We pulled along that Sorrento-Amalfi cliff drive, double-starred in the guidebooks as the most beautiful road in the world, until we came out above Positano, situated, like Amalfi, in a cleft, but even more picturesque. Here Antonio grew communicative again. "Few men here," he said. "They go to America when they get old enough; the rest go to the war."

American Houses

Indeed, as we drove through the upper fringes of the town we saw, by way of men, only two or three old fellows, bent of back and rheumy of eye. At all the doorways sat groups of women, sewing or resting—young women, with the startling pagan beauty that is the common endowment of all Southern Italy; old women—beautiful themselves, after their fashion, under the wrinkles. About them played innumerable brown children in few clothes or none at all. In the patches of festooned vineyards which interspersed the houses, girls, coifed with red handkerchiefs, were gathering the grapes and carrying them away in huge baskets balanced on their heads. The only young and stalwart man in sight was the sentinel who, with a click and a flourish, stopped us at the corporate limit of the town.

Below lay the domelike roofs of this city of stucco and cement, the long white lines of houses broken by the dark green of luxurious semitropical vegetation. Across the valley, on garden patches a little apart from the town, stood two half-built houses, already roofed, but with their walls gaping between the beams. Antonio indicated them with his whip.

"American houses," he said, and laughed. I thought this merely one of Antonio's little pleasantries until to-day, when I mentioned his remark to a man who knows Italy. I find that the American house is an institution in these parts. A peasant from Southern Italy emigrates to America and finds work at railroad construction or harvesting. He stays four or five years and saves his money. When, some November, he takes steerage passage home for his first vacation, he invests his savings in a patch of land close by his native town. He returns, and is cleared at Ellis Island during the early spring rush of immigration. In four or five years more, if he be ordinarily lucky, he returns for the winter, in order to start his house. It remains half built for another working period. Finally he comes back with the money to complete it. Then, if he follows the ordinary course, he settles down to live in his native town as a householder and a traveled person of consequence.

In some of the old conservative South-Italian towns these American houses are the only new construction for one or two centuries. Occasionally the new peasant proprietor observes and introduces an American wrinkle. For instance, in a little village down by Salerno dwelt an Italian who in America became a plumber's assistant. He brought back with him and installed in his house an American bathroom. Tourists came miles and miles to see that town for its Roman ruins. The natives came miles and miles to see Giuseppe's bathtub!

Southern Italy, if one may judge by the Sorrento-Amalfi peninsula and the region about Naples, takes the war with the resignation of an old people which has lived through such troubles many and many a time before. No flags fly in its towns, and yet one sees no symbols of grief. Life, except for the absence of men and a general deadening of all activity, seems to go its attractive, loose, smiling pace as before the war. It is not at all like Lombardy and Piedmont at the north, where one feels the nervous stress of war. Yet the southern peasant has fought magnificently at the Front. "It has been a peasants' war, really," said an Italian staff officer. Within these white stucco houses hang many and many a soldier photograph of the boys who will not return like the one I saw at Amalfi. But in the doorways the women still gesticulate with emotional sociability over their work and smile a pleasant welcome to the stranger on the road.

The landscape now is beaten hard and brown; it resembles California just before the autumn rains begin. Not for a generation, I suppose, has Southern Italy been so dry. Here and there Antonio pointed out the bare bottoms of streams that always before, in his memory, had run bank full. The weather last spring and summer played us all a villainous trick. It has been many years since grain crops fell so far below the average. Lack of fertilizer and of labor accounted for something; a mistake of the food control—all European food controllers made their initial mistakes—accounted for still more. But the drought was the main trouble. America must supply a deficiency of millions of quintals.

This is all the more necessary because the Italians are and always have been a bread-eating people. Julius Cæsar's unconquerable legions of Italian peasants lived and conquered the world on wheat and barley bread, eating meat only occasionally, when a raid on the barbarians threw cattle into their hands. For the fatty element necessary to human nutriment they relied mostly on oil—the olive oil of Italy and Southern Gaul. That characteristic has persisted. Your Italian of common occupation can live from year's end to year's end on bread and oil.

It is a mistake to suppose that macaroni is, for the average Italian, a regular, necessary dish. Macaroni is a luxury of the rich and well-to-do—a pleasant though expensive way of dishing up breadstuffs. The Italian peasant is more likely to take his bread in the form of *polenta*—corn-meal mush kept long in the pot, and cut out and warmed over as needed. To no people of the world is bread so much the staff of life.

I dislike to draw a moral; but in these days of confused mind on many things it may be useful for an observer of Europe to tell the American people just where we get off. Whenever an American family substitutes any other food for breadstuffs it does just so much to help all our Allies—especially the Italians. Whenever it substitutes corn meal for wheat bread it does something more. Indian corn is more bulky than wheat; it is also more perishable. Still further, the Italians are the only people in Europe who naturally eat Indian corn; and experience has shown that no people gets the full nutritive value out of a food to which it is not accustomed.

Food Conditions

Italy, understand, does not give the appearance of a starving country. It is folly to assert, as I believe some German or anti-war propagandists at home have asserted, that she is as badly off for food as Germany. In August I got a fair estimate of the German food situation from across the Swiss border; and I know that this is ridiculously untrue. But she may be before the next harvest unless we do our best. On the law of averages, crop conditions in 1918 should be good; and the Government, having found a working plan at last, will see that planting is sufficient.

Just now, when in the natural course of things Italy is depending a great deal on fruit and fresh vegetables—perishable commodities—the food situation appears a little spotted; some districts are doing better than others. In general the country seems to eat sparingly but sufficiently. Let me begin with my own hotel and restaurant experiences, admitting in the beginning that hotels and restaurants are only an imperfect guide to the general conditions of any country.

Restaurant prices generally have gone up from seventy-five to one hundred per cent. You can get no butter, and there is far less oil in Italian cookery than formerly. With breakfast or tea you get a little measured teaspoonful of government sugar—the real stuff mixed with saccharin. This mixture tends to leave a greasy aftertaste in the mouth. You find beside your plate one chunk of war bread, about as big as a man's fist. That is all you get unless you specially ask the waiter for more—and pay for it.

As a matter of fact, one grows accustomed to the rhythm of war rations, and I have never asked for more; nor, I notice, have any of my dinner companions. You are allowed only two main dishes—as macaroni, fish or meat; desserts and soups do not count. The portions, however, are ample; I do not rise from the meal hungry. For dessert I have had nothing but fruit since I entered Italy. One does miss sweets; at least, an American does, for we are great sugar eaters. The human race worried along without sugar until two centuries ago, getting the saccharine element from fruit and a little honey.

The taste for sugar is, in one sense, an unnatural one; the starchy elements in grains and vegetables, supplemented by animal or vegetable fats, are enough for human nutrition. When one grows really ravenous for sugar he can buy candy—chocolates are about one dollar and fifty cents a pound with the inferior grades of candy correspondingly cheaper. These confections are supposed, at least, to be made from honey. However, filling up on candy is not considered exactly a classy thing to do—one's conscience develops new and troublesome ethics in a world war. Buying candy when sugar is short seems like cheating. Myself, I have fallen only once in nearly a month of wartime in Italy.

As to Submarines

Difficulties of transportation account for the spotted character of the food supply. The main railroad lines are under government control. The smaller branch lines are generally under private ownership. They had their reason for being mainly in the tourist traffic. When that stopped, when the price of coal became ruinously high, these lines generally shut down. And only recently has the Italian bureaucracy, after much vain experiment, begun to develop real teamwork in this matter. Thursday and Friday are meatless days. Unlike France and Germany, Italy makes an exception here; preserved meat is not included in the prohibition.

On Thursday and Friday one who does not care for fish or eggs may have ham.

The bread-card system begins in October. Then certain communities will have to hand over their surplus cereals for the good of all. I have no doubt that here and there the appropriation of food supplies among an excitable people may lead to small disturbances. These, of course, will be reported to Switzerland; and by the time the reports reach Germany, and are grapevined to the disloyal press in the United States, every little resistance of a local mayor or town council will be exaggerated into a gory riot or a revolution.

In cold fact the food-control system is at last working very well. There is no starvation in Italy; there will be none if we do our part in saving our food margin. And as I write this the submarine threat against our lines of communication seems less acute. I have talked this week with a pair of optimists, so placed that they should know about the submarine menace. "We are over the ridge there," said one briefly. "If this war keeps up twenty years," said the other, "the submarine, toward the end, will begin to be dangerous. Until that time it will be only embarrassing. The war cannot last twenty years. Well, then?"

Though I cannot say with the certainty of a first-hand witness how it goes in the workingmen's little flats of Rome or in the peasants' cottages, I submit this piece of testimony: I do not find the appearance of undernourishment anywhere in Italy. Now in Switzerland, last month, I saw many people who had come across the border after a long stay in Germany. Without exception, they were thin, drawn, dull-eyed. The anti-Germans among them all had tales of the number of pounds they had lost.

I remember especially a middle-class Swiss couple, resident in Southern Germany since the beginning of the war, and out now on their first vacation. They were very thin—but I dismiss that; they might have been thin people before the war began. The significant things were their pallor; the dry deadness of their skins; the languor, as of convalescence, in their movements. They looked as though all the juices had been sucked out of their bodies.

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Neōlin Soles

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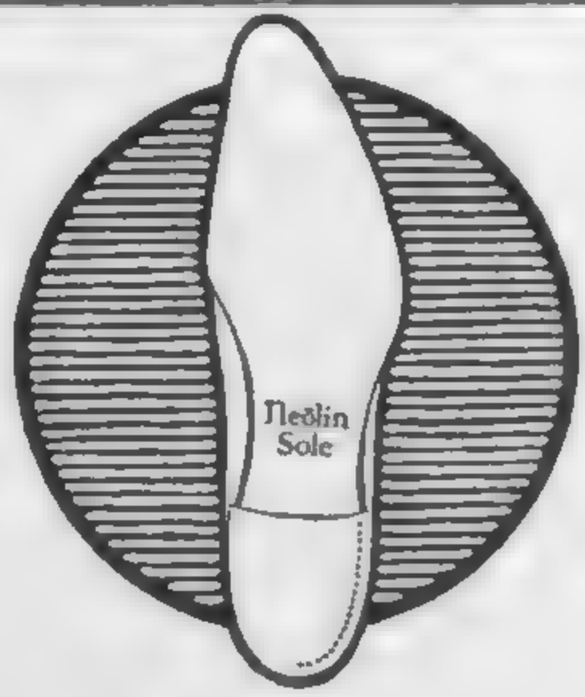


Neōlin Soles Make Good Shoes Cost Less

A Prominent Manufacturer Proved This Fact—and Now Makes Neōlin-soled Shoes Exclusively in One of His Factories

Neōlin Soles are changing the footwear habit of the nation.

That is a fact known not alone to the eight million wearers of Neōlin. It is known to those who *make* the shoes by which this nation is shod.

Read this remarkable letter from a well-known manufacturer who is actually backing his belief by turning a *whole factory* over to the uses of Neōlin:

Mr. F. A. Seiberling, President
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.

Dear Sir:

We have decided to make Neōlin-soled shoes exclusively in one of our factories.

Nothing but Neōlin Soles will be used in this plant.

We came to this decision for the following reasons:

First: After exhaustive tests for actual wear-resistance we found that Neōlin *wears longer* than leather.

Second: By expensive construction tests we found that we could make just as *handsome* shoes with Neōlin as with leather soles.

Third: On account of the present high cost of good leather we found that with Neōlin Soles we could make better shoes for less money than with leather soles.

In placing some recent large orders with you, we explained these facts to your representative, and he requested that we write this letter, outlining our experience.

Hence this communication, which we are glad to write because we believe you are entitled to commendation for the development of Neōlin Soles.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) T. W. McGovern, Manager,
The Riley Shoe Mfg. Co., Columbus, O.

Even a year ago manufacturers were building Neōlin into their shoes by the million pairs—chiefly because they had tested them and found them more durable than ordinary leather.

Today, as their skill in handling Neōlin grows with its greater use, they find that they also can make shoes which are just as handsome by using Neōlin Soles. And that they can give *better values at less money, as well.*

• • •

Get Neōlin Soles on *your* next shoes. They mean saving. They mean comfort. They mean damp-protected feet—and *health.*

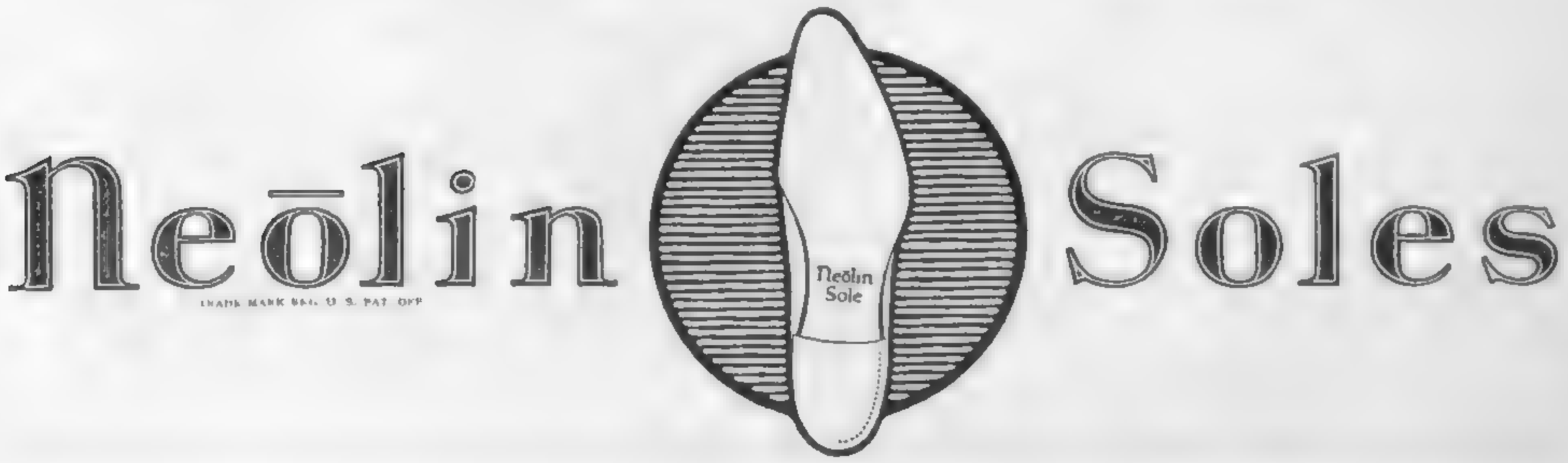
Even the *uppers* last longer and look better with Neōlin—because these waterproof soles can't swell, or warp, or stretch out of shape.

And Neōlin Soles will not draw the feet like rubber, or crack or chip or crumble.

They come in grown-ups' and little folks' sizes. In black, white and tan. *Mark* that mark, stamp it on your memory: **Neōlin—**

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



The World-Famous
PIANOLA
The Highest Perfection of the PLAYER-PIANO
NOW ONLY $495
Complete with Library of Music-Rolls

YOU can now, for the first time, install in your home the world's greatest and best-known player-piano—the Pianola—at a cost under $500. You can pay for it in *small monthly installments*, if you like, with a moderate interest charge added. You can secure possession for a moderate first payment. And included, at the price $495, will be $10 worth of music-rolls of your own selection. (10 to 25 rolls, depending upon the price of those you select. New rolls cost from 40 cents to $1.00 each.)

THE Aeolian Company invented the Pianola about 20 years ago. Since that time and largely because of the success of the Pianola, this Company has become the *largest manufacturer of musical instruments in the world*, with 14 factories in this country and Europe.

Thousands upon thousands of Pianolas have been sold here and in every other civilized country. Its purchasers comprise people from every walk of life, including the most famous musicians and educators.

So great has become the popularity of this instrument that practically every piano manufacturer in the world has imitated it. It has founded a new and extensive industry.

Only by extraordinary success—only by fulfilling its promises to the letter—could the Pianola have been responsible for such impressive results.

What the Pianola Means to the Home

Put the Pianola in your home. Take a little instruction in using it and practice a little. You will shortly become, in effect, the equal of the greatest pianists. Not with their interpretative powers, of course, but with an equal or better execution.

Your repertoire will be practically unlimited. Any music you have ever heard or wanted to hear will be available to you. Every kind of music for every occasion—dance, popular, operatic, classic, sacred.

And you will play—you will have the *sense of playing*, feel the fascination of it. You will shortly become in a way an artist yourself, with the artist's wonderful privilege of expressing his emotions in music, his cultivated sensibilities and critical appreciation.

Highest Piano Quality

The Pianola differs from regular pianos only in that it adds to what they have its roll-playing feature, which is not visible except when in use. Its piano quality is unequaled at its price. It is not possible to secure any piano of the same grade, with better tone or action, more beautiful case, or of greater durability.

The Pianola takes the place of the regular piano. The most critical pianist might use it for years for hand-playing and practice, without being conscious that it contained any roll-playing feature whatever.

Exclusive Player-Piano Advantages

The Pianola is the standard and the best-known of all player-pianos. This is true both here and in foreign countries, where it is practically as well-known as in America. Indeed, its celebrity is such that its copyright name "Pianola" is almost universally, though erroneously, used to cover all such instruments.

The Pianola contains a very large number of features differentiating it from other player-pianos. These are covered by more than 300 patents, some basic.

The most important of these is what is known as

The Metrostyle

The Metrostyle insures *good playing*. This is true though the performer has had no musical training or even previous familiarity with music.

It is obviously desirable to play the piano well—with intelligence and good musical effect—if one is to play it at all

Most of whatever criticism has been directed against player-pianos has been on this score.

Such criticism, however, is not applicable to the real Pianola, because of its Metrostyle. The evidence to this effect from the most authoritative musical sources, is remarkable in both its volume and its finality.

The features of the genuine Pianola, such as the Themodist, Graduated Accompaniment, Sustaining Pedal Device, Temponamic Lever, et cetera, all contribute to the same result.

With the Metrostyle they combine to make the Pianola an easily mastered and artistic instrument, for either beginner or artist, and to give it the supremacy in its field which it has so long enjoyed.

* * *

In almost every large city in the world there is a Branch of the Aeolian Company or an accredited representative handling the Pianola. Either make inquiries and find if there is one in your locality or write to us direct. We will send you such information, details of this special purchase plan, and give you free, a comprehensive book about the Pianola.

"And you will play—you will have the sense of playing, feel the fascination of it."

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GREATER YELLOWSTONE

By EMERSON HOUGH

WE MIGHT almost write the caption Greater America. In these high-keyed times, when fighting is so much more admirable and desirable than writing, almost any story, martial or civic, seems flavorless that does not have something to do with a better and greater America.

Why not? Put your money on America. Boost America. Back America. Believe in America. No man ever yet lost by employing this policy. This war is not going to last forever. We can even now see beyond and through the smoke curtain; and beyond it lies America. The difference between Europe and America is the difference between an old man and a young man. The young man has time left to correct his own mistakes. No human being ever yet has dreamed large enough for America, even with all our mistakes counted in.

It does not seem either good patriotism or good business to predict that we shall have hard times in this country after the war. Rather ought we to expect the best times America ever has had. The war is going to make a nation of us and is going to make us understand that we are a nation. Its close will leave us our melting pot done with its melting or with its refractory contents cast out. It will leave us with more economic independence than we have ever known. It will leave us with a new conscience, a new ambition, a new soul. Perhaps, after all, it is not kings or governments that make war. It may be epochs that make war. This is the epoch of America.

One immediate result of the war is the increased knowledge Americans have gained regarding the world and the geography of the world. This knowledge includes their own country also. Cut off from Europe, Americans have been traveling in their own country for three years. They never again will travel to the same extent in Europe. Many will visit Europe after the war—some on duty, some on business, many through curiosity; but in all likelihood the old European tourist travel will never again assume its former steadiness and volume.

No; the old day of European tourist travel has gone. We have found another and a better country—our own. That American travel has of late held up very well with that of earlier years does not show a national callousness, but a national seriousness. Our people have traveled, to a certain extent, not for pleasure, but for respite. The largest significance of the steady increase of American tourist numbers is simply the better appraisement of our own country.

But, quite outside of this, there are very good business reasons that do or might underlie this increasing tourist traffic in America. The national parks themselves, for instance, are much better worth seeing now than they ever were before. They are a hundred per cent better handled than they were three years ago. They are far more accessible, far more comfortable, than they ever were at any time in the past.

Some Effective Work

It has usually been urged in favor of European travel that it was not overexpensive and that the hotel service was good; whereas in the sight-seeing country of America the accommodations were both expensive and indifferently comfortable. The latter charge is no longer true.

That it is not true is due to the good organization of this branch of national service installed by Secretary Lane, of the Interior Department, and his assistants some years ago. Quietly, without much blare of trumpets or ruffling of drums, a great deal of hard work has been done.

This work involved many difficult problems. It was Mr. Stephen T. Mather, assistant to Secretary Lane, who was bold enough to declare for the motorization of the national parks. It was a risky thing to do; but it was wise and farseeing, and it has succeeded beyond any expectation entertained at the time.

To-day, for instance, if you will talk with the management of the Yellowstone Park Hotel Company, which had to scrap more than half a million dollars' worth of coaches, harness and horses—much to the delight of the sheep herders thereabouts, who now ride in yellow-wheeled phaetons, which cost the Park company two hundred and fifty dollars, and themselves not over fifty—you will find that, in spite of the heavy sum charged off to profit and loss, the management would not go back to horse transportation now if they had their choice and had all their old equipment back free of cost. The motor car has made good unmistakably on both sides of the game.

There has been a large increase, since the motorization of the parks, in the independent travel. You will see all sorts of cars from all corners of the earth in all the parks now; but the regular tour traffic has had its horizon very widely extended also. Speed and comfort are two things the American traveler is going to have. Once one was obliged to go to Europe for both, but that is the case no longer; and it is a common commercial truth that good goods make good when advertised.

There has been one curious and wholly unexpected corollary of the motorization of some of the national parks: Yesterday our parks were too large. To-day they are quite too small; in fact, not half large enough!

More Room for Motors

Originally it was a hard fight to get the national-park idea established in the American mind. The lumbermen wanted all the trees, the settlers wanted all the fish and game, and the power companies wanted all the streams. Our first parks were fought through into life at the time of the old unscrupulous and unregulated accumulation of land holdings on the part of individuals and corporations. The Government at Washington was very stingy with the public and very liberal with the individual. That was in the days of Little America. But now the same public and the same Government, once opposed to setting aside large grants of land as national pleasure grounds, begin to see that not half enough was set aside and that to-day we ought to have more.

The motor car is the reason for this. The sheepman and the timberman and the water-power man we still have with us, and the interests of these are not wholly the interests of the general public; but the general public to-day is unmistakably in favor of more room—that is to say, more room for the motor car.

More than two years ago a movement was set on foot to extend far to the eastward the boundaries of Sequoia Park, located in California in the high Sierras, covering a vast and wonderful region of little or no commercial value. Farseeing men all knew that it ought to be set aside forever as a sanctuary for those great trees, whose like does not exist in all the world, and which could never be replaced. Naturally local interests were jealous of every tree saved; of every water power left unused; of every little mountain pasture that might possibly graze a sheep or a cow.

Moreover, it would cost millions to put roads through the high Sierras—so the little Americans said, men with no vision. In all likelihood a great tract to the east and southeast of Sequoia Park presently will be set apart for the use of all the people, because Greater America always has won and will win over Little America.

In the case of Yellowstone Park this sentiment for enlargement arose very swiftly; in fact, it is a matter of but a few months' crystallization. The management calls the regular loop circuit of Yellowstone Park—the geysers, cascades, and so on—the Merry-go-round. Formerly it took a tourist about five days to make the round of the loop in one of the company's coaches. The development of the eastern and western entrances increased the traffic and necessitated an exact schedule of daily travel.

To-day you could make the entire round of the inner loop of the Park in a single day by motor, though, of course, the actual schedule of travel is much longer. This gives the tourist much more time to stop at any given point of interest, and at once eliminates the greatest objection ever made against this Park—the cut-and-dried feeling, the feeling that one was only a bundle of merchandise handed through on schedule.

But, even so, this motor transportation is now always in a state of arrested progress. There is wasted energy all the time now. Just as before there was not leisure enough, there is now more leisure than is good business, either for the traveling public or the hotel management. Hence—Greater Yellowstone.

In the current session of Congress, Representative Mondell, of Wyoming, will introduce a bill that at one stroke will remedy this curious and swiftly developed situation. His bill will extend the limits of Yellowstone Park sixty miles to the southward, along the entire southern boundary of the present Park. That is Greater Yellowstone. It will embrace one of the boldest and most striking mountain ranges on this continent, and one of the least known—the Grand Tetons, at the head of the also unknown Jackson's Hole country.

It will include the great Government irrigation reservoir known as Jackson's Lake. It will bring into public touch and public knowledge one of the grandest scenic regions in any of the Western States—one that has been known for many years to the big-game hunters and prospectors, but not to the traveling public.

Jackson's Hole—that long crooked valley running for seventy miles along the Snake River, with the Tetons for its western wall—was as far away as anyone could get. It was the last resort of the horse thieves and bad men who lingered in the West when the buffaloes were swept away. Even in late times it has had a worse than sinister reputation, now well outlived.

Times change, and men with them. For instance, in earlier years any park-extension idea would have seemed a thing unthinkable. Mr. Mondell lived among men who did not believe in forest reserves; who wanted all the trees and all the pasture lands—and wanted them at once. Their cry was that these things were for use. The great and spacious West was, in fact, one of the very citadels of the Little America notion; and that part of the country which has produced some of our biggest men has offered us some of our smallest ideas.

But, though Mr. Mondell a few years ago would probably have fought the idea of an extension of any public park, to-day he fosters it. This fact alone, without any more argument, should speak strongly enough. It would seem cheap to congratulate Congressman Mondell; but perhaps he may be glad to know that outsiders have followed his record for some years.

The Old Teton Reserve

A complication exists in regard to this extension, due in part to the curiously mixed forms of our state and national administration of the public lands. Many years ago the United States Government established a series of forest reserves running below the Park and upon the eastern and western sides.

In part coincident with this forest reserve lay the old Teton Game Reserve. This was established not by the National Government, but by the state of Wyoming. It is permissible to hunt in a forest reserve; in fact, that is almost the only place in which there is much left to hunt. But hunting is entirely forbidden in a state game refuge.

For many years the Teton Reserve has been the sole cause of the preservation of the great southern herd of elk, the last bulwark against the butchers. There are estimated to be about twenty thousand head of elk in this southern herd. It is not to be confused with the upper or Yellowstone Park herd, whose range is quite different. The Teton herd rarely goes farther north at any season of the year than the Heart Lake country and the head of the Yellowstone waters, far south in the Park or below it. When the snows come in the mountains in the early fall, this herd moves south. By early winter it usually has got as far south as the Jackson's Hole country—that is to say, quite south of the old line of protection of the Wyoming State Game Refuge.

This has allowed all the settlers and hunters who flock into that country along the southern edge of the refuge an opportunity to commit their great annual butchery of elk. When the elk get below the old refuge line the rifle fire sounds like a cannonade. There is observance of the law or not, as it chances. Everybody gets elk, and plenty of them. The wonder is not that your guide is able to get you a shot at an elk, but that he does not get it sooner. Usually he finds a sportsman his elk when the hunter begins to get uneasy and to show signs of going home and stopping the horse hire.

With a closed shooting date of November fifteenth in the Jackson's Hole country, the annual toll of the elk has been so large that even the professional outfitters want the season to close at November first. This date would often leave the great bulk of the migrating herd still safe at the end of the open season—that is, still north of the line of the refuge.

Taking one year with another, it would save thousands of elk.

But the Wyoming State Reserve is no longer a refuge! Last winter that part of the refuge was thrown open to shooting which includes the headwaters of the Yellowstone River and the Thoroughfare country.

It embraces all the territory between the Yellowstone and the Buffalo, Mink Creek and the Enos Lake country. If you will look at some of the maps you will see some of this country marked Big Game Range. It has been one of the most wonderful game countries in the world. It was our last one.

The Census of Elk

It is pointed out that the area mentioned above is only a part of the summer range of the elk, which desert these very high mountains before winter sets in. It is argued—with that plausibility which attaches to our very free handling of natural-history subjects in Washington—that, though this is an apparent benefit to the hunter, it really does not hurt the elk! It is perfectly apparent to any man not drawing a salary for being deaf, dumb and blind that this opening of the old Teton Reserve is simply the thin edge of the wedge. Before very long we shall be hearing that Wyoming has opened forever all the rest of the old Teton Refuge. That will be the end.

In regard to the numbers of the upper or Park elk herd, there is a great deal of confusing testimony. Last spring the famous joint count of the upper elk herd in the Park was completed by the Forest Service and the Biological Survey, working together. I understand unofficially that both these authorities agreed on the count, and made it precisely twenty thousand.

It is very easy to overestimate the number of big game. Calling it no more than a personal guess, I do not believe there is anything like half of twenty thousand elk alive in the upper Park herd to-day; and I know absolutely that that half is all the time threatened by the inroads of sheep in all the forest reserves west and north of the Park, which formerly was their winter range, but where they will no longer go; for game will not cross a sheep range—much less live on it.

We may look for a disaster in the upper herd any winter now. Indeed, the extreme losses of the winter of 1916–17 offer full foundation for that prophecy. And now comes this disaster, certain and inevitable for the great southern herd, so long protected by the Teton Reserve. That wonderful game region will last about a couple of years. If you do not think this way, study what happened when Montana threw open her Gallatin Game Refuge. One year—that was all!

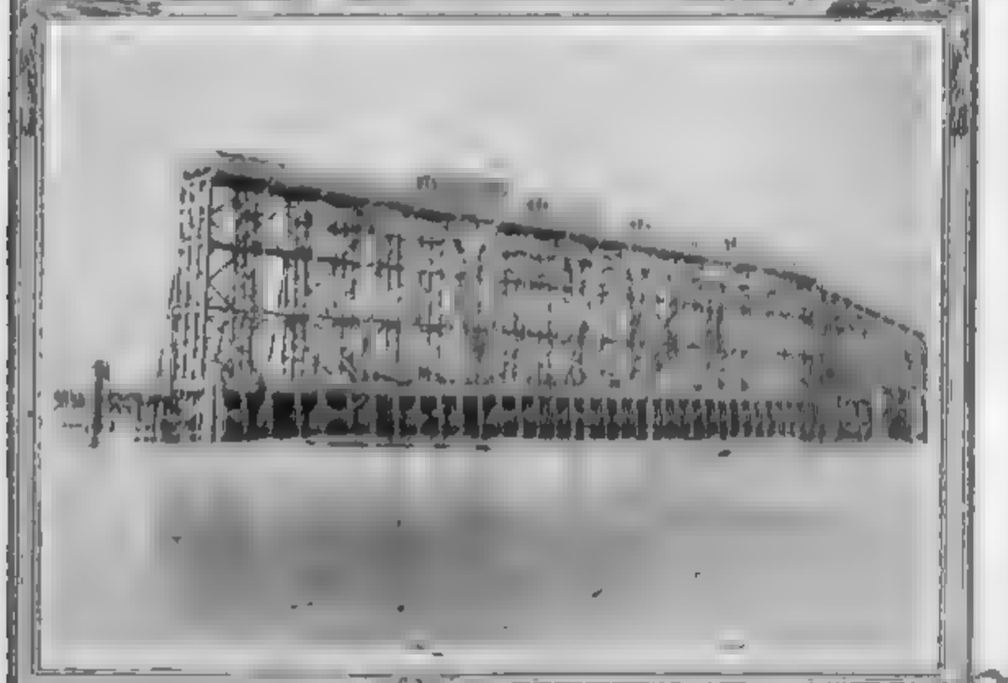
The Teton Forest Reserve not the Wyoming State Reserve—was the first reserve made by the United States under the law of 1891. Even before that time there had been an attempt to extend the limits of

(Concluded on Page 64)

"GIVE ME THIRTY CITIES WITH STRONG, COMFORTABLE BUILDINGS TO HOUSE A MILLION MEN," SAID UNCLE SAM IN MAY. "HERE THEY ARE," ANSWERED THE SOUTHERN PINE ASSOCIATION ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

STRONG, DURABLE, MOST REASONABLE IN PRICE, SOUTHERN PINE OFFERS TO THE AMERICAN CITIZEN MAN'S GREATEST BLESSING—A HAPPY HOME.

EASILY AND QUICKLY OBTAINED AND ERECTED ENDORSED BY UNDERWRITERS ADAPTABLE TO INSTALLATION AND CHANGE OF INTERIOR DENSE SOUTHERN PINE HAS MADE OF MILL CONSTRUCTION THE IDEAL INDUSTRIAL PLANT



FOR TRESTLES, TIMBERS, BRIDGES AND PILING EVERLASTING SOUTHERN PINE IS STANDARD

SOUTHERN

"The Wood

Recognized Merit and Efficiency

GOVERNMENT records show that there is more Southern Pine used than any other wood on earth. The manufacturers of more than six billion feet annually of ***"The Wood of Service"*** are subscribers to the *Southern Pine Association*, making this organization the strongest of its kind in existence. Its work is purely educational, both for its subscribing saw mills and the public in general.

The *Southern Pine Association* makes no attempt whatever to influence the amount of lumber produced nor the price at which the lumber is sold. Through its various bureaus and departments it is constantly investigating, experimenting, testing and trying the products of the great saw mills which it serves. When Southern Pine is found scientifically and practically to be the best for any particular use, then and only then does the *Southern Pine Association* advocate its use for that specific purpose.

So perfect is the manufacturing, grading and inspecting system, and so rigid are its rules and specifications, that *Southern Pine Association* grades are recognized as standard by the leading authorities of the country and the principal users of wood throughout the civilized world.

Build of Wood

THROUGH all the ages of the past down to the present moment, no ***building material*** has ever found such universal favor as ***WOOD.*** Time has seen the desire for comfortable homes and the energetic, constructive spirit of the American people, gradually decrease our natural supply of timber. Strange as it may seem, yet true as the product itself, lumber today is the least expensive important building commodity on the market. Its cost is amazingly low as compared with other building materials. And the cost of durable, dependable, workable Southern Pine, in all its forms, is less than that of any other wood of anything like its high quality.

Pound for pound in weight Southern Pine is stronger than steel. The oldest ships afloat and some of the oldest structures in America are built of wood. Being a non-conductor of heat, cold and moisture, it makes a building easier to keep warm in winter, cooler in summer, and drier at all times, than any other building material known.

Southern Pine

NEW ORLEANS

"SHIPS! GIVE US SHIPS!" COMES THE CRY OF WORLD-WIDE DEMOCRACY, AND TO THE RESCUE GO THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF CARS LOADED WITH GENUINE SOUTHERN PINE SHIP TIMBERS.

PINE of Service"

SOUTHERN PINE SERVICE ASSOCIATION

Meets World's Greatest Demands

BECAUSE of the existence of this great and efficient organization, built along the lines suggested by the Federal Trade Commission, the United States Government was able within a few hours, after making known its requirements to the Southern Pine Emergency Bureau, to receive the advice that hundreds of carloads of choice, dry, well-manufactured and carefully graded Southern Pine lumber were on the road to the different cantonment and army camp sites.

On this very day and at this very hour and during every hour of every night and every day, can be heard the hum of the saws and the shouts of the thousands and thousands of saw mill workers as the beautiful, straight, strong Southern Pine timbers are prepared and rushed to the ship yards for Uncle Sam's Emergency Fleet. The members of the Southern Pine Emergency Bureau may be pardoned for the pride they felt upon receiving the thanks and appreciation of the Secretary of War and the Council of National Defense, for the reasonable prices and the saving of months of valuable time which would otherwise have been required in filling this—***the world's greatest lumber order.***

—and Build Now

THE *wartime consumption of Southern Pine is now enormous.* In all times there is more Southern Pine exported than any other wood that grows and the demand for it in Europe is bound to be tremendously increased in the building up of the devastated countries after the war.

The foregoing facts give us every reason to believe that Southern Pine *costs less to-day than it will in many years to come.*

That America is the greatest country in the world is due largely to the fact that more of her people are home-owners. It has been proven many times that the home-owner is the most substantial citizen The home is the institution upon which must be founded the world-wide democracy for which America today is shedding her best blood upon the battle fields of Europe. It is to you who have the desire for a home—a longing wish that lingers in the heart of every true and patriotic man and woman—to you we especially bring this message: "BUILD OF WOOD AND BUILD NOW."

Association

LOUISIANA.

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Mill Construction.
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OUR ENGINEERING AND ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENTS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE WITHOUT CHARGE.

(Concluded from Page 61)

Yellowstone Park south and east, in order to take in the bold mountain country round the head of the Yellowstone—that same district marked on the map as Big Game Range. But, that being in the day of Little America, Congress did not act. None the less, Secretary Noble was bold enough to set aside this forest reserve as the best thing then possible. Of course this did not protect the game.

Therefore we now have an entirely new point of view in regard to this whole region, embraced in the terms of the Mondell Bill, and an idea regarding the bill itself that ought to be brought home at once to every American voter.

Hotels for Tourists

If the extension of Yellowstone Park be granted we shall have nearly doubled its present area. We shall have made it beyond comparison the greatest wonderland, the greatest tourist country and the greatest game country in all the world.

Now since so many things—good things—can be urged in favor of this park extension; since many years ago it was planned by officials in Washington; since it will add to the net assets of the country and our nation—why not have it? There seems to be not one argument against it, except such as may be advanced by many brutish elk butchers or a very few scattered hay ranchers.

The immediately practical benefit to the nonsporting traveler is that he will get twice as much for his money as he formerly did. He may take two weeks or may more fully employ one week, and in that time may more than double the enjoyment he should have had up to now in Yellowstone Park. He may do all this in absolute comfort and with greater speed than was possible ever before.

There is a fine motor road existing now below the Park into the Jackson's Hole country. You may ride directly to the Government dam at the foot of the Grand Tetons in your own car any day you like, even now—though not everyone knows that; but you cannot, as yet, have very good accommodations, outside of one or two professional hunters' camps. Realizing this latter fact the Yellowstone Park Hotel Company has agreed to put up the proper chalets and hotels round Jackson's Lake, at the foot of the Grand Tetons, as soon as the extension shall be declared by Congress.

After that is done there will remain only the building of a second leg of this lower loop—a motor road running from Jackson's Lake northeast, up Pacific Creek, across the famous Two-Ocean Pass, and down Atlantic Creek to the eastward. Thence the road would cross the Yellowstone River toward its upper waters; and, leaving the great sea of Yellowstone Lake in full view on the left for many miles, would break through the shallow rim of mountains east of that lake and join the regular park route not far from its junction with the Sylvan Pass or eastern entrance road. This leg of the new loop would perhaps come in somewhere near Turbid Lake, about a mile from this junction.

There would then be a double motoring loop in Yellowstone Park, with something like twice as much good motor road as now exists. The entire trip through either loop, or both loops, could be made about as one liked. A party traveling from Henry Lake, Idaho, got to Old Faithful Inn before noon, left Old Faithful at about two o'clock and arrived at the Jackson's Lake Dam that same afternoon—a journey of about a hundred and twenty-five miles in all—with plenty of time to spare. It is about seventy-five miles from Old Faithful to the foot of Jackson's Lake—five days by pack train and not five hours by motor car.

Millions of dollars have been expended by the United States Government on the roads of Yellowstone Park, and never has road money been better expended. Brigadier General Hiram Chittenden, U. S. A., was an engineer with a special gift for making roads. His undying monument exists to-day in the mountain-road system of Yellowstone Park. The building of the missing leg of this lower loop would be a bagatelle compared to some of the construction work in the Park proper.

Wyoming's Opportunity

Greater Yellowstone would not be a waste, but a saving and an increase. It is easy to see that Wyoming would make far more money with this enlarged Park than she ever could without it. Do you suppose Wyoming would wipe out the old Yellowstone Park now if she could? Not any more than that Park would go back to horse transportation if it could. Give her Greater Yellowstone and she inevitably will become Greater Wyoming.

This new country has some fine cascades visible from the roadway—Moose Falls, the Lewis Falls, and others. As one rides he may see the dark flood of the Lewis River and the augmenting volume of the Snake River winding their way through the mountains—historic but unknown waterways. Lewis Lake lies at the side of the road, a beautiful sheet of mountain water. Shoshone Lake is but a few miles back of Lewis Lake and can easily be reached by trail or motor road. There are a thousand interesting horseback trails.

Jackson's Lake, once a deep clear mountain lake, is an unsightly piece of water now, because the Government has ruined thousands of acres of timberlands by backing up the waters above the great reclamation dam. But it lies just at the foot of the magnificent Grand Tetons, whose peaks, since the earliest fur-trading days, have always been held to be among the most widely known feature of the Western mountain landscape. You can see the Three Peaks from the valley of Henry Lake—the source of the west fork of the Snake River—a distance of a hundred and sixty miles. The old voyageurs saw them as far away or farther when coming in from the east and south to the old rendezvous, and always called them the first sight of the Rockies.

Unexplored Mountains

There are peaks among the Tetons that have never been ascended by any human being. In regard to the Grand Teton peak, there is controversy even yet as to priority and validity of ascent. On Mount Moran, midway of the range, there are a dozen glaciers. No one seems to know what lies on the west side of this mountain range. One of these glaciers, perhaps five thousand feet above the level of Jackson's Lake, tantalizingly invites the mountain climber, as some half dozen of our party of explorers can attest, who made the ascent of the glacier, but did not get back to camp before midnight. It has under it an ice cave forty feet high and a hundred feet long; its mouth forms a weird and wonderful frame for a vast landscape of lake and forest and mountain.

It is said that Moran has never been ascended. I do not know. You might call this region almost unexplored, because, though historically old and long well known to adventurous souls, it is practically outside the knowledge of the general traveling public.

There are some roads that come in from the west, and the southbound road from the Park extends down the valley to distant rail connection on that side also; but those who use these roads do so infrequently and are relatively few in number.

Wonderful Climbing

There is not a more inviting mountain region for the climber, for there is an extreme ruggedness about the Tetons that makes them even more austere than the bold crags of Glacier Park. Like the mountains of the St. Mary's country, they spring up directly from the level about them; so they seem extraordinarily high. In all of Yellowstone Park proper there is nothing like them. Indeed, the Yellowstone landscape often lacks interest, because it is itself so high a table-land that no mountain projects much above the general level.

The Tetons, on the contrary, rush up, bold, savage, ragged, crenelated. They are simply stunning mountains. No one has painted them. No one has told their story. No one knows them. They stand, brooding their wild children, waiting for us to make them imperishable monuments to a larger and better Americanism.

Congressman Mondell, of Wyoming, never in all his career did anything better to put his state—and himself—on the map than the introduction of what I hope always will be known not only as the Mondell Bill but as the Mondell Law.

Greater Yellowstone; Greater Wyoming; above everything else, Greater America—they are all on the cards to-day; and all should swiftly be placed on the map. Even in these strained times Congress may pause for the moment necessary to take this action; for the Government of the United States is surely sufficiently unagitated to look confidently beyond the world war even now, knowing that after it there must arise a greater and better America.

Let us hope that America will be prepared for war at any time, and for peace all the time.

VINEY ON CONSERVATION

By BLANCHE GOODMAN

"UP AT Slocumses," said Viney to Uncle Peter, "ev'ybody's busy doin' sumpin fo' de wah. De Cunnel am out sellin' lib'ty bombs; May's jined de Red Crost sewin' bee; Mistah Robe't am head of de Home P'serve Gyahds; an' Mis' Fanny am pres'dent of de Food Convuhsation S'ciety."

"Food Convuhsation S'ciety?" Uncle Peter turned a puzzled gaze upon Viney. "Hit do seem funny dat you has to jine a s'ciety to have food convuhsation. Why, hit seem lak to me dat de onlies' kind er convuhsation I heahs dese days am 'bout food."

"Mis' Fanny," responded Viney, "was splainin' to me 'bout dis heer s'ciety; an' she say dat one er de things hit means am dat de mo' cawn bread we eats, de quicker de wah gwine to be winned."

Uncle Peter smacked his lips.

"Kin de men b'long to dat s'ciety?" he asked with heightened interest.

"Ev'ybody kin b'long," Viney told him. "De idea am fo' to sen' all de wheat 'crost de sea whut kin be spared, an' fo' de folks ovah heer to use up de cawn."

"Maybe dem folks ovah yondah whar de fightin's gwine on ain't nevah tasted hoecake, ner cawn flip-flaps. 'Caze ef dey had, dey'd want us to keep de wheat an' give 'em de cawn."

"I don' know nothin' 'bout dat part," Viney told him, "'cep'n' hit's one er de things whut goes 'long wid food convuhsation."

"Did Mis' Fanny git up dat s'ciety?" asked Uncle Peter.

"No; Mis' Fanny say hit was agonized by a gen'l'man up in Wash'n'on. Dis heer Mistah Whoever say dat, onless dis country cuts down on hits rashuns, hit ain't gwine to git thoo whoopin' de Ge'mans fo' a long time."

"How come we kin lick 'em sooner by goin' hongry?" Uncle Peter's expression was incredulous.

"Man!" exclaimed Viney. "You's 'nough to give a pusson de ne'vous presperation! Ain't you done heerd nothin' 'tall 'bout de Newnited States sendin' hits superflupus p'ojuce to Englum an' Franch fo' to feed de sojers an' de folks ovah yondah? Ain't none er de white ladies been roun' to yo' house to splain?"

Uncle Peter shook his head.

"Ef dey has, Campsey ner de chillen ain't say nothin' to me 'bout hit."

"Dey done been to see me," Viney informed him, "an' dey talked to me 'bout savin' ev'y scrap er vittles an' not wastin' no food, an' ax me would I take de pledge to go widout meat one day in de week! Well, I tol' 'em I hadn't had a mossel er meat in de house fo' foah days nohow; but I thanked 'em fo' de compliment."

Viney paused thoughtfully.

"De onlies' thing I ain't got used to," she continued, "'bout dis heer food convuhsation am de way Mis' Fanny's tuck to nosin' roun' 'bout me takin' a li'l' snack home at night when I's done wukkin' at huh house. You knows, Uncle Peter, dat Mis' Fanny ain't nevah been picayunish wid vittles as long as we's been wukkin' fo' huh. Co'se I didn' always ax huh could I take de vittles home. Ef dey wuz a few slices o' ham lef' in de 'frig'raider, er some aigs no one wuzn't usin', er a mite o' sugah I happen' to need fo' to make my quinch p'serbs, er a li'l' sumpin lak dat—why, I jes' borried offen Mis' Fanny an' ain't said nothin' 'bout hit. De Slocumses wouldn' 'a' missed hit no mo' dan you er me'd miss a eyelash.

"Well, heer de yuther night I wuz gittin' ready to come on home, when Mis' Fanny walks out in de kitchen. I wasn' lookin' fo' huh, 'cause she ain't nevah been in de habit o' comin' back aftah meals. I had jes' put my cape on an' wuz gittin' ready to tie up de bun'l' er vittles I had wropped up in paper. I stahted to grab fo' hit when Mis' Fanny walked in; but she seen hit befo' I could hide hit undah my cape. Huh eyes jes' bo'ed thoo de wrappin'. Hit sort o' made me oneasy.

"'Honey,' I says, 'whut you doin' back in de kitchen dis time o' evenin', 'way fum de Cunnel? You knows he always lak to have you roun' him when he's home.' Mis' Fanny ain't seem to heah me. 'Viney,' she say, sort o' sharplike—'tain't often I heahs Mis' Fanny use dat tone—'whut has you got in dat bun'l'?' Well, she ax me so onexpected dat I tole de trufe. 'Hit's some supper, Mis' Fanny,' I says, 'dat I ain't had time to eat heer; so I'm totin' hit home.' An' I thought dat'd be de end of hit. But no. 'Open de bun'l',' says Mis' Fanny, 'I wants to see ef you 'lowed yo'se'f 'nough to eat.' Dey wuzn't nothin' else to do but open hit; so I done hit."

"I's plum' s'prised at Mis' Fanny!" Uncle Peter interjected. "Whut wuz in de bun'l'?"

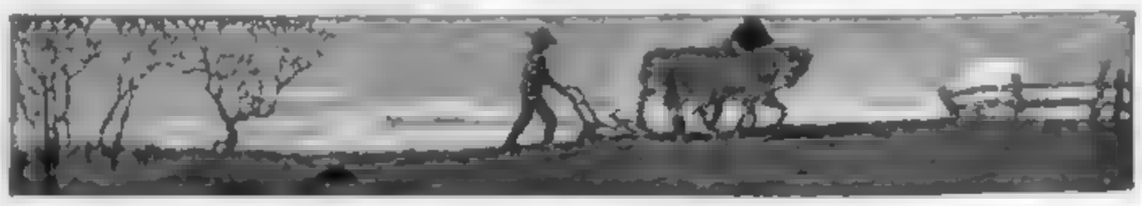
"Dey wuzn't nothin' but half a chicken, an' a loaf o' bread Mis' Fanny didn't need, an' a pat o' butter, an' a couple o' po'k chops, an' three roastin' ears, an' de sweet taters whut was lef' fum suppah—an' a few odds an' en's lak dat."

Uncle Peter grunted.

"Whut de matter wid de white folks, anyhow, dat dey ain't lak dey use to be? Whut Mis' Fanny say?"

"Mis' Fanny was as mad as a ho'net," answered Viney in an aggrieved tone. "She tol' me hit twusn't no use in huh jinin' de Food Convuhsation S'ciety when dey was a leak goin' on in huh kitchen.

"'Mis' Fanny,' I says, 'dis aint no leak! A leak's sumpin' whut's wasted—jes' plum' wasted. None er dese heer vittles is gwine to be wasted. No'm! Dey's gwine in a good cause. Why, Mis' Fanny,' I says, 'I ain't had no meat in de house sence Friday, when Henry Clay's houn' dog brung home a piece o' bacon he must 'a' lifted fum somewheres. De food now'days am so expensable dat me an' Isom cain't even keep de chillen's stummicks middlin' full. De white ladies whut come to call on me de yuther day tol' me how all de folks, white an' black, got to be mo' 'co'mical wid dey food fum now on. But, Mis' Fanny, dey didn't know dat de mos' of us black ones don't usually have 'nough fo' to be 'co'mical. So dat's why I'm carryin' dem vittles home, honey. 'Cause ef I's gwine to jine de Food Convuhsation S'ciety I's got to have 'nough food in de house fo' to have convuhsation wid!'"



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Del Monte stands for canning methods that retain all the natural goodness and flavor of these delicious and wholesome fruits and vegetables—packed and backed by men and women who have devoted their whole lives to this one line of work.

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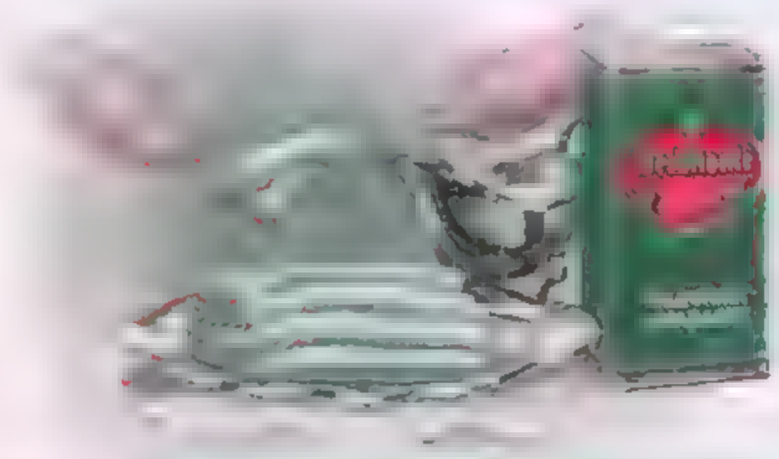
No wonder the red Del Monte shield on every package has come to mean to millions of housewives a definite assurance of quality and satisfaction, and it is likewise your guarantee if you insist upon the Del Monte brand. At leading grocers' everywhere.



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San Francisco, California

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Before I go any further I want you to know that I'm an actual Willard Service man. The picture above is my real portrait. Thousands of car owners know me, and will recognize it. I'm selected by the Willard organization to represent Willard Service, and I'm going to tell you exactly what we mean when we talk about our standard of service.

First: meeting every customer *more* than half way, being really glad to see him, and glad to help him.

Second: being *properly* equipped to help—thoroughly trained and experienced in all brands of battery care, construction and repair.

Third: maintaining a real station, in a good location, with space in which to do business properly.

Fourth: showing the car owner how to care for his battery and how to avoid things that will injure it and shorten its life.

Fifth: being businesslike, to base fair and just charges on knowledge of actual costs, to give good returns for every penny, and to carry an adequate stock of new batteries, rental batteries and repair parts.

Of course, we're human, and we're not all of us 100% all of the time; but we are honestly and sincerely striving to live up to our standard. We believe Willard Service is the most reliable battery service in America and we're making it better every day.

We welcome your suggestions.

Willard Service.

ZU BEFEHL!

(Continued from Page 7)

The heavy battery went noisily past him. He paid it no attention. For the last week similar batteries had been coming from the Front every day in such numbers as to give rise to the rumor that the Germans were preparing a retreat. The farmer's bitter skepticism was the product of a long series of such rumors and their corollaries of deception. The column of motor lorries followed, loaded high with balks of timber, huge reels of barbed wire and other engineers' stores. Behind them an interminably long column of field artillery approached.

The farmer could make nothing of the sharp detonations save that a battery had been newly placed in position nearer than usual to the town.

Suddenly he heard a voice behind him, crying his name in accents of alarm. It was Jules, the lad who should have been working with the horses in the fields.

"Monsieur Delavigne! Monsieur Delavigne! They have shot the horses! They have shot the horses!"

The farmer turned on him sharply.

"Shot the horses? *Qui-çà?*"

"*Les Boches!*—the Germans!" The lad hurriedly substituted the politer designation he had unwarily forgotten in the excitement of the moment. The vernacular was unsafe for public use. He entered upon a long, incoherent story of the incident, trotting by the side of the farmer, who strode hurriedly in blazing wrath toward the scene of the outrage.

"We were working in the big field, m'sieu—just at the end of the furrow, m'sieu—and they came and shot them—five of them. They laughed, m'sieu ——"

At that moment Marie came running after them.

"Monsieur Delavigne! Monsieur Delavigne!" Her voice was a raucous scream. The farmer stopped—immediately conscious of a new calamity. "They are cutting down the trees! They are cutting down the trees in the orchard!"

M. Delavigne did not ask who. There was an accent on the "they" which was sufficiently indicative. The blood rushed to his face. His fingers clawed at the palms of his hands as his fists worked in an overmastering rage. His existence was crumbling about him. He turned and ran toward the orchard. It had been the pride of his father, of his grandfather; it was now his. He ran as a man runs to fend off disaster.

He dashed round the house to where the long rows of whitewashed tree trunks gleamed in the spring sunshine. The orchard was filled with German soldiers furiously at work, and resounded to the thuds of many axes. The Germans were not cutting the trees down. They had not time for that. They were deeply gashing all round the trunks so that the trees would inevitably die. To the farmer it was the equivalent of cold-blooded murder.

Not Even the Cow Spared

He rushed at the nearest man with a snarl, flung himself upon him in a struggle to wrest away the ax. For a moment the two men swayed, evenly matched, the farmer uttering unintelligible sounds, the German grinning. Then another German aimed a blow at the farmer with the back of an ax, which, just missing his head, struck his shoulder and felled him to the ground. He half rose, felt his right arm useless, and cursed savagely at the two men who stood over him, smiling in their comfortable superiority. A German officer sauntered up, elegant and close-buttoned, monocle dangling. In crisp, decisive French he ordered the farmer out of the orchard; in his own language he brutally ordered his men to get on with their work. The Frenchman looked at him with the eyes of a man who despairs for lack of a weapon that will kill.

Jules and Marie ran up, assisted the farmer to his feet and supported him, dazed and unsteady, out of the orchard. His wife came running toward him, so preoccupied with her own news that she did not at first notice his condition.

"Henri! Henri! They have killed the cow! They have killed the cow! Oh! Henri! Oh, what is it that they have done? What is it that they have done to you?"

She flung her arms round him, pushing aside the servants. They stood speechless, clinging to one another, man and wife, drowning in an unexpected flood of disaster. They stood locked, paralyzed, for a long moment before the woman let her face drop suddenly on her husband's breast in an outburst of tears. This was ruin—deliberately inflicted. In the shock of it their numbed brains sought no explanation.

The voice of the old woman roused them:

"Henri! Henri! Elise! Elise! Quickly, quickly!"

She was out of sight, in the courtyard. Alarmed they hastened toward her. She stood clutching another old woman, who spoke with excited volubility. At the appearance of her son-in-law she turned and cried in triumph:

"*Henri! Henri! Les Boches s'en vont! Les Boches s'en vont!*" She shouted the opprobrious name with a wild indifference to the German soldiers in the courtyard. "They are going everywhere—everywhere!"

The farmer listened to the first few sentences of the old woman who had brought the news. Then, reinvigorated with an incredible hope, he dashed to the gateway.

The street was blocked with the long column of field artillery, immobile until some obstruction in the town was cleared. The limbers were piled high with packages; the gunners who sat upon them were gloomy and silent, their long pipes hanging from their mouths. Behind them the road to the westward was packed with troops. On parallel roads he saw the dust of marching columns. A dense smoke was welling out of the isolated farmhouse in the near distance.

Coupled with the old woman's intelligence these signs were decisive. He flung his arm into the air, forgetting his pain.

German Barbarities

"It is the retreat!" he cried. "The retreat at last! Come all of you and look! The retreat!"

He could find no other words to express his joy. The entire household crowded round him at the gateway. Even Marie-Louise toddled out, clutching at her mother's hand.

The old woman who had brought the news began to sob and recommenced the recital of her wrongs. It was her farmhouse that was now whelmed in dense smoke yonder.

"I am ruined!" she moaned. "Ruined!"

"Ruined!" cried the farmer. "So am I. But what matters? What does anything matter? They are retreating—retreating! We shall be France once more—France! *Oh, ma femme!*" He kissed her. "France! France! Freedom!"

At that moment a squad of infantry, led by an officer, came up the street toward them from the town, just finding room to pass by the stationary artillery.

The squad halted at a sharp word of command. The group of peasants at the gateway, intoxicated with the prospect of deliverance, scarcely saw them, perceived only the long columns heading eastward. Only Marie, the servant, giggled at the *Gefreite* Hans Kellner, stolid in the near ranks.

The officer barked out his orders.

"Kellner! Take two men! Escort that man to the square!" He pointed at the farmer.

The *Gefreite* Hans Kellner stepped out of the ranks.

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Leutnant!*" he said, and saluted.

A moment later the farmer found himself in the powerful grasp of two soldiers. The shriek from his wife was simultaneous.

"March!" cried Kellner, raising his rifle.

The farmer stared round him in horror and despair, stunned by this pitiless reversal of fortune. The blue sky seemed black. His eyes rested on the flashing bayonet, the ugly little dark hole of the rifle muzzle close against his face. The menace held them fascinated.

With a wild cry his wife sprang at the *gefreite*, clutching at his weapon.

"*Et toi, Hans Kellner! Qu'est-ce que tu penses à faire?*" She used the second person singular, as she would to a servant, to this man whom she had many times ordered to chop wood and to perform a dozen other menial tasks.

The German thrust her from him with a violent hand. He bulked huge, stolid, terribly impersonal.

"March!" he commanded, and there was no disputing the order.

Like a condemned man the farmer moved away between his guards. With another shriek his wife threw herself at the officer and clamored: "Why? Why? Why? What are they going to do?" She fell on her knees to him.

The officer turned his back on her as though she did not exist, issued further orders to his squad. The young woman got up, panting, wild-eyed. She was unaware that she held the tiny Marie-Louise tightly clutched by the hand. She saw her husband disappearing down the street, along the endless line of guns and limbers where the artillerymen sat aloft, immobile like barbaric gods, cruelly indifferent. She sprang after him, dragging the now whimpering child by the hand. In a haze of perception she heard her old mother cursing the German officer behind her.

The three Germans and their prisoner marched steadily down the long street into the town. Other captives preceded them, and others were brought out of the houses as they passed. Mme. Delavigne hastened to keep up, deaf to the cries of Marie-Louise, pulled off her feet.

They reached the square just as the artillery commenced to move again. At its farther end was a mass of male civilians, guarded by German soldiers with fixed bayonets. Covering the mass were two machine guns on their low tripods. The men who squatted by the weapons ready to work them laughed to one another at the comic despair of some of the men in the crowd.

At the near end of the square was a mass of women, soldiers walking up and down in front of them, shouting at the females in exasperation at the shrieks and cries. Between the two masses was a group of superior officers, calmly chatting. One, who had seated himself on the head of the prostrate statue, was flicking dust from his riding boots.

The farmer was led across the square toward the mass of his compatriots. His wife dodged a German soldier and essayed to follow him. Instantly a rough grasp fastened upon her shoulder and pulled her back. She strove toward her husband, fighting like a wildcat with her one free hand.

"Henri! Henri!" she shrieked.

The captive, firmly held by his guards, turned his head with an effort.

"*Adieu, ma femme!*" he shouted. "*Adieu!* Be brave!" She had a last glimpse of his face.

The young woman felt herself dragged away, heard a brutal voice shouting guttural threats into her ear. A piercing cry from Marie-Louise brought her to realization of the little one whose hand she grasped. The child was torn away from her. She let it go in the infant's yell of pain at the strain upon the tiny arm. An instant later the mother was flung violently into the mass of weeping women. She saw the child carried, kicking and struggling, by a burly German soldier, to the corner of the square. She fainted.

Families Separated

In the center the group of German superior officers continued their calm conversation. One replied to a question.

"No," he said. "They go to quite different destinations—the men to one place, the women to another."

The entire group turned to watch the first batch of male civilians marched off to the railway station. Hans Kellner stolidly marched his men up the hill again to the farmstead. On the road they passed Marie, the servant, weeping hysterically, being pushed along with several other distracted women toward the square. Their conductors joked at them in debased French. The *gefreite* reported to his officer, was received with a curt nod.

"And the woman?" asked the lieutenant.

"With the other women in the square, *Herr Leutnant.*"

"So! I expected that. Pity the servant did not go as well. It would have saved an escort." He gave further orders.

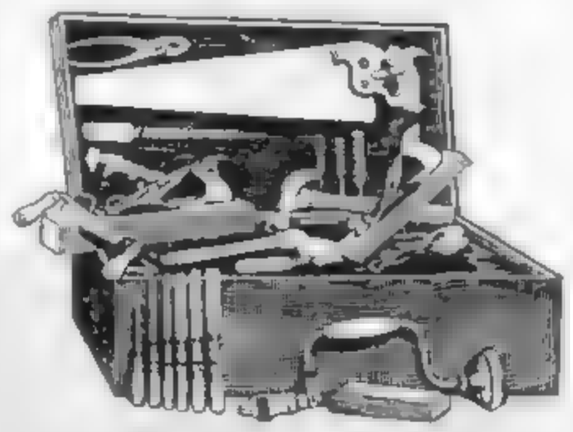
As the *gefreite* entered the courtyard the old grandmother sprang at him, held him with gripping fingers. Her face was startling in its wild despair.

"Marie-Louise!" she shrieked. "Marie-Louise! Where is she?"

(Concluded on Page 70)

Spare the

and Spoil the



RUST is the ruination of good tools.

3-in-One Oil positively prevents rust. Use it regularly and often. Then your tools will keep bright and clean—work smoothly and easily—hold sharp edges longer. Every tool in your kit needs

3-in-One

The High Quality Tool Oil

Lubricates perfectly the action parts of automatic tools. Never—*never*—gums or collects dirt as inferior oils do.

Put a little 3-in-One on a soft cloth. Rub over all your edge tools both before and after using. Rust can't form if you do this. Wipe saw blades—makes 'em work fine and dandy. Clean and polish the wooden handles, too.

A few drops of 3-in-One on your oilstone makes the sharpening of small cutting tools quicker and easier. Try it.

3-in-One Oil is sold at all good stores in 50c, 25c, 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE

The 3-in-One Dictionary tells of a great many other valuable uses. Write us for a copy—and a liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil—both sent free.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
165 BWY. Broadway. New York

A8

Westinghouse

SMALL MOTORS FOR HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES

W

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Modern Ways for Modern Days

Cooking over a hot stove, treadling a sewing machine, ironing with irons that must be heated by flame and changed every few minutes—these old-fashioned methods of doing household tasks are rapidly taking their place with the tallow candle, the spinning-wheel and a legion of other antiquated devices.

Never wholly satisfactory or efficient, they are steadily retreating before modern methods made possible by applying electricity to the needs of the household.

What up-to-date woman doesn't want up-to-date labor-saving, time-saving, money-saving means of doing her household duties?

What up-to-date woman wouldn't value as a Christmas gift a Westinghouse Electric Iron, which is always ready at the turn of a switch, which doesn't have to be heated over a flame and which stays hot; a Westinghouse Sew-Motor, which makes an electric machine of any ordinary sewing-machine; or a Westinghouse Toaster-Stove and Percolator, which enable her to cook at the table?

And these are but a few of many Westinghouse and Westinghouse-Equipped appliances for Christmas gifts. They're no less handsome because they're useful and made to last, nor expensive though they're so desirable.

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC WARE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

New Gifts to Lighten Old Tasks

Look over this list of Westinghouse Christmas gifts, then see them at any Westinghouse dealer's. Sold by light and power companies, electrical dealers, department and hardware stores:

Toaster-Stove—A complete table stove that will broil meat, fry eggs, ham or potatoes, make griddle cakes and toast—in short, do the work of a double-burner gas stove. Price $7.00. (Prices of all articles listed here slightly higher in the West and South and in Canada.)

Turnover Toaster—Makes two pieces of toast at a time and turns it at a touch of a little knob, preventing burning of fingers. Toast is crisp and hot when wanted, and no more need be made than is really desired. Price $5.50.

Percolator—Not only convenient but also unusually satisfactory as a means of making good coffee. Begins to operate in less than one minute after current is turned on. Prices $8.00 to $13.00.

Irons—Eliminate the stove and changing of irons. Make possible ironing anywhere there's a lamp socket. Three sizes, 3-lb., 6-lb., and 8-lb. Prices $4.00 to $6.50.

Curling Iron—No woman's dressing table is completely equipped without an electric curling iron. Requires no flame. Clean and economical. Price $4.50.

Sew-Motor—A small motor that attaches to any sewing-machine and makes treadling unnecessary. Runs a day for a few cents' worth of current. Price $16.50.

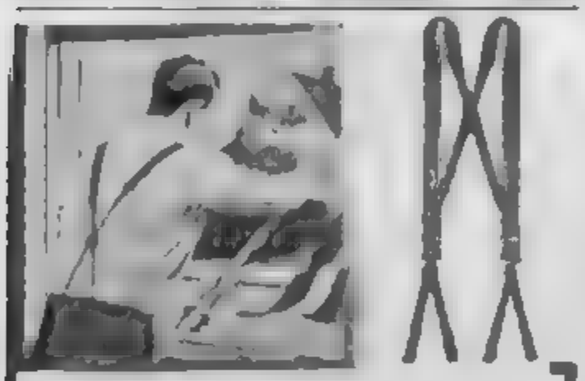
Milk-Warmer—A gift the mother of an infant will appreciate. It's the most convenient way to warm the baby's milk. Price, including bottle and nipple, $8.50.

Warming Pad—A big improvement over the hot-water bottle. No water to leak out or get cold. Heat regulator keeps it constantly warm and makes it entirely safe. Made in two sizes. Prices $4.50 and $8.00.

Polishing and Sharpening Motor—Cleans the silverware in a fraction of the time required by the usual method. Quickly puts a keen edge on the household cutlery and performs other services. Prices $42.00 to $65.00.

Those desiring more expensive gifts should see the Westinghouse Automatic Electric Range—a present any woman would prize.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.



KADY SUSPENDERS

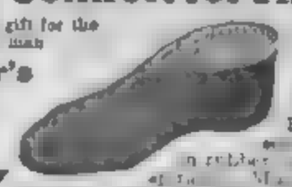
Worn by men of action, permit perfect freedom of movement. They make trousers hang just right, cannot strain or pull when you stoop or lean. The famous double crown roller makes the KADY supreme for comfort and style.

Buy a pair, wear a week, and if you are not satisfied, dealer will return money.

Avoid substitutes, look for name KADY on buckles. 50 cents and 75 cents at leading dealers'.

THE OHIO SUSPENDER CO., Mansfield, Ohio

Snug Comfort for Tired Feet



A seasonable gift for the army or navy man

Parker's Arctic Socks

Warm, soft, healthful for bed or chair. In all sizes at dealers or sent post-paid for 50 cents a pair

J. H. PARKER CO., Dept. F, 25 JAMES ST., MALDEN, MASS.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for list of inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our free books sent free. Send sketch for Free report as to patentability.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

(Concluded from Page 67)

The German stared at her stupidly for an instant. The child?

"*Zais bas!*" he said brutally, and wrenched himself away from her.

The old woman screamed, rushed toward the gateway. German soldiers barred her exit.

Within the house the men lately billeted upon the premises were working joyously at their task of destruction. Laughing faces appeared at the windows as they flung out articles of furniture and clothing. Other men were dragging out straw from the barns, mingling it in a great heap with the furniture thrown into the courtyard.

The old woman, endowed suddenly with the fierce energy of the insane, rushed from one group to another, hampering though she did not stay their work. Exasperated by this annoyance, some of the soldiers seized her, forced her into a chair that had been flung into the courtyard, tied her into it. But her tongue was not stilled. Her vociferation grew unbearable. They gagged her. She sat there, bound, a towel across the lower part of her face, gazing at them as they sprinkled oil liberally over the heap and about the barns and house. The fire commenced with choking volumes of smoke.

The Drunken Destroyers

The three battalions labored furiously in an orgy of destruction. They worked in little groups, hacking, smashing, applying the torch. Slaughtered animals encumbered the courtyards of the houses on the outskirts. Dogs dashed down the streets, yelping in panic, their tails between their legs. Heavy explosions shook the air and earth. Great masses of smoke rose above the roofs, rolled down the streets. There was an incessant fusillade from rifle cartridges left by careless soldiers in their blazing billets. The Germans shouted and laughed at the constant reports, blurred to personal danger by their libations at the broached wine casks, the snatched bottles from the litter of broken glass on the floors of the shops. The calmly strutting officers permitted the orgy to the point of recklessness, checked it where recklessness might have passed into incapacity. A haze of smoke overhung the town and obscured the sun. The fall of the church steeple was seen only by those in the immediate vicinity, though all lifted their heads at its resounding crash.

Through this inferno of smoking broken houses echoing to harsh cries bodies of troops passed interminably eastward at their best pace, halting not, except for a hastily removed obstruction. Battery after battery, long ammunition columns, dashed through at a hand gallop. Infantry, choking and cursing the fumes, poured through in long rivers of muddy field gray, steel helmeted, rifles at the slope. Their officers urged them on with fierce shouts as they turned their heads to glance at the sanitary squads busily polluting the water supply. The first-line transport which followed them was loaded high with domestic articles, hung round with slaughtered poultry. For hour after hour the hurried procession continued.

The trains of cattle trucks, choked full with despairing captives, had long ago left the railway station for their remote destinations. The first maddened scurry of ancient men, of old women, of young children, left behind amid this chaos, had long ceased. Their screams were heard no more. The streets were entirely filled with men in uniform. Those beneath the notice of the retreating conquerors were fleeing blindly over the countryside. Only here and there in dark cellars underneath blazing houses did fear-paralyzed groups of old people still cower. Some of the soldiery made a virtue of turning them out.

Night fell. The town, brick and stone built, did not catch fire readily, but in the lurid glare from houses satisfactorily ablaze groups of smoke-blackened men darted from building to building, insured its complete destruction. Two battalions reported that there was no more to be done, fell in the ranks fitfully illumined from the red-windowed houses in the square, marched out in succession. The third battalion hastened to be finished with its area. Shells, French shells, commenced to wail over and crash among the ruins, an alarming spur to effort. Sharp bursts of rifle fire came disturbingly from the west. The rear guard was in action in close vicinity to the town. A German battery to the eastward sent shells rushing overhead.

The first gray of dawn crept into the sky, not perceptible through the pall of smoke, as Hans Kellner's battalion formed its ranks in the square. The *gefreite* settled himself "at ease" between his comrades, waiting for the commands. In the interval he looked round him and saw the prostrate statue, now abandoned in the center. A half-linked thought flitted into his mind. Marie-Louise? What had happened to her? He did not retain it, but sprang sharply to attention at the word of command and stood stiff and stolid. A moment later the battalion was in column of route, was marching out of the square.

Hans Kellner was in the rear company of the battalion. Individually fatigued though they were, the men seemed to derive new strength from their corporate association, in grateful contrast to their scattered toil. The battalion swung onward like one man, with powerful strides, hurrying to leave behind it the horror of the ravaged town. The wailing, crashing French shells arrived more frequently; the German battery behind the town banged away vigorously as they approached it, smiting their ears with the double detonations of its discharges, lighting up the sky with broad white flashes. This fitful illumination helped the battalion to cross the planks which bridged the wide, deep trenches excavated from side to side of the road. The rear guard, when it finally withdrew from the town, would remove those bridges.

The battalion tramped on. The eastern sky, toward which they marched, grew lighter. But the night had not yet lifted. Looking back, a dark sky was suffused with a ruddy reflection. Fierce rifle fire crackled, rippled, leaped to smashing volleys behind them. Distant machine guns hammered loudly with viciously rapid strokes. The German battery, which they had now passed, answered the evidently increasing numbers of French guns with sharp loud reports, single now that they were no longer in front of its muzzles, regularly and quickly repeated, incessant. The battalion marched on with the comfortable feeling that the fight was behind them, receding with every beat of its thousand boots upon the road.

Suddenly it halted, remained stationary for so many minutes that an anxiety rose in every man, was communicated to his fellows as they listened to the savagely vehement rifle fire behind them. An order was passed down the column confirming their augury. The battalion turned right about, its direction reversed. Hans Kellner's company was now at the head of the column. He heard the hollow hoof beats of the major's horse as the commander cantered down the road to take up his new position in front. A sharp order and the battalion was once more in motion. This time they marched toward that near ruddy glow in the sky, toward the menace of the fiercely crackling rifles. They scanned the dark horizon with questioning eyes. Men in that long, somber succession of ranks shifted their packs with an uneasy movement of the shoulders—felt suddenly hungry.

The Turn of the Tide

They descended into the town and scrambled once more over the precarious bridges spanning the trenches across the road. The battery behind them banged away rapidly. They prayed inwardly that it might not cease. The battalion halted once more in the gutted square, eerie with its faint reflections upon skeletal walls from glowing red heaps within. The commander gave his orders. The *hauptmann* commanding Kellner's company barked out his excerpt from them. The company ascended the hill to the westward, along the main road by which the bulk of the troops had retreated. The men cast unquiet glances at the shattered houses on either hand. The French shells rushing to burst among the ruins seemed each one vindictively accurate as it approached.

The company halted. The subaltern officers received their final orders, returned to their sections. Once more upon the march Hans Kellner turned into that gateway where, not twenty-four hours before, he had sunned himself with Marie-Louise perched upon his shoulder. The barns on either side of it were now mere glowing heaps, hot to the face as he passed between them. The farmhouse beyond was a mass of charred rafters studded with spots of red fire vivid in the gloom. His squad was halted in the courtyard; the remainder of the section passed on.

A sergeant led them to their position, just outside the smoking wreck of a line of stables, fronting the dark night westward. The men lay down, sheltered more or less by heaps of bricks. The sergeant left them to contemplate the invisible rifle fire, now loud and near, in front of them. Hans Kellner turned himself, looked back and saw the ghostily glimmering white trunks of the silent orchard wounded unto death.

Suddenly a memory lodged itself in his mind, haunting him as he lay there waiting the moment for action. It was the memory of the old woman, bound, gagged, in a chair in the courtyard just behind him. He wondered. He had not seen her. But then he had not looked, had not remembered her. What if she were still there, helpless—the fight to surge round her at any moment? He tried to dismiss the thought, vaguely feeling it an unworthy weakness, but failed. At last, impelled as by a decision emanating from without himself, he rose and crept back into the courtyard.

He found her. She sat there, beyond a glowing smoking heap, her eyes glaring, terrible in her silent immobility among this ruin. Shrinking from her in a curious fear he cut her free. She sat for a moment or two, numbed. Her body seemed dead, only her eyes alive. He stood beside her, fascinated; pushed her to assure himself that she yet lived. On the instant, with a wild effort, a horrid cry, she sprang at his face. Startled into self-defense he felled her headlong to the ground.

What the French Found

He had scarcely settled himself again shoulder to shoulder with his comrades behind the heaps of bricks when he heard a torrent of hoof beats, a wild rush of cavalrymen in panic gallop upon the main road to his left. They swept past, like *wilde jäger* pursued by demons, down into the town. Behind them the rifle fire burst out loud and prolonged. Hans Kellner saw sharp spurts of flame leap out away in the darkness into which he gazed. Bullets cracked above his head. The French were pressing very close. He looked up to see his officer standing behind him, rose at his word.

"Kellner, you are in command of this squad! There will be no retreat. You will die at your post!"

Hans Kellner saluted.

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Leutnant!*" he said simply.

The officer passed on.

Suddenly Kellner thought he saw shadowy figures advancing across the field in front of him. He steadied himself into a firing position after one brief glance behind him, where, he thanked God, the fire in the farmhouse had died down into darkness. He pulled trigger with the rest in one long, irregular volley from the company stretched far to right and left of him. The spurts of flame, the rapid detonations continued, were supported by the quick, loud hammering of a machine gun; were answered by similar spurts, similar detonations from the darkness in front. After a few minutes the tumult subsided. Single shots preceded an uncanny silence.

In that silence Hans Kellner suddenly jumped with superstitious terror. A voice wailed mournfully "Marie-Louise! Marie-Louise!" in a long-drawn cry. He half raised himself, glanced back at the farmhouse. A bright glow rose from it. With the first hostile shot he understood in a flash that he was fatally silhouetted.

The victorious Frenchmen surging over the wrecked stables into the courtyard found an insane old woman raking among a heap of embers seeking Marie-Louise.

Down Goes Gasoline Cost!

And Up Goes Per-Gallon Mileage—Guaranteed!

SUPPORTED by the official test figures of the American Automobile Association itself and the voluntary testimony of thousands of motorists who have had their gasoline cost wonderfully reduced, the Wilmo Manifold brings you a new gasoline efficiency and economy that you can actually count in good dollars and cents.

The impartial A. A. A. figures show 42% to 54% increased mileage. Some users are getting more.

And, with it all, the Wilmo insures a far livelier getaway—particularly in cold weather—a smoother running car, an engine practically free from carbon (unexploded gasoline), vibration greatly lessened, every drop of gasoline made to deliver all the power that Nature put into it.

The Wilmo Manifold is a simple casting in one piece that takes the place of both exhaust pipe and intake manifold. Installed in a few minutes. No holes to bore. Becomes a part of the engine itself—not an accessory—no moving parts—nothing to watch. See illustrations to right.

It saves gasoline and increases mileage by utilizing the intense heat of the exhaust to superheat and completely vaporize the fuel mixture. This, in turn, enables you to reduce the fuel supply by cutting down the carburetor. *Saving is insured at the outset.*

Manufacturers of high-priced cars have spent fortunes in the attempt to vaporize gasoline before it enters the cylinders and so secure the greater power and mileage which the Wilmo provides at so trifling a cost. Vaporized gasoline means more miles, less wear and tear.

And, whatever the grade of gasoline, the Wilmo makes certain the same mileage increase.

You need a Wilmo on your car—particularly in these days of low grade gasoline and ever rising gasoline price. In one season it will pay for itself times over.

If your dealer does not carry the Wilmo, order direct, giving his name. Give model and make of your car.

The Wilmo Manifold is a simple casting, combining in one piece the exhaust pipe and intake manifold.

1. Air and gas pass into mixing chamber in regular way.
2. Exhaust from cylinders heats dividing wall (3)
3. Hot dividing wall between exhaust and intake chambers of Manifold.
4. One of intake portholes at which the gasoline is superheated and completely vaporized by heat from hot dividing wall (3).
5. Outlet to muffler through which exhaust gas passes, free from carbon.
6. One of bolt holes for quick installing

Wilmo Manifold on Ford. Note accessibility to valve adjustments. No holes to bore. Applied with a monkey-wrench.

Some Remarkable A. A. A. Tests

On December 4th, 1916, tests were made at Mishawaka, Indiana, to demonstrate the efficiency of the Wilmo Manifold. A Ford Touring Car and a Studebaker Six were used. The official technical representative of the American Automobile Association conducted the tests.

Test No. 1 Ford Touring Car, with standard factory equipment, carrying three passengers. Car had already run over 20,000 miles. Fuel—Gasoline. Average speed during test, 20 miles per hour

19 6-10 miles to the gallon were obtained with standard equipment.

When equipped with the Wilmo Manifold, 28 miles to the gallon were obtained—increased mileage per gallon of over 44 per cent.

Conditions of each test identical.

Test No. 2 Same Ford Touring Car. Fuel, 50-50 kerosene and gasoline mixture.

A start could not even be made on this mixture with standard equipment.

26 6-10 miles to the gallon were obtained equipped with the Wilmo Manifold. Perfect combustion—no smoke, no vapor, no odor and a sweet running motor.

36 6-10 per cent. greater mileage on a half and half mixture with the Wilmo, as against standard equipment using gasoline only.

Test No. 3 Studebaker Six, with top and windshield up, and side curtains. Three passengers. Total weight, 3570 pounds.

Fuel, gasoline.

10 6-10 miles to the gallon were obtained with standard equipment.

16 4-10 miles to the gallon were obtained with the Wilmo Manifold a gain of 5 8-10 miles, or over 54 per cent.

Conditions of each test identical.

In addition to an immediate getaway when the Wilmo Manifold was used, there was also a notably smoother running of both motors, due to perfect combustion of the vaporized fuel.

Present Wilmo Sizes and Prices

Ford—T	$ 8.50	*Overland—83	$ [illegible]
Maxwell—25	9.50	*Overland—80	12.50
Buick—4-34-29	10.00	Oakland—6-30	12.50
Overland—90-96-75	10.00	*[illegible]—6-[illegible]45	15.00
Studebaker—17-4	10.00	*Studebaker—17-6	15.00
Saxon—6	10.00	*Present production limited on models marked*	

Convincing Statements of Wilmo Users

"This Ford car, equipped with a Wilmo, in city use, is making 30 miles per gallon of gasoline."
(Signed) Lincoln Holland,
1011 S. L. A. St., Los Angeles, Cal.

"I am using gasoline and kerosene in equal parts and am getting 24 miles to the gallon with a Wilmo. Ford car used."
(Signed) J. B. Guzzardo,
1112½ Washington Ave., Houston, Tex.

"I recently made a thirty-six mile trip on one gallon of gasoline, with a Ford and Wilmo Manifold."
(Signed) Joseph Temple,
Adams Express Co., St. Louis, Mo.

"As near as we can say we are getting 30 miles on short hauls, and 35 miles on long, per gallon—Ford delivery cars."
(Signed) Gockley Hardware Co.,
612-14 W. Pico St., Los Angeles, Cal.

"We find that where formerly we were using five gallons of gasoline every two days—in a Ford delivery truck—we are now getting three days' run from five gallons, using the Wilmo."
(Signed) Ruthbun-Grant Printing Co.,
Chicago, Ill.

"With a Studebaker Car, Wilmo equipped, I ran at the rate of 17.8 miles to a gallon, an approximate increase in mileage of 78 per cent.
(Signed) J. J. Studer,
The Travelers' Insurance Company,
Toledo, Ohio.

"As against standard equipment, the mileage increased 60½% with a Wilmo, or at the rate of 28 miles per gallon—Ford Roadster."
(Signed) F. J. Reppenhagen,
Mgr. Auto Dept., Geller, Ward & Hasner Hdw. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

"Our weekly fuel records, which are most accurate, show that prior to the installation of the Wilmo Manifold on Maxwell-25 car, the car averaged 14 miles per gallon. The corresponding record for the two weeks after the Wilmo Manifold was installed showed 22 miles to the gallon."
(Signed) R. F. Taylor Corporation,
1457 Broadway, New York.

"I am not only getting 32 miles on a gallon of gasoline in cold weather (Ford), but the engine runs easier with less noise and less vibration.
(Signed) L. F. Willard,
93 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

"Have used a Wilmo on my Ford for over a year. It has paid for itself several times over. It not only saves gasoline but makes the motor more flexible and to run more evenly in cold weather."
(Signed) F. H. Beers,
Fallen Timber, Pa.

"On a Ford we have constantly noted an increase of from 5 to 6 miles more per gallon of gasoline."
(Signed) Heineman Bros., Inc.,
217-21 Washington St., New York.

"I put a Wilmo Manifold on my Ford and at once ran the mileage up to 26 and 28, generally 28, with carbon minimized and the life of the lubricating oil greatly lengthened."
(Signed) R. F. Glenn,
Albion, Pa.

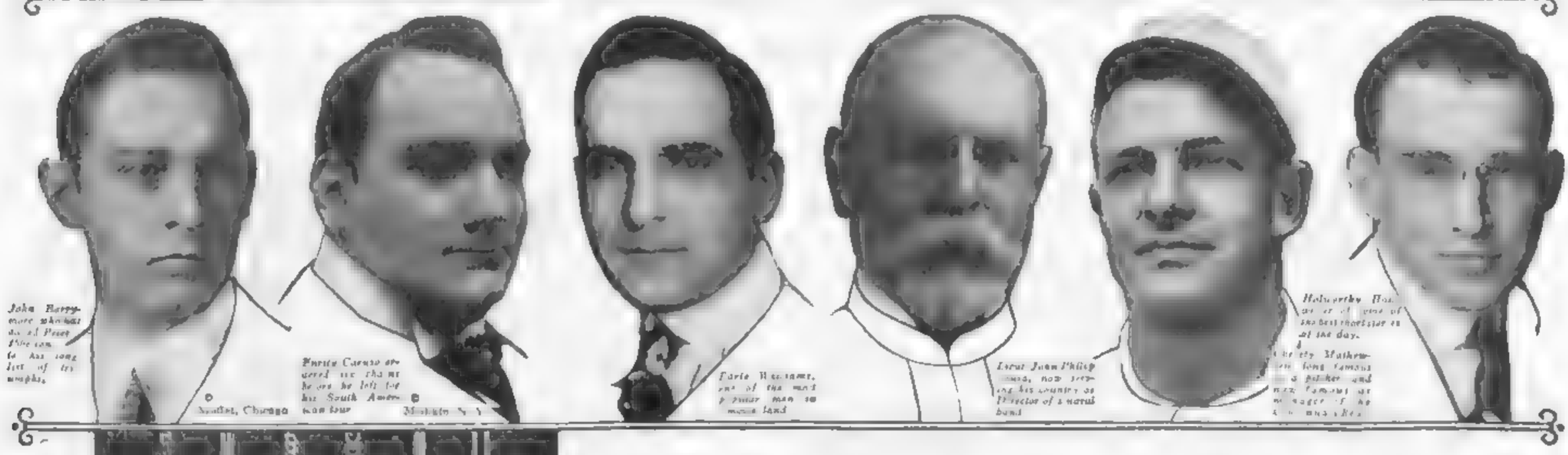
THE WHITTIER COMPANY, 2332 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Pacific Coast Distributors · AUTOMOBILE NECESSITIES CO., 1141 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

Wilmo Manifold

Dealers: Write for Interesting Sales Proposition

If your jeweler has not yet put these chains in stock, and you will send us his name, we will send postpaid any chain you select, attractively boxed as illustrated, direct from factory on receipt of price.



Which of these chains do *you* prefer?

They were chosen by six of America's most famous men

How does your taste agree with that of Enrico Caruso?

You can get a pretty good idea if you examine the Simmons Chain selected by Caruso as his favorite.

Perhaps Caruso's choice will fail to strike your fancy. Perhaps the design selected by Lieut. John Philip Sousa or Christy Mathewson will offer more of an appeal. Or maybe you will prefer the selection of John Barrymore, of Holworthy Hall or of Earle Williams.

Examine each one of these chains and see whose choice you endorse. It is interesting to note just how the tastes of these six famous men compare with your own.

Why these men wear Simmons Chains

Each of the men pictured on this page has earned for himself a place at the forefront of his particular profession. In attaining success he has learned to discriminate, to choose according to genuine merit, *to be satisfied only with the best*—not, necessarily, the most expensive.

So in selecting a chain for his personal use he was justified in choosing from the Simmons patterns. For Simmons Chains include a wide variety of styles, each style perfect in its workmanship, and priced reasonably.

Why you will like Simmons Chains better than any others

When you first see Simmons Chains at your jewelers you, too, will be pleased at the wide variety of styles from which you have to choose. You will like the masterly workmanship and the perfect finish of Simmons Chains. You will be pleasantly surprised at their inexpensiveness.

Simmons Chains wear better than similar chains, because they are more carefully made. A special process, developed by years of experiment, gives to the hard gold surface of Simmons Chains superior wear-resisting properties.

Besides the straight-across-the-vest styles, known as Waldemars, Simmons Chains include regular vest chains, with seal or locket; lapel chains; silk fobs for evening wear; and metal fobs for everyday wear.

Ask your jeweler to show you Simmons Chains

Next time you go to your jeweler ask him to show you Simmons Chains. He will be glad to exhibit the styles chosen by these six famous men, and the many other Simmons patterns, too.

Simmons Chains are so moderate in price that you can easily afford two or three chains to wear on different occasions, just as Enrico Caruso and Holworthy Hall do.

Simmons Chains make the finest sort of Christmas gift for any man or boy. Be sure to see them when you do your Christmas shopping.

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY
Attleboro, Massachusetts
Established 1873

SIMMONS CHAINS

Chosen by Famous Men

BACK TO THE LAND

(Continued from Page 19)

It was after having such a dream that I figured myself as getting into George Creel's Despair Association by virtue of having to stand trial over at White Plains for murder. As a matter of fact, I spared the major; and at last accounts he was still going to and fro in the land, planting slanders on all likely sites. I take it that there is one counterpart for him among every so many human beings; but it is in the country where everyone has a chance to find out everyone's business, and where the excuses of being neighborly and friendly give him opportunity for plying his trade that he is most in evidence.

We joined the Despair Association finally by reason of our water problem. However, that was to come into our lives later. Through the springtime we had more water than we could possibly hope to use, and we focused our attentions and our energies upon hacking a homestead out of the briar patch we had bought.

A painful acre at a time, we cleared lands that once had been cleared. As I may have stated already, forty-odd years of disuse had turned lawn space, garden space and meadow into one conglomerate jungle of towering weeds and tangled thorny underbrush, stretching from the broken fences along the highroad straight back to the dooryard of the moldering tumbledown dwelling. With a gang of men under a competent foreman, and a double team of hired horses, we assaulted that tangle, bringing to the undertaking much of the same ardor and some of the same fortitude which I imagine must have inspired Stanley on the day when he began chopping his way through the trackless wilds of the dark forest to find Doctor Livingston.

It gave one the feeling of being a pioneer and a pathfinder—no, not a pathfinder; a pathmaker—to stand by, superintending in a large, broad, general, perfectly ignorant fashion the job of opening up those thickets of ours to the sunlight that had not visited them for ever so long. Off of one segment of our property, a slope directly behind the main house, we took over four hundred wagonloads of stumps, roots, trunks, boughs and brush—the fruitage of nearly two months of steady labor on the part of men and horses.

The brambles were shorn down and piled in heaps to be burned. The locusts, thousands of them, varying in size from half-grown trees to switchy saplings, were by main force snatched out of the ground bodily. A number of long-dead chestnuts and hickories, great unsightly snags that reared above the uptorn harried earth like monuments to past neglect, were felled and sawed into cordwood lengths and carted away.

The Lost Orchards

What emerged after these things had been done more than repaid us for all our pains. When the rumpled soil had been smoothed back and plowed and harrowed, and sown to grass, and when the grass had sprouted as promptly as it did, there stood forth a dimpling green expanse where before had been a damp, moldy and almost impenetrable tangle, hiding treasure-troves of old tin cans, heaps of rusted and broken farming implements, and here and there the bleached-out bones of a dead cow or a deceased horse.

To our abounding astonishment, we found ourselves the owners of a considerable number of old but healthy apple trees and a whole grove of cherry trees that we hadn't known were there at all, so thoroughly had they been buried in the locusts and the sumacs. It was just like finding them. Indeed, it was finding them.

The old house came down next, with some slight assistance from a crew of wreckers. Being almost ready to come down of its own accord it met them halfway. They had merely to pry into the foundations, hit her a hard wallop in the ribs, and then run for their lives. From the wreckage we reclaimed, out of the cellar, which was pre-Revolutionary, some hand-hewn oak beams in a perfect state of preservation; and out of the upper floors, which were pre-James K. Polk, a quantity of interior trim, along with door frames and window sashes.

Incidentally we dispossessed a large colony of rats and a whole synod of bats, a parish of yellow wasps and a small but active congregation of dissenting cats—half-wild, glary-eyed, roach-backed, mangy cats that resided under the broken flooring. In all there were fourteen of these cats—swift and rangy performers, all of them. One and all, they objected to being driven from home. They hung about the razed wreckage, and by night they convened in due form upon a bare knoll hard by, and held indignation meetings.

Parliamentary disputes arose frequently, with the result that the proceedings might be heard for a considerable distance. I took steps to break up these deliberations, and after several of the principal debaters had met a sudden end—I am a very good wing shot on cats—the survivors saw their way clear to departing entirely from the vicinity. Within a week thereafter the song birds, which until then had been strangely scarce upon the premises, heard the news and began coming in swarms. We put up nesting boxes and feeding shelves, and long before June arrived we had hundreds of feathered boarders and a good many pairs of feathered tenants.

From Barn to Bungalow

One morning in the early part of the month I counted within sight at one time fourteen varieties of birds, including such brilliantly colored specimens as a scarlet tanager and his mate; a Baltimore oriole; a bluebird; an indigo bunting; a chat; and a flicker—called, where I came from, a yellow hammer. Robins were probing for worms in the rank grass; two brown thrashers and a black-billed cuckoo were investigating the residential possibilities of a cedar tree not far away; and from the woods beyond came the sound of a ruffled grouse drumming his amorous fanfare on a log.

Think of what that meant to a man who, for the better part of twelve years, had been hived up in a flat, with English sparrows for company, when he craved a bit of wild life!

What had been a gardener's cottage stood at the roadside a hundred yards away from the site of the main house. On first examination it seemed fit only for the scrap heap; but one of those wise elderly persons who are to be found in nearly every rural community—a genius who was part carpenter, part mason, part painter, part glazier and part plasterer—was called into consultation, and he decided that, given time and material for mending, he might be able to do something with the shell. Modestly he called himself an odd-jobs man; really he was a doctor to decrepit and ailing structures.

From neglect and dry rot the patient was almost gone; but he nursed it back to a new lease on life, trepanning its top with new rafters, splinting its broken sides with new clapboards. He cured the cellar walls of rickets, the roof of baldness, and the inside woodwork of tetter; and he so wrought with hammer and saw and nails, with lime and cement, with paintbrush and putty knife, that presently what had been a most disreputable blot on the landscape became not only a livable little house but an exceedingly picturesque one, what with its wide overhanging gables, its cocky little front veranda, and its new complexion of roughcast stucco.

While this transformation was accomplished in the lower field, we were doing things to the barn up on the hillside. It had good square lines, the barn had; and, though its outer casing was in a woeful state of nonrepair, its frame, having been built sixty or seventy years back of splendid big timbers, stood straight and unskewed. Thanks to the ability of our architect to dream an artistic dream and then to create it, this structure, without impairment of its general lines and with no change at all in its general dimensions, presently became a combination garage and bungalow.

The garage part was down below, occupying the space formerly given over to horse stalls and cow sheds. Here, also, a furnace room, a laundry and a servant's room were built in. Above were the housekeeping quarters—three bedrooms; two baths; a big living hall, with a wide-mouthed fireplace in it; a kitchen, and a pantry. This floor had been the haymow; but I'll warrant that if any of the long-vanished hay which once rested there could have returned it wouldn't have known the old place.

The roof of the transmogrified mow was sufficiently high to permit the construction

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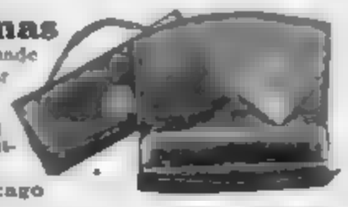

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One good taste deserves another. There are eighteen good tasting candies in a package of

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of a roomy attic, with accommodations for one sleeper at one end of it, and ample storage space besides.

At the back of the building, where the teams had driven in, a little square courtyard of weathered brick was laid; a roof of rough Vermont slate was laid on in an irregular splotchy pattern of buff and yellow and black squares; and finally, upon the front, at the level of the second floor, the builder hung on a little Italian balcony, from which on clear days, looking south down the Hudson, we have a forty-mile stretch of landscape and waterscape before us.

On the nearer bank, two miles away, the spires of the market town show above the tree tops; on the further bank, six miles away, the rumpled blue outlines of the Ramapo Hills bulk up against the sky line; and back of those hills are sunsets such as ambitious artists try, more or less unsuccessfully, to put on canvas.

All this had not cost so much as it might have, because all the interior trim, all the doors and windows, and all the studs and joists and beams had been reclaimed from the demolished main building. The chief extravagances had been a facing of stonework for the garage front and a stucco dress for the upper walls. We broke camp and moved in.

For a month or so after that we went along swimmingly. One morning we quit swimming. All of a sudden we woke up to find there was no longer sufficient water for aquatic pastimes.

The absolutely unprecedented dry spell that occurs every second or third year in this part of the North Temperate Zone had descended upon us, taking us, as it were, unawares. The brooks were going dry; the grass on hillsides where the soil was thin turned from a luscious green to a parched brown; and the mother spring of our seven up the valley, which had gushed so plenteously, had diminished overnight, as it were, into a puny runlet. There were no indications that the spring would be absolutely dry; but there was every indication that it would continue to diminish in the volume of its output—which it did. We summoned friends and well-wishers into consultation, and by them were advised to dig an artesian well.

We did not want to bother with artesian wells then. We were living very comfortably upstairs over the garage and we were planning the house we meant to build. We had drawn plans, and yet more plans, torn them up and started all over again; and had found doing this to be one of the deepest pleasures of life. Time without end we had conferred with friends who had built houses of their own, and who gave us their ideas of the things which would be absolutely indispensable to our comfort and happiness in our new house. We had incorporated these ideas with a few of our own, and then we had found that if we meant to construct a house which would please all concerned, ourselves included, there would be needed a bond issue to float the enterprise and the completed structure would be about the size of a cathedral. So then we would trim down, paring off a breakfast porch here and a conservatory there, until we had a design for a compact edifice not much larger than an average-sized railroad terminal.

A Home on Wheels

Betweentimes, when not engaged in the pleasing occupation of building our house on paper, we chose the site where it should stand. This, also, consumed a good many days, because each time we decided on a different location. One of our favorite recreations was shifting the house we meant to build about from place to place. We put imaginary wheels under that imaginary home of ours and kept it traveling all over the farm. The trouble with us was we had too much latitude. With half an acre of land at our disposal, we should have been circumscribed by boundary lines. On half an acre you have to be reasonably definite about where you are going to build; slide too far one way or the other, and you are committing trespass, and litigation ensues. But we had sixty acres from which to pick and to choose—sixty acres, with desirable sites scattered all over the tract.

No sooner had we absolutely and positively settled on one spot as the spot where the house must stand than we would find half a dozen others equally desirable, or even more so; and then, figuratively speaking, we would pick up the establishment and transport it to one of the newly discovered spots, and wheel it round to face in a different direction from the direction in which it had just been facing. If a thing that does not yet physically exist may have sensations, the poor dizzy thing must have felt as if it were a merry-go-round.

Likewise we were very busy putting in our road. Up until a short time ago Miss Anna Peck, who makes a specialty of scaling supposedly inaccessible crags, was probably the only living person who could have derived any pleasure from penetrating to our mountain fastness, either afoot or otherwise. When we heard an engine in difficulties coughing down under the hill, followed by the sound of a tire blowing out, or by the smell of rubber scorching as the brakes clamped into the fabric, we knew some of our friends had been reckless enough to undertake to climb up by motor. So, unless we wanted to become hermits, we felt it incumbent upon us to put in a road.

The Peach-Tree Switch

When we got the estimates on the job we decided that the contractor must have figured on building our road of chalcedony or onyx or moss agate or some other of the semiprecious stones. It didn't seem possible that he meant to use any native material—at that price. It turned out, though, that his bid was fairly moderate—as processed bluestone roads go in this climate; and ours has cost us only about eight times as much as I had previously supposed a replica of the Appian Way would cost. However, it has been pronounced a very good road by critics who should know; not a fancy road, but a fair average one.

It would look smarter, of course, with wide brick gutters down either side of it for its entire length; and I should add brick gutters, too, if I were as comfortably fixed, say, as Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and felt sure that I could get some of the Rockefellers to help me out in case I ran short of funds before the job was completed. Still, for persons who live simply it does very well.

With all these absorbing employments to engage us, we naturally were loath to turn our attentions to water. We had lived too long in a flat where, when you wanted water, you merely turned a faucet. To us water had always been a matter of course. But now the situation was different. With each succeeding day the flow from our spring was slackening. In its present puniness it was no more than a reminder of the brave stream of the springtime.

There was a water witch, so called, in the neighborhood—a gentleman water witch. We were recommended to avail ourselves of his services. It was his custom, we were told, to arm himself with a forked peach-tree switch and walk about over the land, holding the wand in front of him by its two prongs, meantime muttering strange incantations. When he came to a spot where water lay close to the surface the other end of his divining rod would dip magically toward the earth. You dug there, and if you struck water the magician took the credit for it; and if you didn't strike water it was a sign the peach-tree switch had wilfully deceived its proprietor, and he cut a fresh twig off another and more dependable tree and gave you a second demonstration at half rates. However, before opening negotiations with this person, I bethought me to interview the man who had contracted to do the boring.

The latter gentleman proved to be the most noncommittal man I ever met in my life. He was as chary about making predictions as to the result of operations in his line as the ticket agent of a jerkwater railroad down South is about estimating the probable time of arrival of the next passenger train—always conceding that there is to be any next train; and that is as chary as any human being can possibly be. Only upon one thing was he positive, which was that no peach-tree switch in the world could be educated up to the point where it could find water that was hidden underground.

Man and boy, he had been boring wells for thirty years, he said; and it was all guess. One shaft would be put down—at three dollars a foot—until it pierced the roof of Tophet, and the only resultant moisture would be night sweats for the unhappy party who was footing the bills. Or the same prospector might dig his estate so

(Concluded on Page 77)

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WHAT IS IT that makes the music of a great organ so appealing on Christmas morn? It is not that the music itself is more beautiful than at other times nor that the instrument is more eloquent. It is simply that you hear your own Christmas spirit re-echo in every note. It is as if you yourself were up in the organ loft presiding at the keyboard. The music is in tune with you and you with it. Composer, organist, organ and congregation are as one.

Think of the pleasure of having equally satisfying music in your own home on Christmas day and every day thereafter. This heartfelt joy can be yours and your family's by selecting as your gift to them and yourself

The Manualo

The Player-Piano that is All but Human
The Instrument You Were Born to Play

You can play your Christmas spirit into its music as successfully as the organist sends it from the organ pipes. As the air currents in the organ convey the organist's musical wishes to every note, so do the air currents in the Manualo move *in sympathy* with the performer's musical feeling as expressed *instinctively* to the pedals, and *make the instrument play exactly as that feeling directs.*

Whoever plays the Manualo, whether a child or an adult, a musician or one who knows not one note from another, whoever sits down to it and pedals *instinctively* cannot help but produce music *completely satisfying* to himself and *always interesting* to his audience because it will be full of his *individuality* and *natural musical feeling.*

It is this ability to play as each performer likes best and to *respond instantly and fully* to each one's instinctively expressed musical feeling that makes the Manualo appreciated by all. Its charm is that it not only gets out of any roll whatever effects are cut into the roll but that *it gives the performer the sensation and satisfaction of putting his own heart and soul into the music.*

THE Manualo is built into four standard pianos of Baldwin make —the Baldwin, the Ellington, the Hamilton, the Howard—and may be had in a wide range of prices.

The Manualo is sold by Baldwin dealers everywhere. Wherever you live we will arrange for you to try it without obligating you in any way.

Before you buy a player-piano you should read the interesting booklet, "The A B C of the Manualo". It is free. Send for it to nearest address below.

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Cincinnati	142 W. Fourth Street
Chicago	323 S. Wabash Avenue
St. Louis	1111 Olive Street
New York	665 Fifth Avenue
Denver	1636 California Street
San Francisco	310 Sutter Street
Indianapolis	18 N. Penn'a Street
Louisville	521 S. Fourth Avenue
Dallas	1911 Elm Street

(Concluded from Page 74)

full of circular holes that it would resemble honeycomb tripe, and never get anything except monthly statements for the work to date. On the other hand, a luckier man, living right across the way, had been known to start sinking a shaft, and before the drill had gone twenty feet it became necessary to remove the women and children to a place of safety until the geyser had been throttled down.

This particular well digger's business, as he himself explained, was digging wells, not filling them after they were dug. He guaranteed to make a hole in the ground of suitable caliber for an artesian well, but Nature and Providence must do the rest. With this understanding, he fetched up his outfit and greased himself and the machinery all over, and announced that he was ready to start.

So we picked out a spot where it would be convenient to build a pump house afterward, and he fixed up the engine and began grinding away. And he ground and ground and ground. Every morning, whistling a cheerful air, he would set his drill in circular motion, and all day he would keep it turning and turning. At eventide I would call on him and he would report progress—he had advanced so many feet or so many yards in a southerly direction and had encountered such and such a formation.

"Any water?" At first I would put the question hopefully, then nervously, and finally for the sake of regularity merely.

"No water," he would reply blithely; "but this afternoon about three o'clock I hit a stratum of the prettiest white quartz you ever saw in your life."

Everything But Water

And, with the passion of the born geologist gleaming in his eye, he would pick up a handful of shining specimens and hold them out for me to admire; but I am afraid that toward the last any enthusiasm displayed by me was more or less forced.

And the next night it would be blue sandstone, or gray mica, or sky-blue schist, or mottled granite, or pink iron ore—or something! This abandoned farm of ours certainly proved herself to be a mighty variegated mineral prospect. In the course of four weeks that six-inch hole brought forth silver and solder, soda and sulphur, borax and soapstone, crystal and gravel, amalgam fillings and a very fair grade of moth balls.

It brought forth nearly everything that may be found beneath the surface of the earth, I think, except radium—and water. On second thought, I am not so sure about the radium. It occurs to me that we did strike a trace of something resembling radium at the two-hundred-foot level—I won't be positive. But I am absolutely sure about the water. There wasn't any.

At the end of a long and expensive month we abandoned that hole, fruitful though it was in mineral wealth, moved the machinery a hundred yards west, and began all over again. We didn't get any water here, either; but before we quit we ran into a layer of wonderful white marble. If anybody ever discovers a way of getting marble for monuments and statuary out of a hole six inches in diameter and a hundred and seventy-five feet deep our fortunes are made. We have the hole and the marble at the bottom of it; all he will have to provide is the machinery.

By now we were desperate, but determined. We sent word to George Creel to send over application blanks for membership in his Despair Association. We transferred the digging apparatus to a point away down in the valley, and the contractor retuned his engine and inserted a new steel drill—his other one had been worn completely out—and we began boring a third time. That was three weeks ago. And last Tuesday—oh, frabjous joy!—we struck water—plenteous oodles of it; cold, clear and pure. And then yesterday we broke ground for our new house—on the original site, which we chose away last spring.

That isn't all—by no means is it all. Free from blight, our potatoes are in the bin; our apples have been picked; and our corn has been gathered, and, in a rich golden store, it fills our new cornerib. We are eating our own chickens and our own eggs, we are drinking milk from our own cow; and we are living on vegetables of our own raising.

Until now I never cared deeply for turnips. Turnips, whether yellow or white, meant little in my life. But now I know that was because they were strange turnips, not turnips which had grown on our own soil and for which I could have almost a paternal affection. Last night for dinner I ate a derby hatful of mashed turnips, size seven and an eighth.

Let the servants quit now if they will—and do. Only the day before yesterday the laundress walked out on us. It was our new laundress, who had succeeded the old laundress, the one who stayed with us for nearly two consecutive weeks before country life palled upon her sensitive spirit. And the day before that we lost a perfect treasure of a housemaid. She disliked something that was said by someone occupying the comparatively unimportant position of a member of the family, and she took umbrage and some silverware and departed from our fireside. We've had our troubles with cooks, too.

When the latest one showed signs of a gnawing discontent I offered to take lessons on the ukulele and play for her in the long winter evenings that are now upon us. I suggested that we think up charades and acrostics—I am very fertile at acrostics—and have anagram parties now and then to while away the laggard hours. But no; she felt the call of the city and she must go. We are expecting a fresh candidate tomorrow. We shall try to make her stay with us, however brief, a pleasant one.

But these domestic upsets are to us as nothing at all; for we have struck water, and we are living, in part at least, on our own home-grown provender, and we have started the home of our dreams. And today something else happened that filled our cup of joy to overflowing. In the middle of the day a dainty little doe came mincing down through our garden just as confidently as though she owned the place.

We are less than an hour by rail from the Grand Central Station; and yet, as I write this line, a lordly cock grouse is strutting proud and unafraid through the undergrowth not fifty yards from my workroom! Last night, when I opened my bedroom window—in the garage—to watch the distant reflection of the New York lights, flickering against the sky to the southward, I heard a dog fox yelping in the woods!

Let Old Major Gloom come over now as often as pleases him. Our chalice is proof against his poison.

We are living the life!

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of articles by Mr. Cobb.

No Hoops Needed

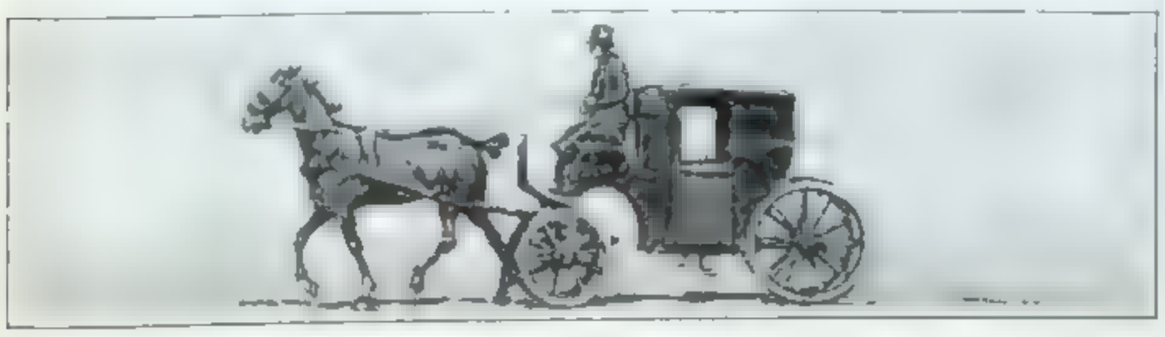
EUGENE COWLES, the singer, hails from a small town in the northern part of Vermont. The hotel owner in that town is noted for his manner of speech. Another local character in the place is an elderly spinster who, as Cowles expresses it, is the most even-tempered person in the state, because she is mad all the time.

One morning Cowles was standing in front of the hostelry in conversation with its proprietor when the lady in question passed. She who was always dour wore this day an especially severe expression. The venerable tavern keeper hailed her.

"Miss Peabody!" he called out.

"What is it?" she asked, cutting her words off short and sharp.

"I was jest thinkin'," drawled the old gentleman, "that 'tain't goin' to be necessary to-day to put hoops on you to keep you frum bustin' out laffin'. That's all! Goo' day!"



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Quality first, because the 600 members of United Jewelers, Incorporated—the Hallmark stores—have so pledged themselves.

Cost of production, reduced through a co-operative system managed by the jewelers themselves, eliminating waste, not a cent of unnecessary expense for distribution or selling.

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You probably know him. He is bound to be a leading dealer, a progressive dealer, a judge of fine jewelry and silverware. Should you not know him, write direct to this office for any merchandise you want. We will tell you where the nearest Hallmark store is located.

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A complete assortment of these wrenches will be found on Billings & Spencer Wrench Boards, displayed in more than 6,000 hardware and motor accessory stores throughout the country.

There is no speculation in purchasing Triangle trademarked tools. You are simply using what mechanics and engineers have relied upon for the past fifty years.

Every tool bearing the Triangle trademark is unconditionally guaranteed. Look for this trademark.

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO. B
HARTFORD, CONN. U. S. A.

MADAME PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 17)

Lieutenant de Pelcher onless she knew to a certainty that he was to be duke? Not on your life, *mon ami;* or me, I am a fool!"

I had to think it over for nearly a minute before I arrived at the natural objection.

"But suppose you're right," I said. "And suppose those other two are dead. Why on earth should Madame Pharaoh be the first to hear about it?"

I think the answer struck Gabrielle at the same moment it occurred to me; for suddenly the blood rushed to her cheeks, and when she spoke she might have been reading my thoughts.

"Leesten, m'sieur," she whispered: "It is what you call an earful, heh? How did Madame Pharaoh know when the grand war was about to commence? How did she know that My Lord Kitchen' was presently due to be drown'—poor thing!—with his look so noble and sad? And how did she know about the submarines—and Russe—and Italy—and all so many things? But wait! We get it nearer yet. How did she know that Colonel Grenier's son was a prisoner at Schwarzfeld? And now—as a grand finale—how does she know that Lieutenant de Pelcher has suddenly become one of the grandest matrimonial catches in France? Heh? Tell me the answer to those."

After all, the answer wasn't difficult.

"Of course, if she hasn't supernatural powers ——" I began.

"Supernatural feedle-feedle," scoffed Gabrielle. "Only *le bon Dieu* knows everything; and why should he whisper his secrets in the ear of Madame Pharaoh? Ah, no, m'sieur. The answer is simpler than that. I will tell you in a word why Madame Pharaoh knows these things. It is because she is a German spy."

"It's going to be hard to prove."

"Perhaps. But when you consider that she has to keep in touch with what is going on across the firing line, perhaps—perhaps ——"

Gradually her whisper faltered and stopped; and when I saw her staring at Madame Pharaoh's table as though fascinated, I also turned to see what was going on. France's famous prophetess had fallen back in her chair in a sort of hypnotic trance and the guests from the surrounding tables had risen and were crowding round her. When the excitement was at its height the man who had accompanied madame rose—he who looked like Irving and whom I now took to be the sibyl's manager.

"Disturb yourselves not, ladies and gentlemen," he said in a deep voice. "Madame Pharaoh is always attacked by these mysterious seizures when the spirit of prophecy is about to descend upon her. To-night perhaps—to-morrow surely—she will have a tremendous revelation to make to the world. In the meantime ——"

With the help of the companion he lifted the rigid body of the prophetess into the waiting wheel chair, and a minute later, moving slowly with a sort of somber majesty, they had disappeared into the darkness outside.

For as long as it might take you to count ten the restaurant was quiet—an unconscious tribute to the old fortune-teller's power—and then, gradually rising at first, a grand burst of excitement broke out, from which on every side I could hear the name and fame of Madame Pharaoh.

"She doesn't need any press agent," I remarked to Gabrielle.

"Ah, no, m'sieur," she replied; and, catching the hardness of her voice, I saw that she was glancing with a stony look at the Lady of the Lilacs, who was smiling with unconcealed satisfaction underneath the marble bust of Napoleon. "They are all what you call her fans," Gabrielle bitterly added. "*N'importe.* To-morrow morning I go and see General Picot. At least they don't fool him. . . . You remember who the general said was Madame Pharaoh's husband?" And, smiling a little at her fancy, my pupil concluded: "I bet you that he didn't know they had a daughter too!"

▼

ALL the next day I was on duty at the Hôtel des Invalides, performing such work as my elbow would allow and thinking a great deal of the events of the night before. It was just before noon when I began to hear of Madame Pharaoh again.

"Have you heard the news, *mon ami?*" excitedly cried Doctor Fontaine, running into the medicine room and flourishing a leaflet in his hand.

"News? What news?" I asked, looking up. "Have they captured the Kaiser?"

"Ah, no, my friend; and I fear they never will," he sadly answered. "Madame Pharaoh has made a prophecy about the end of the war. The authorities are trying to suppress it, but already it is all over Bains."

He showed me the leaflet then, and later I saw one printed in English. It was written in the cryptic doggerel Madame Pharaoh affected; and, though too long to be quoted in full, I can quickly copy the most significant lines:

In nineteen hundred seventeen
The dove of peace will once be seen.
Oh, sad and drear will be the day
If he should chance to fly away.
For if no peace this year appears
The war will last for five more years;
And France, worn out, will then allow
A peace less favorable than now.

It didn't take me long to grasp the effect of those last two lines upon a country already wounded so severely by the war.

"But, Great Scott, doctor," I protested, "the French people are too level-headed to pay any attention to a thing like this, aren't they?"

"M'sieur," he exclaimed, "if this prophecy is read by the Grand Army in France I myself will prophesy that the war is over before the end of the year!"

"You mean they believe in Madame Pharaoh so much as that?"

"*Ah-so-lu-ment!*"

One by one he began to run over some of the wonderful prophecies she had made; and, on my part, I began to see that Doctor Fontaine was also one of the fans. By one o'clock nearly everyone I met had apparently read the prophecy—even the wounded soldiers in their cots. Wherever I turned people were eagerly talking to each other, and wherever I went it seemed to be the universal conviction that the end of the war would quickly follow.

"But wouldn't it be to the enemy's interest to make peace now?" I asked a gray old captain of artillery in one of the wards reserved for *grands blessés.*

"Ah, m'sieur," he solemnly answered, "we must take what we can get." And, though he drew from his memory, he already had it, to the last word:

"For if no peace this year appears
The war will last for five more years;
And France, worn out, will then allow
A peace less favorable than now.

"No, no, m'sieur," he earnestly concluded, while an uneasy hum of approbation ran up and down the ward, "it is just as I tell you: We must take what we can get."

But along toward evening, as I was preparing to leave for the day, Doctor Fontaine, that stormy petrel of rumor, came running into the medicine room again, waving another sheet of paper in the air.

"*Mon Dieu,* doctor!" he cried, more excitedly than before. "Have you heard the news?"

"How now?" I asked. "Another prophecy?"

"No, no, m'sieur! Madame Pharaoh has been arrested as a German agent! Think of that, m'sieur! She and her whole outfit, including a young woman who turns out to be her daughter! Arrested just like common spies and led off by the collar of the neck, lamenting! Oh, a sensation, I promise you, *mon ami!* A sensation that will shake all France!"

As you can guess, I dined that night at the Restaurant Moulin, and it didn't take me many minutes to get there. And while I sat at the favored table Gabrielle told me all about it, her eyes as bright as any diamonds; her nose tiptilted to the angle of breathless romance.

"At first, General Picot didn't take much notice of what I told him," she continued; "but when that poem began to appear he put two and two together, and it smelled

(Concluded on Page 81)

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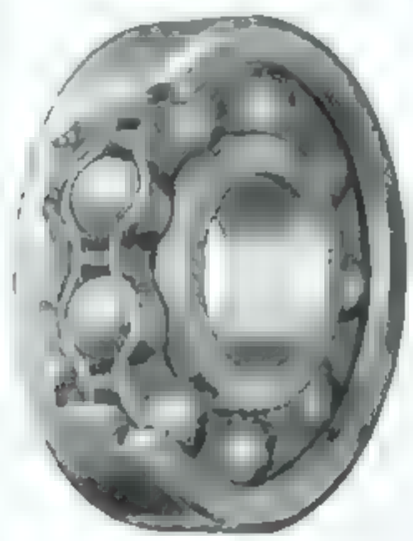

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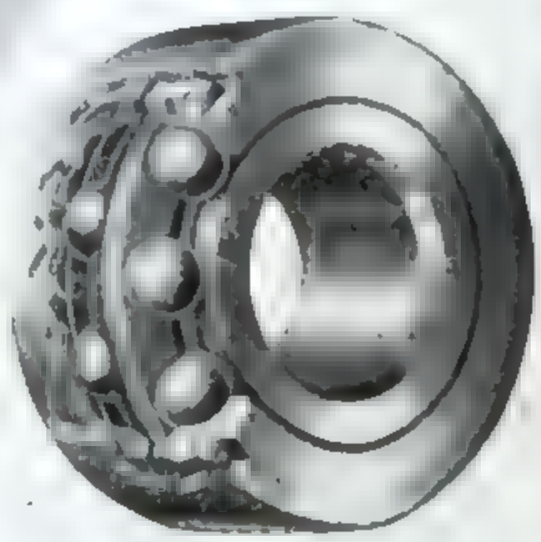

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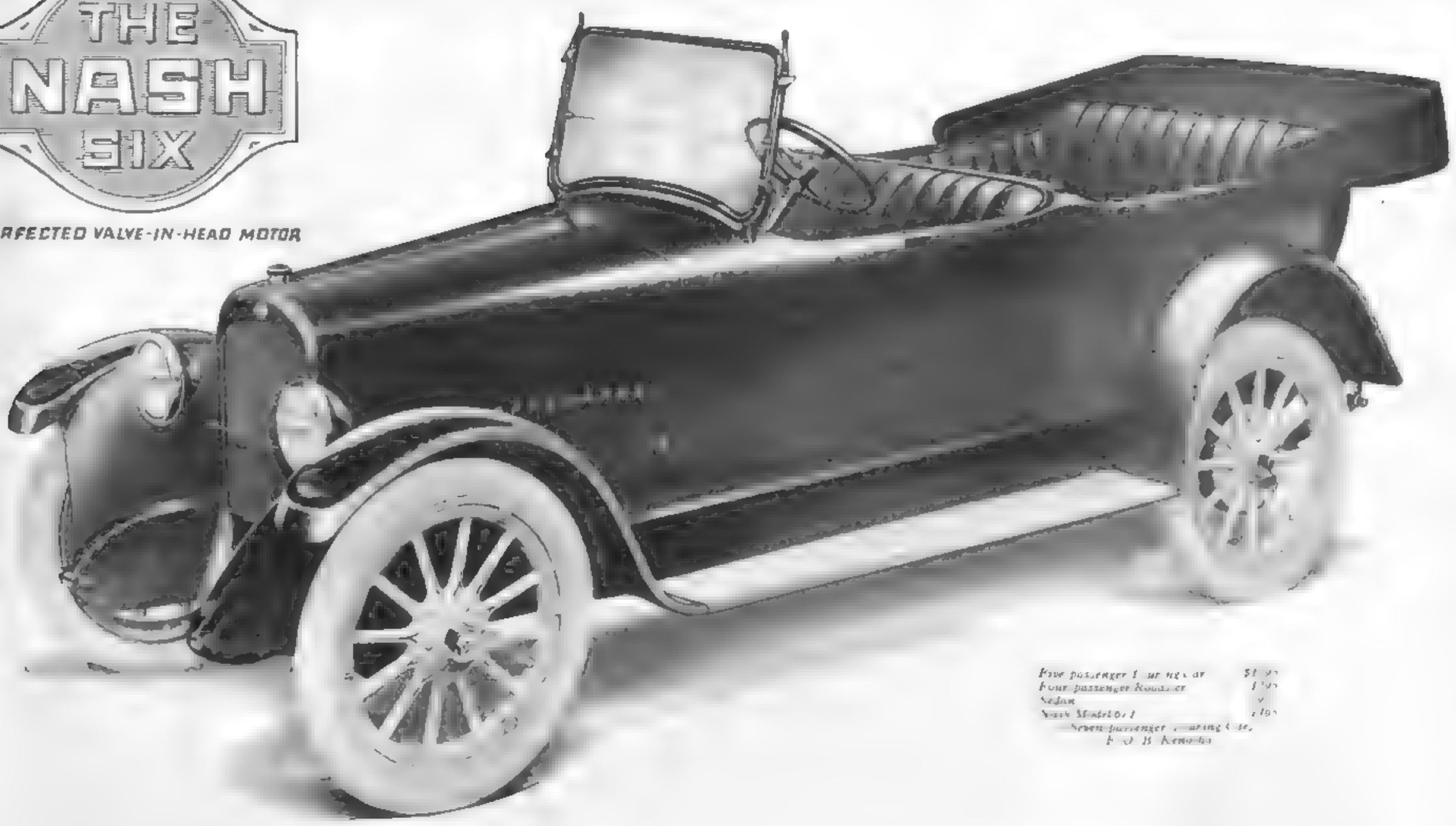

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(Concluded from Page 78

like feesh! So then he did the ver'-ver' thing I had suggest': He sent a strange yo'ng officer to call on Madame Pharaoh. This yo'ng officer represented himself as the Duc d'Espère, who had escaped from a German camp and was now in search of news of his Cousin Raoul. 'What!' cried Madame Pharaoh. 'You the Duc d'Espère?' And they say she was so excite' she forgot to make a trance, but told the yo'ng man to come again to-morrow. And then it was that Madame Pharaoh did what any woman would have done, and showed that as a prophet she was—what you call it?—on the bum-bum!"

"What did she do?" I asked, seeing that Gabrielle was breathlessly awaiting the question.

"What did she do, m'sieur?" she crowed. "She did exactly what we thought she would do: She sent her manager out to verify the news about the Duc d'Espère's escape. Yes, m'sieur! So out he came—he with the deep-sea voice and the mournful nose And what you think he had beneath his elbow, heh? His lingerie." She crowed again.

"His lingerie!" I repeated, probably looking as astonished as I felt.

"No less, m'sieur! A crumple' shirt and a collar, m'sieur! And the *sûreté* officers, they follow him unsuspect' to the laundry by the river; and there they take a chance and peench him!

"And what you think, heh? In a room of the laundry, back of the boilers, they found a telegraph instrument. The wire disappeared in the bed of the river; and the river here goes to feed the canal and presently loses itself in the Rhine!

"And when they open the crumple' shirt of poor old Mournful Nose they find a message inside: 'Has Duc d'Espère escaped or is he really dead? Important! See your message Number So-and-So, last month, and answer, please, at once!' So then, of course, they peench the whole place; and then they peench Madame Pharaoh. And when they look' her papers over they found it was exactly as I told them. So then they peench Madame Pharaoh's daughter—all feesh of a feather: and General Picot says they will have a grand trial and prove to the world that Madame Pharaoh's prophecies were always 'Made in Germany'!"

I think I must have looked my admiration; but Gabrielle glanced away, her eyes bright and smiling, looking first over my right shoulder and then, rising a little, over the top of my head.

"You ought to get a medal for this," I thoughtfully remarked, for I began to see the width and the depth of the mischief my scholar had stopped.

"You wait a leetle while," she smiled. "I'll show you what I get for this!"

I realized then that she was first looking at the clock and then at the little table underneath the marble bust of Napoleon. Following her glance I saw that the table had been reserved, its candelabra glowing red, its vases filled with roses. Even while I looked, Lieutenant de Pelcher entered, with Heloise by his side. They took their places under the brooding Corsican, with that detached air of happiness which seems to be especially reserved for lovers.

"Voilà!" murmured Gabrielle. And again: "Behold my medals!"

"And will he really be the Duc d'Espère, you think?"

"*Sans doute, m'sieur.* And Heloise will be *La Duchesse.*" She gazed upon her heroine with happy eyes. "But one thing you can bet your *bottes*," she thoughtfully added: "when Heloise arrives at the title, and becomes a grand lady of France, she will never dream it was due to me—and to Madame Pharaoh's daughter!"

PATERFAMILIAS

(Continued from Page 23)

J. E. Mimm gave a great sigh of contentment as the two men settled down over the satisfactory details of business.

XIX

AT LUNCH, a larger table procured, Dave Bishoff sat between Melina and Elijah, with Eleanor opposite Aubrey's empty place.

"You can't count on Aubrey," his mother explained; "he might get interested in anything and not turn up for two days."

Mel observed, "How very inconvenient."

"It would be for some," Cassie replied; "but Aubrey is not an ordinary ——"

Dave made a motion of mock dismay. "Don't start on him," he begged. "Why don't you remark your husband in a Palm Beach suit? I said to the fellow in the store—it was sleeting and freezing out—'Give me something real thin and natty for Southern wear,' and he asked me, 'Charlie Schwab or Gould?'"

Melina listened, politely non-committal.

"I expect you play cards day and night," Mrs. Bishoff commented. "I belong to a five hundred. We meet in the evening so the gentlemen can join us. We each paid something this year and gave it to the Red Cross instead of prizes. A little to eat afterward, like a Dutch lunch, but real nice."

"I'm afraid you won't find any five hundred here," Melina told her; "we are entirely addicted to bridge." Cassie Bishoff sniffed slightly. "I can get you into better than that," Elijah reassured Dave. The latter smiled expandingly. "I ought to have worn my hat," Cassie discovered, glancing about the room. "In a public place like this," the other woman finished.

Elijah was secretly apprehensive: Melina should be nice to Dave's wife; he didn't want the Bishoffs made uncomfortable. "It keeps a switch on firmer," said Cassie.

Elijah saw that he need entertain no doubts of the latter's self-possession.

A ringing silence followed, in which some tentative masculine sallies were swept away like chips in the Bay of Fundy. Finally Dave Bishoff bent resolutely toward Melina. "I've been waiting till you were all together before telling about Jason ——"

"That is something to which I do not care to listen," Mel interrupted coldly. "Jason went away against my every wish. If you will excuse me," she rose. "I have an early appointment. No dessert, thank you."

"You ought to have warned me, J. E.," Dave protested later, filling the new pipe.

"If you can tell anybody what your wife's going to do beforehand," Elijah retorted, "you've got a lot on men in general."

They settled into chairs beside Futhey and Mr. Zopher. Introductions followed, and conversation opened.

"I have private information," Zopher announced, "that out of nineteen submarines we possess on the Atlantic Coast, eleven won't submerge."

"You've been reading the Staats Zeitung," Dave cheerfully declared. "Why, brother, the boys we got in the navy would just step out and push 'em down."

"An optimist," Mr. Zopher said, in the manner of one deploring a melancholy delusion.

"Sure, sure!" Bishoff cried. A huge hand fell with emphasis on the other's back. "This is the greatest proposition the sun ever shone on!" He wagged a solemn finger at Mr. Zopher. "I'll bet you sell German Christmas cards or absinthe, and the war's held you up."

"You are wrong, sir," the other stuttered wrathfully. "I am the proprietor of the Zopher Specific, a non-alcoholic tonic ——"

"It may be," Dave pronounced—"it may be that in a little you'll have some sensational testimonials—'Dear Doc. . . . Yours, Kaiser Bill.' And ——"

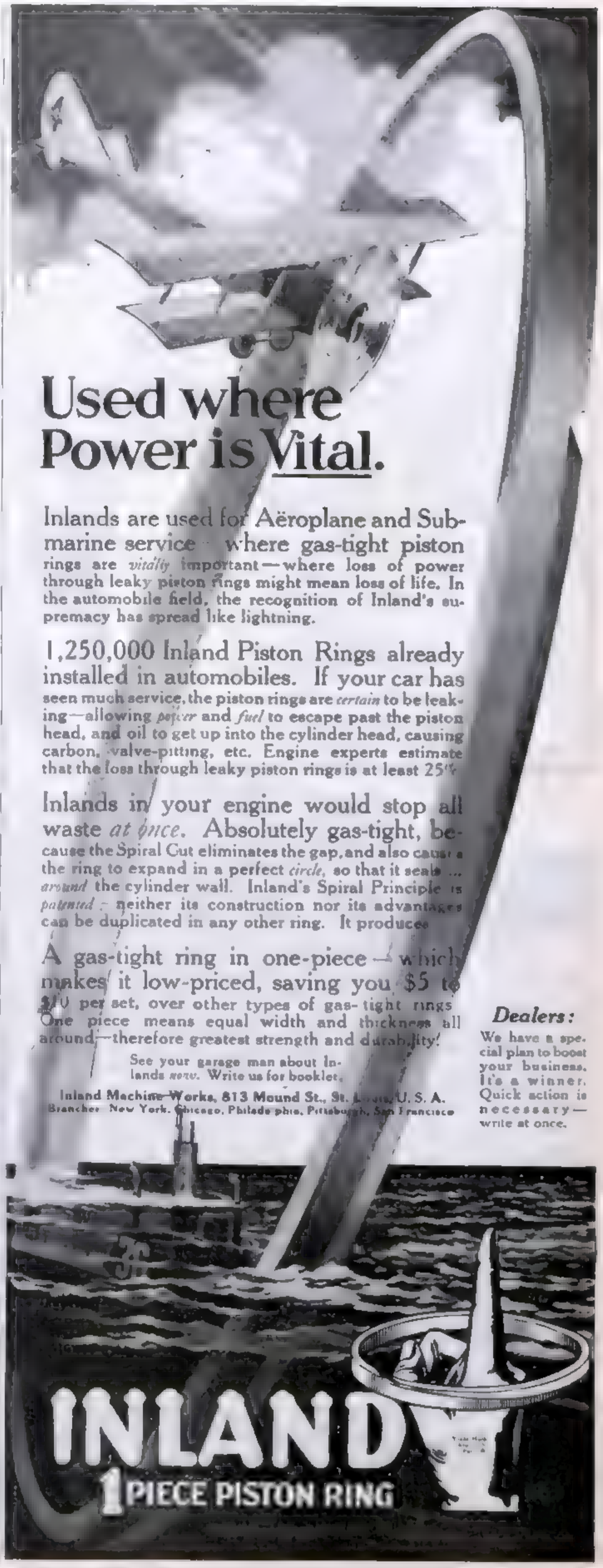
Mr Zopher formally departed.

Elijah was descending to dinner when Dave Bishoff mysteriously drew him aside. "You hit the mark with that crack about women," he proceeded. "I was standing beside Mrs. Mimm, and I could see that she was worrying to get something out of her system, when I just tried Jason again. Well, sir, I had to tell her every move three times over. She was starved for news, and left me, I could see, for a refreshing cry."

Nothing of this sort was evident on Melina's contained and powdered countenance as she swept up to the table in formidable black jet. Eleanor followed in pale primrose with a wide collar of garnets about her slim throat. To their concerted surprise Aubrey abruptly occupied his chair. His coat and tie were in place, but his hair fell in a disordered tide on his brow.

"I suppose you're Eleanor," he stated, gazing across the table. Mel totally ignored this beginning. "My daughter, Mr. Bishoff," she said.

He grinned. "All the rules, like parchesi. Wonderful day, wonderful birds,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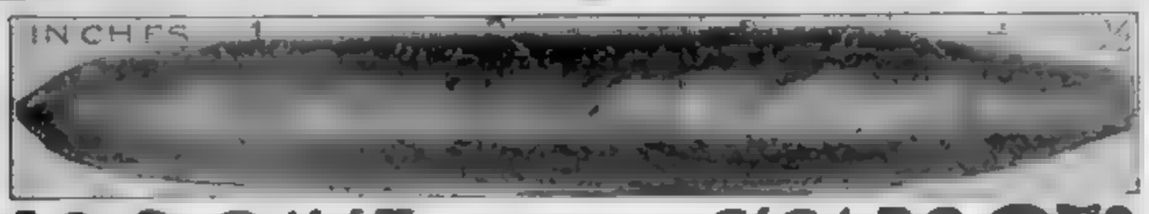

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with enchanted throats. Found the most beautiful family of Numidians, black as basalt, in a hut lost in perpetual forest gloom. Had some dinner; white rice, with groping hands like poured ink."

"Are we to understand that you dined with some negroes?" Melina inquired.

"Aubrey," his mother exclaimed, "you never!"

"Why not?" he replied. "I didn't know Snowwhite was here." He frankly studied Eleanor. She colored with annoyance.

"Aubrey is obliged to go everywhere for material," Cassie elucidated. Mel's expression intimated a certain criticism of such a mixed profession.

"Fuschia and I are giving an invitation tournament," Eleanor told her mother. "To-morrow afternoon. Of course, we'd like you to play," she continued to the youth.

"With you?"

"I am to be Mr. Rapp's partner, but you can find someone easily enough."

"Young," he demanded, "with ashen gold hair and hands like lotus buds?"

"Eleanor is discussing golf," Melina stated majestically. "Partners are not selected in the way you suggest. That would, perhaps, be appropriate for a theatrical manager."

"Beauty always," he responded.

"Aubrey thinks," Mrs. Bishoff put in, "that fat women should be shot."

"Indeed," Melina said, "indeed!"

"Well, J. E.," Dave interposed hastily, "here we all are with wrist watches on, as you might express it, and nothing to do but look at them. I'm going to learn this golf, and join a club next summer."

"There's a poem in you," Aubrey told Eleanor, "a poem of contrasts. I must try it."

"When I was young," Mel reëntered the fray, "gentlemen dedicated verses to ladies only with their permission."

"You should have refused," Aubrey asserted; "from the Victorian stuff of that sort I've seen. Now Eleanor ——" "Miss Mimm," said Melina. "—— deserves actual poetry. A native sweetness in a vapid place—buttercups in a garish vase."

"I don't care for the goose girl sort of thing," Eleanor pronounced disdainfully. "And I rather object to personalities."

Aubrey looked about the crowded dining room with a protruding lip.

"The young put a lot on their fling," Dave commented; "but they soon settle down to keeping the furnace full in winter and the electric fan going in July."

Aubrey made a gesture of contempt. "And, I suppose, an imponderable wife forever and ever, amen!"

Eleanor raised her eyes for a brief, narrowed glance at this apostle of masculine liberty.

xx

AFTER dinner, there was, Elijah saw, a stir of youthful excitement at the impending tournament. He caught the echo of heated discussions about partners and handicaps. John Rapp, impressively judicious and well appareled, faithfully attended a flushed Eleanor. Aubrey stood by his father's chair, watching these preparations with an air of tolerant remoteness.

"Join the young people," Dave urged; "treat yourself to a good time."

"If it were only simple youth," he murmured, "youth unrestrained, I'd be happy. But it's drenched in sophistication. Watch that simpering consciousness in electric blue and cologne and fried hair," he indicated Fuschia Grange. "And the excellent dummy stalking after Eleanor."

"That," said Elijah, nettled, "is John Rapp, a very superior, successful man."

"There spoke the watchful parent," Aubrey coolly commented, "the voice of prudent forethought, the wily trapper of that subjugated animal—the potential son-in-law."

"Well, they won't trouble you, Aubrey," his father told him.

"Anyone should see through the clumsy and obliterating line of sex," that youth replied. He plunged into a chair, producing a slim volume.

"Who said, 'Ay, mum's the word!'
"Sexton to willow:
"Who said, 'Green dusk for dreams, ——'"

read Aubrey, half aloud.

What kind of nonsense was that, Elijah impatiently demanded of himself. Sextons and dreams and such depressing truck! His thoughts winged far to France and Jason. Suddenly he longed above everything to have Jason, in his immaculate flannels and dinner coat, and, yes, smoking a cigarette, lounge up to him with his wise air. There was Eleanor in the doorway, but Jason was his son. . . .

He found himself, however, with Aubrey on the fringe of the tournament the next afternoon. They were seated in an angle under a bank of wild plum thick with buds and a faint, premonitory scent. Aubrey leaned back contentedly, watching a mocking bird in a maze of twigs while the players passed in the gayest of sporting clothes and chatter. Eleanor and John Rapp, Elijah was told, were doing splendidly; it was probable that she would win her own tournament.

"A surprising amount of stupidity is necessary for playing a game well," Aubrey said.

"Are you referring to my daughter?"

"No," he replied, undisturbed; "I was thinking of that perpetual undergraduate with her. The lad with the fashionably cut opinions. He will probably marry some fresh and charming girl and murder her in the vacuum of his thick self-satisfaction. Horrible!" he cried unexpectedly at Elijah's ear. "Detestable! Medieval! Bestial!" Whatever was he shouting about now? "A moonflower," Aubrey continued more quietly but no less enigmatically; "an almond blossom in an electric glare."

Elijah rose. "I guess I'll get back."

The other accompanied him to the clubhouse, where they discovered that John Rapp, by an error which all agreed was a deliberate magnanimous sacrifice, had surrendered the prize to others. He stood straight and tanned and handsome by Eleanor's side. Together, Elijah recognized, they created a significant whispering. Well, such an arrangement would suit him. He wanted to see his daughter safe and comfortable and happy. Aubrey Bishoff's disparagement returned to his mind—"perpetual undergraduate." But it was natural of young Rapp to be proud of his college honors—the Screed and—whatever it was called. It didn't always do, either, to be too independent in your views; it hurt your chances of favor, advancement, in the solidest quarters. Now Aubrey was a disturbing individual—no one could count on him from one minute to another. He would never make an acceptable clerk, as John Rapp would.

Eleanor, in the Zenith, picked him up; and Rapp, with an informal wool greatcoat drawing over his statuesque shoulders, turned from the front seat with a deep-voiced civility. He assisted Elijah to alight with an ironlike arm; and later, in formal clothes, was half a bronzed head taller than anyone else at the inn. Aubrey, at the dinner table, was quiet, if not actually morose.

"He's like that when he's composing," his mother announced.

"Doesn't he hear you?" Melina queried. "Or does he simply neglect to answer?"

Elijah suppressed an exclamation. The third round, he thought. Dave, it was evident, was totally unconscious of the silent hostilities in progress.

"I put a thing in your box," Aubrey informed Eleanor.

"I got it," she replied, briefly sedate.

"A hokku in form," he proceeded; "the subject needed the most crystalline purity. The ordinary *vers-libre* was too incandescent. I almost returned to the wedded trochee and iambus—the choriamb."

Melina looked inquiringly at her daughter, but Eleanor was blandly superior to any speech or interrogation.

Fuschia Grange, in vermilion net and gilt appliqué, stopped at their table in leaving the dining room. "We're going over to Sandholm to dance," she said to Eleanor, and then smiled encouragingly at Aubrey Bishoff.

"I am unable to revolve at a signal," he told them. "I could dance, perhaps, as the butterflies do, or the pines; or on sands blanched by the moon. I might even manage a silk gavotte in candlelight, or swing about an Elizabethan pole on May night; but ——"

"I've got to go," Fuschia interrupted with a giggle. "But I wish Eleanor'd bring you. You kind of tickle me."

Aubrey snorted, and all together they moved out into the hall.

"I'm sorry," Melina smiled at Cassie Bishoff, "but I am making up a table. Too bad you don't play bridge."

"There's a lady here who has promised to show me," Cassie returned, with the merest suspicion of emphasis on the noun.

(Continued on Page 85)

Just what is back of the KEEN KUTTER Guarantee —

MOST quality-tool manufacturers have a guarantee of some kind or another—they know that in all probability the volume of goods returned will be but a small percentage of their output.

BUT read the KEEN KUTTER guarantee—*"satisfaction or money back!"* KEEN KUTTER can afford to make a guarantee that really guarantees because KEEN KUTTER products simply *must* be satisfactory. They CAN be returned—but they *won't* be!

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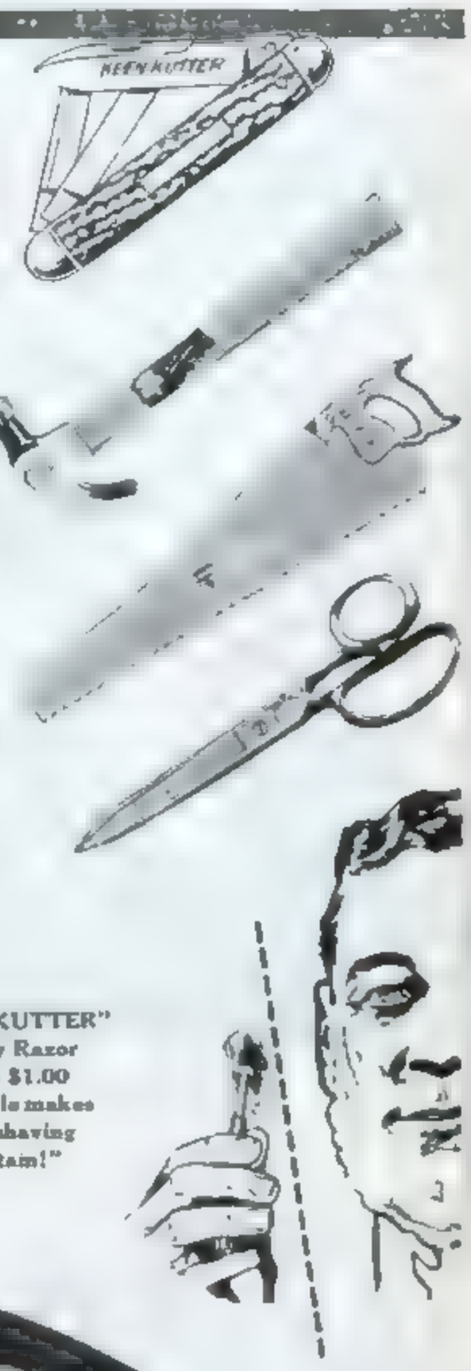

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"You get World-wide Service on Stewart Products."

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Chicago, U. S. A.

Stewart
Speedometer
Vacuum System

(Continued from Page 82)

"Elijah," Mel demanded much later, in the door of their bathroom, "how long is that person going to remain?"

"Dave said something about ten days," he replied cautiously.

"As for that youth," she added, "the poet," Melina managed to put an extraordinary condemnation into the last word, "I am utterly unable to express a restrained opinion of him. To me he seems to bear the marks of predestined crime. And if the revolting thing he was describing was a poem addressed to Eleanor, I shall ask you to speak decidedly to his parents."

"I guess it sounded worse than it was, Mel," he replied pacifically. "And words won't hurt Nellie any. She seems to be getting along right well with young Rapp."

Melina turned away without further answer. The shadow of Jason's absence, he saw, still lay between them. He rehearsed, undressing, in an endless repetition, his reasons for urging Jason to go to France. Once he had hoped that his business, the integrity of his commercial position, would be maintained and increased by his son. In vain. Then he thought of Aubrey Bishoff, equally a disappointment to Dave. He tried to imagine John Rapp in the light of an heir. Somehow he couldn't manage it—the fellow was too grave, too exact: suddenly he had an idiotic fancy to stick a pin into him.

XXI

HE RECALLED, the next morning, with the trace of a smile, his first guileless attitude toward the relaxing simplicity of some weeks spent intimately with his family. Every day appeared to add fresh complications—Eleanor, fortunately freed from the dangerous influence of Barton Crane, involving herself, and with his tacit approval, with a man about whom his opinions seemed to become more unfixed as evidences of admirable qualities multiplied.

This, in itself, was confusing enough; but here was Aubrey Bishoff addressing poetry to her. Call it what Aubrey might, declaim as he would against the intolerable monotony of conventional ties, J. E. Mimm told himself that writing poetry to a girl was—just that. And he could see as far as another—knew what it meant; he had, in fact, been young once. And then Aubrey, himself . . . On every subject Elijah's views dissolved into different angles, making impossible any consistent stand.

There was only a light feminine fray at lunch, an indifferent exchange of tentative grenades of speech; but the action grew brisker at dinner.

"Of course," Mel said graciously, "I wouldn't presume to advise; I can only give you the benefit of what I have heard on unquestionable authority. After that you must be seen with whom you will."

"I must say I like what I know of her," Cassie Bishoff replied brightly; "and if you got your information from anything your friend Mrs. Megrum said I can tell you something about her!"

Melina said, "—— and a raspberry ice."

Elijah hurriedly engaged Dave in loud conversation. Between them all his head was like an insufficiently tied balloon.

After dinner he fled to the masculine retreat of the pool room. Other men gathered, John Rapp, and Drew Fisher, stopping again at Long Pine on his way from Florida; a solitary Jew with a serious volume under his arm; and three of the poker habitués. Kelly was proposed, and Andrews dealt out to each man a small numbered ball from the leather bottle. It was part of the game for the individual to keep his number secret; for, as it progressed and the balls were pocketed in rotation, a player must pay whoever disposed of his numeral. In addition to this, to drop in order one's own ball won from everyone, and a new frame commenced.

Elijah was fourteen, and he returned the counter to the barber; but Rapp's sphere escaped momentarily from his grasp; it rolled over the table, and Elijah plainly saw that it was marked eleven. The other quickly recovered it, and the game began. No one succeeded in pocketing his own ball and winning the quarters deposited on a convenient window ledge. Eight and nine were eliminated, and it was Elijah's inning. The tenth ball was easily gotten, but the eleventh offered a difficult shot; and when he was successful he declared spontaneously to John Rapp, "I guess you felt safer than it turned out."

Rapp gazed at him in grave surprise. "That wasn't I," he assured Elijah.

"Why," the other exclaimed, "it was eleven! And I ——" He stopped abruptly at the young man's unmoved countenance. Eleven was eleven—it couldn't be mistaken for anything else. Elijah had seen it clearly, and so had . . . Twenty-five cents! He subsided grimly, and the game progressed. Twenty-five—that was a very small sum. The ball had rested directly under his eyes. John Rapp's courtesy was absolute; when he was motioned to play, and a series of easy shots offered, he insisted that it was Fisher's turn.

Elijah made his way later to the portico with a puzzled expression. He threw away a cigar but half smoked and lighted another. Everyone at the inn raised a chorus to John Rapp's super-excellent qualities. And yet he had wished to stick a pin into that handsome and popular young paragon! His thoughts were interrupted by Aubrey Bishoff drifting in from the night. The bottom of the latter's trousers were heavy with mud and dew, a crumpled soft shirt was open at his throat, and, without a hat, his hair was in a state of disorder.

"Hello," he said abruptly; "have the animals been fed?"

"Where have you been, Aubrey?" Elijah asked curiously; "what have you done with yourself since morning?"

"Pines," he replied, "and then more pines and sand and sedge; gray and sear green and silver blue. Then I found a house in a peach orchard quivering with to-morrow's blossoms; nothing but short trees topped with coral and gold-feathered birds, a world of it with a shack in the middle, a shack and a forgotten man with weak lungs from Maine."

"Aubrey," J. Elijah Mimm demanded, "what's this life of yours about? What are you after? And poetry, too—just where does it come in? I don't see any. You're the only man I've known who makes it, and all I've heard about it are jokes by people who had about my line."

"Poetry," Aubrey declared, "is fire, the great cleanser; it's an ascending lark, a rose; it is memory, running water, a sword ——"

"You stop right there," Elijah commanded; "take a breath before you choke, and let me up. Give it to me easier."

"It's like war," Aubrey went on, "and shreds the flesh from the spirit."

The night was still and soft, a dim veil of stars hung over the pines, there was a feeling of expanding tranquillity. The younger man turned to the long windows, segments of glaring color and crowded humanity, a thick clacking of tongues mingled with tinny mirth.

"War," he repeated. Suddenly he threw up his arms, raised a quivering face to darkened space. "Oh, Creator," he cried, "send these people a great war! Lift them from their silk puddle. Blast the fat from their bodies and the sloth from their souls; wash the paint from their faces with tears. Sweep away the stuffed meats and hot pastry and starve them into a clean hunger. Drag them through hell, and over death, and make them once more erect and hard and pure-minded. Make them beautiful and gay; give them back the simpler love and valor, the stoic virtues."

"Christmas!" Elijah feebly ejaculated. In the silence that followed, Aubrey relaxed into a normal, slightly dejected figure.

"I take it you don't think much of that inside." Elijah motioned toward the windows. Aubrey made a contemptuous gesture. "I'd about come to the conclusion it didn't amount to much," the elder continued; "but nobody seemed to agree with me. I looked like a back number. This life and all appears to be the thing."

"For Strassburg geese!" Aubrey pronounced.

"I was almost persuaded I was a zero. I wasn't certain one could be right against a whole countryful of people. And I am glad I heard you. Yes, sir, it was a privilege. But I couldn't keep along with you for any time. It would be worse than dressing up every evening. Now I got an idea what poetry is I'll let it stay right there," said J. Elijah; "I'm satisfied."

"Where is Eleanor?" Aubrey gloomily inquired.

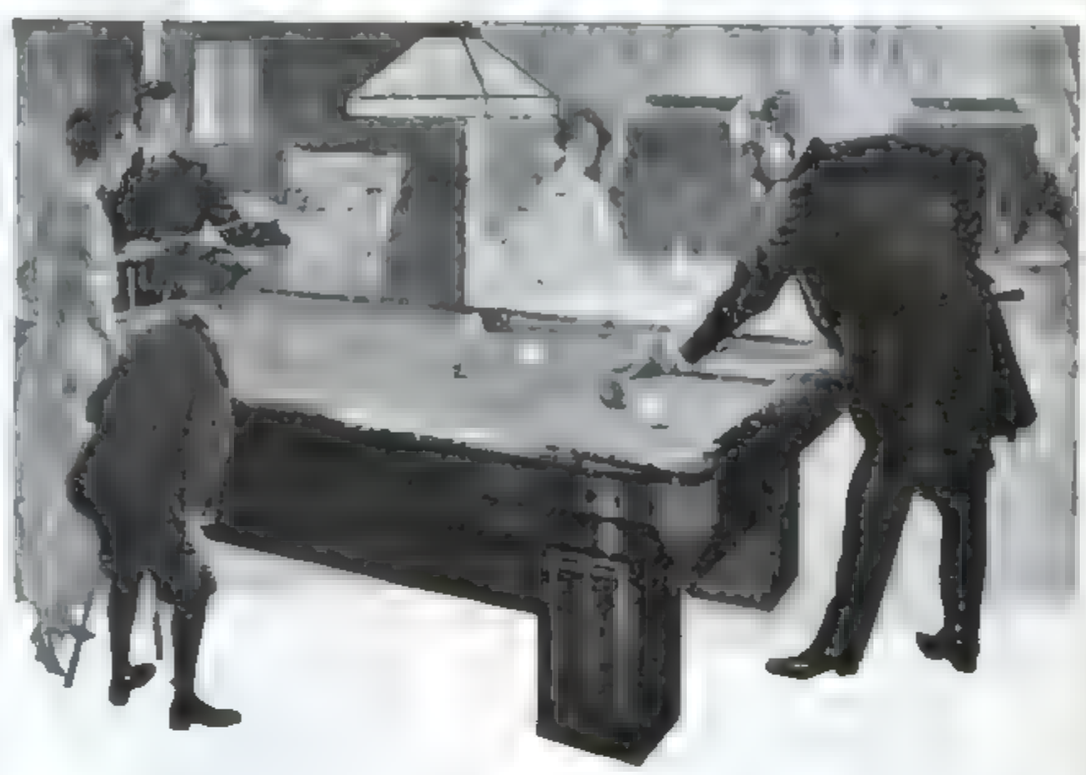
"You go in and see. If she's with that Rapp talk him to death. You can do it."

XXII

ELIJAH was galvanized by Aubrey Bishoff's invective, and assured himself that he would no longer submit to the dull tyranny of his present existence. He entered the hall determined to inform Mel

For Christmas—Home Billiards!

The All-Season Sport



Carom and Pocket Billiards are an all-year sport brimful of fresh surprises every game.

Shared by boys and girls, and mothers and "old boys"—billiards instils the love of home in all. With practice you can soon control the balls, but not the merry flow of jest that often makes the best of players lose.

Give your home Carom and Pocket Billiards—not "sometime," but NOW—*this* Christmas. A small part payment puts a scientific Brunswick Table in your home.

Pay the balance monthly—as you play.

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Their beautiful woods—mahogany, oak, rosewood, walnut, etc.—make them an adornment to the finest homes.

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By paying a little each month you can easily own a Brunswick.

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DEALERS: Write for agency proposition.

Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, expert book of 33 Games, etc.—all included free.

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Cotton next to Skin: COMFORT—Warm Wool outside: NO ITCH
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There is no other underwear like patented Duofold. Your doctor will tell you it is an excellent protection against cold and catching cold. And when you wear it *indoors*, you'll be agreeably surprised to find how *comfortable* you feel, even in heated rooms.

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Deliciously different from any other chocolates you have ever eaten. Made of the purest, richest, [illegible] chocolate with select almonds and filbert centers—no cream filling. Healthful, unusual, delightful.

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Astonish and delight your friends with these out of the-ordinary holiday [illegible] a great, assortment de luxe. Send $1.00 for introductory package and we will mail three full pounds anywhere in the U. S. or Canada. Money back if not satisfied.

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that they were leaving for home immediately; but Melina was absorbed in bridge; obviously he couldn't drag her from the game, the other players. If he got Mel away, he realized, preparing for bed, he couldn't force her to be contented. Aubrey was young, when it was easy to be rebellious; one could be a free man then, before responsibilities gathered, responsibilities like marriage . . . He interrupted his thoughts to consider Aubrey seriously in a fresh capacity.

The conversational encounters between Mel and Cassie Bishoff grew so pronounced that even Dave finally noticed it. The girls, he observed to Elijah, seemed to be rubbing each other the wrong way. The other counseled him to pay no attention to them.

"They haven't enough to do," he declared. "What I'll come to after a year of this, I hate to think."

His mind turned to Eleanor: her life, unlike his, was nearly all to be lived; but not, he hoped in sudden, passionate intensity, in such settings as these. John Rapp had said that he liked it here immensely. Elijah could see the other in three, five years from now, a little fatter each year, more complacent, living easily, admirably, on money that required no effort to get, the money of his wife, coming back to the Conifer Arms in winter, plunging his family into the idle surfeit and vacuous days.

He wondered whether, as Aubrey had exclaimed, a great war would put virility, endurance into the lax fibers of the multitude of which the inn was but a minor fragment. If it would stop Zopher's febrile pessimism, clear Futhey's mind of its clogging puerilities, take Drew Fisher from gambling tables, lift Barton Crane above intriguing and the soft protection of women, even killing him in struggle, it would still, at an overwhelming price, bring renewal. Not for him, but for Jason—if he survived; for Eleanor.

At the succeeding lunch the latter was intent upon Elijah's needs; she had never before been so helpful, so tenderly feminine. There was an unusual color, too, in her cheeks; and she smiled equally on them all. A vague dread fastened on Elijah and grew into a conviction that something of paramount importance had occurred in Eleanor's life. It must certainly be John Rapp. Well, he, Elijah, would have to accept it with an equable manner. Eleanor would be safe enough. . . . "But," he muttered stubbornly, "the number on that ball was eleven."

She inveigled him, late in the afternoon, into a drive in the Zenith. No one else was with them, and he silently watched her manipulate the car. On a long open stretch of road she deliberately slowed down, and he prepared himself for the reception of what he saw must follow.

"I am going to say something that I am afraid will annoy you and mother dreadfully," she commenced frankly. "Indeed, father, I was furious at myself, and I put off facing it as long as possible. But it was stronger than all my prejudices; it was no good struggling. Aubrey wants to marry me ——"

"Aubrey!" he interrupted her incredulously. "I could see that he was struck by you, with that poetry and so forth. But I never guessed . . . in three or four days. I thought you were going to tell me about an entirely different man!"

"Of course," she went on, "if it were only that, it wouldn't necessarily be important. But there is more. I think—no, I know, that I love him. It isn't just on account of the way he can talk, but because of a beautiful quality of life in him—of such life, father! I know I'll have a dreadful time with his neckties, and he's full of the maddest plans, to walk to the moon, I believe; but . . . I . . . can't . . . help . . . it."

"You marry him, Nellie," J. Elijah Mimm declared heatedly. "Don't you mind what anyone says. I've got two and a half million dollars banked, and I'll stand behind you."

"It isn't the money," she said, her eyes filling with tears.

"That's why," he replied briefly. "But it won't injure you later. Poetry doesn't pay much, and I notice Aubrey is handy for the big part of the meals. You turn round and drive back to the inn."

Melina was dressing, and Elijah led Eleanor through his room to the closed door. He knocked, and Mel appeared in the flowing blue and gold.

"I just wanted to say," he pronounced, "that Nellie here is going to marry Aubrey Bishoff. It's going to happen soon, and I guess it ought to be in our house, North." He turned away, back as he had come to the corridor, and proceeded downstairs.

The hall was empty in the preparation for dinner, and he was moving aimlessly toward the portico when a clerk halted him with mail carried farther south by mistake and returned. There was a letter addressed to him, with a French stamp. Jason! He was conscious of a sudden blurring of his vision. The paper was so thin that his fumbling hands had difficulty in opening it.

"My dear Father," confound that glare. "Here I am with so much to say that I don't know where to begin. Anyhow, it's splendid, except the boys we bring in to the field hospital. If we stopped to think of them it would be awful, but we are too busy. The shelling is fierce, but you even forget that. We are sleeping in an old barn, and the bugs are bad as possible. I have just come in from a run to a *poste* we call Berlin, because it's only two hundred yards from the German trenches. A three-eighty broke right in the road in front of me and I ran into the blamed hole and gave my load some jolt. It fixed a front wheel and I was half an hour getting started again. The woodwork of the car was struck and filled with holes, and one of the *blessés* killed. It was just as well, because one leg and an arm were shot off and his face was half gone. Anyhow, I got the old boat more or less back ——"

Elijah grasped the letter and hurried through the office; he stumbled up the stair and entered Melina's room directly from the corridor. She was standing at the window, her back toward him, but she turned as he half ran toward her. Her face was stained with tears.

"Jason!" he cried, waving the sheets. Suddenly he felt weak, and crumpled on to a chair. "He is right in it," he said, "saving the wounded. The wheel was hit, and Jason had to fix it. Think of Jason, Mel, bigger than fear, above the rest of us, responsible, and—and ——"

"I wish we had him here," she whispered.

"So do I," he replied simply.

A flood of crying swept over his wife's countenance. She sank on her knees before him with her head bowed on his thin lap. He drew her closer, smoothing her hair. For the first time he saw that it was streaked with gray.

"So do I, Mel; so do I," he said over and over, but his face was bright.

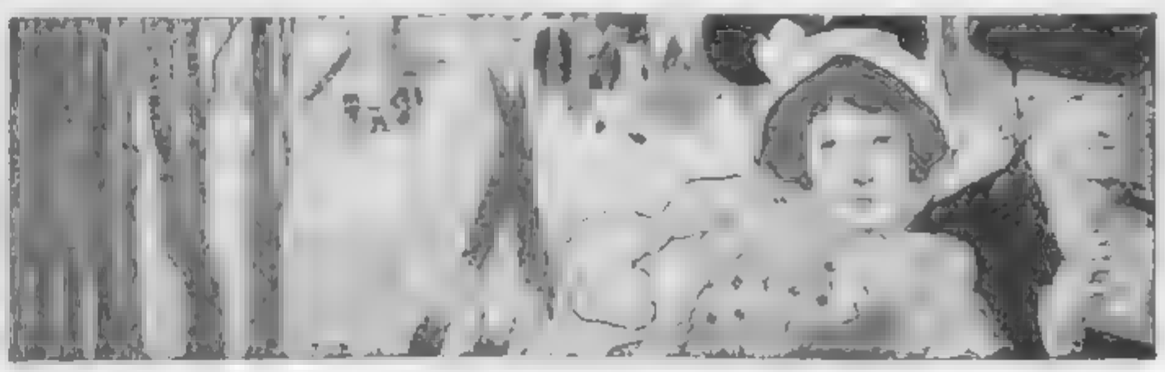
THE END

Going Some

IN THE presence of George Doran, the publisher, one negro hall boy in a New York apartment house was describing, for the benefit of a second hall boy, the conduct of a third hall boy, who had been chased round the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, on Riverside Drive, by an irate colored woman, armed with a knife. It developed that, after circling the pile several times, the fugitive had outdistanced his pursuer and made off, unscathed, across the parkway.

"He muster run kinder fast?" commented the audience of one.

"Fast?" repeated the teller of the tale. "Huh! Dat nigger run round dat monument so fast he th'owed dirt in his own vest pocket!"



Joy In Her Kitchen

And there on the table, arrayed in their cheery brightness, were four wonder pieces of Mirro Aluminum, the ware she had read about and so longed for.

In each piece she sees new beauty and utility. Conveniences unknown to other utensils are discovered in each Mirro article. To her, Mirro is more than a gift; it is a high compliment to her good housekeeping.

On the tag of the big handsome tea kettle, for instance, she sees pictured (1) the highly ebonized, sure-grip, detachable handle; (2) the welded-on handle ears, an exclusive Mirro feature; (3 and 6) the self-filling, easy pouring, welded-on spout.

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She finds like features of new beauty, convenience and durability in the other Mirro articles. There is joy in her kitchen, indeed.

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Have a Mirro Christmas in *your* home, for Mirro Aluminum reflects discriminating giving just as it reflects good housekeeping.

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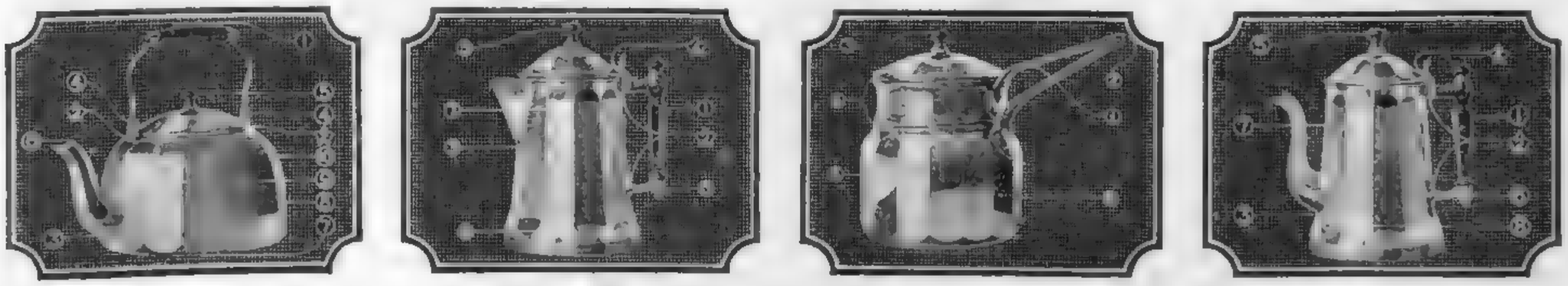

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OUT OF THE MIST

(Continued from Page 11)

that her parents would never give their consent, as things were. Considering that they do exactly what she commands them and have no more will of their own, so far as she is concerned, than two stuffed dolls, I naturally draw the only deduction possible. Though my vanity received a jar, I must admit I was pleased. But I ask myself how she can reconcile her conduct—her innocent profligacy, so to speak—with this cool, calm decision, which in the circumstance can only be called cold-blooded. She kisses me as much as ever, caresses me and lies in my arms; yet as soon as my temporary local celebrity is past I believe she is capable of throwing me aside like an old hat.

My wonderful psychologist is showing every sign of falling in love with her, and I am constrained to say that Stella is not above encouraging him by all her infantile charms and graces. I look on, laughing sardonically, and I am just a shade jealous, though my esteem for the dear fellow remains undiminished. We have grown to be close friends; we are Fitz and Neil to each other now. I appreciate that he is a very brilliant and learned man, with a perverse tendency to belittle himself and to pretend to be less than he is. I tell him, apropos of Stella, that his donkey is bigger than mine, and ask him what he can see in this kissable little *poseuse*, whose faultless profile always contrives to maneuver itself into the correct light. At this he looks foolish, giggles, and manages to change the subject.

Perhaps it is not very honorable for me to discuss Stella with him; but, after all, he is a sort of second self to me, and it was an implicit part of our understanding that I should conceal nothing from him. An almost incredible frankness has resulted, the physician persisting enough in our friendship to make such confidences possible. He even digs, with my permission, into my bygone correspondence; giggles over packets of tied-up love letters, and pops out questions—thus inspired—in the hope of rousing the comatose donkey. But the poor old beast snoozes on, undisturbed, and nothing seems able to awaken him. I have many a hearty laugh over Fitz' failures.

To-day an extraordinary thing happened: I made a contact with McBeth across the void; for an instant the invisible wires touched and registered an impression before being torn apart again. I feel so guilty, sitting here in a dream of wonder when I ought to be delighting Fitz with the great, the inconceivable news. Alas, it was not the outcome of any psychological questions; nor had poor Fitz, who strives with such futility and tirelessness, the least share in it. I can scarcely force myself to write. An intolerable pain, an intolerable joy—surprise and perplexity—are rending me to pieces.

I was taking a walk after breakfast, and had mounted halfway up a hilly road when I heard an electric motor buzzing near me, and apparently laboring and failing on the steep gradient. It was a very small car, of an exceeding smart and luxurious design; and in it, alone, was the most dazzlingly beautiful woman I have ever seen. She was fair, but by no means a pronounced blonde; her eyes were of a heavenly blue; her faultlessly oval face was just irregular enough in feature to make it—if I may use such a contradiction—absolutely perfect.

The transparent complexion; the lovely, steadfast brow; the air of sparkling alertness and intelligence—all transported me; ravished me with delight.

I hardly noticed her white-lace dress or her half-showing and graceful young figure. It was her face that held me spellbound; that made me gawk and stare with what must have seemed unpardonable rudeness.

Then my head began to whirl; I was conscious of being about to commit an enormity; I sprang toward her like a madman. As I did so she started violently, uttered a little cry and stopped her car. Words came to me out of nowhere.

"I am Lieutenant Neil McBeth," I blurted out. "I—I seem to know you. If if I am taking a terrible liberty in accosting you like this, I beg you to be indulgent toward ——"

"Of course you know me, Neil!" she interrupted, her voice trembling and her face turning very pale. Then, as we stood staring at each other in speechless agitation, she took the hand I held out to her and clasped it to her bosom. "Neil! My Neil!" she murmured in a voice of the divinest tenderness.

I was miserably embarrassed, but not in the way I had been on first meeting Stella. There was within me such a turmoil of recollections striving to return; such a boiling and surging of nameless emotions; such exasperation—such horror—at the veil no effort of mine could tear away, that my sensations were more those of a drowning man, hopelessly engulfed, who tries to pierce with his eyes the wet and pitiless firmament above him.

"I must have loved you dearly," I said.

She dropped my hand, giving an apprehensive glance about to see whether we were observed; but, for the moment at least, the highway was ours.

"And I loved you, Neil," she answered, in a voice so low that it was hardly above a whisper. "Oh, Neil, Neil! no woman ever loved as I loved you! When I heard they were bringing you back I knew I ought to get away—ought to escape; I knew that to stay here—to see you perhaps—would break my heart into little pieces. Yet what could I do but stay? I could breathe the same air; I could be near you. And did you notice the dress I am wearing? Every day I have dressed for you—oh, the woman of it, Neil!—just that you might see me and that I must look my best. Every day I have said to myself: 'Perhaps I shall see him to-day!' And then my heart would give a leap."

"I don't understand," I said. "Couldn't you have come—like anybody else?"

She winced and turned away, as though to hide the pain I had unwittingly caused her.

"You must remember that I don't know anything," I went on in cruel perplexity, trying to retrieve myself. "Recognizing you—knowing that you meant something to me—was the first rift through the darkness."

At this a sudden look of rapture passed over her face; she smiled for the first time; her glance was one of suffusing tenderness.

"But you are engaged to—to her!" she said in a low voice.

"They tell me so," I answered. "But I know the woman I love is you. I cannot explain it; it is beyond any explanation of mine—beyond such a poor, befogged creature as I am; but I know I love you and have always loved you—and always, always shall!"

The heavenly blue eyes glistened; the delicately outlined bosom rose and fell; it was a poignant moment for both of us.

"Then you do not care for her—for Stella?" she asked at last, though it was less a question than an imploring provocation; her look seemed to say: "Neil, Neil, tell me again that you love me!"

"My position is horrible," I burst out. "Try for an instant to imagine it; put yourself in my place—the place of a man whose conscious life extends back barely a month. People tell me this or that, and what can I do but believe them? I was told I was engaged to Stella; and, of course, I had to act accordingly. I could not say I did not like her, could I? I may have come out of the mist without a mind, but I still have the instincts of honor, and all that. But consideration has its limits; I cannot admit that any past obligation holds me now—now that I have found you. That obligation, if ever it existed, was shattered in the air by German shrapnel. I disown it! I will not be held by it! I stamp it underfoot! It is you I love, though I do not know your name—though ten minutes ago I did not know you existed."

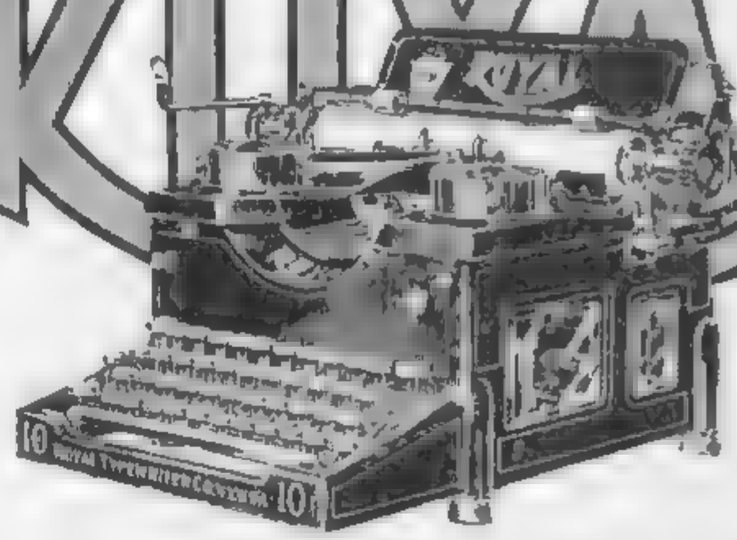
I could feel the sudden quenching of her tumultuous happiness.

"And he doesn't even know my name!" she exclaimed to herself, stabbed to the heart. "If this is my punishment it is more than I can bear."

"Why speak like that!" I protested. "What misfortune is irreparable if at last we have found each other? Dear lost love of mine, be brave; have courage! No matter what the obstacles are, our fate is in our own hands—our happiness is in our own hands."

"But it was all my fault," she murmured in an agony of contrition. "It was I who sent you away; it is I who am to blame for everything. If the past ever came back you would—hate me!"

ROYAL



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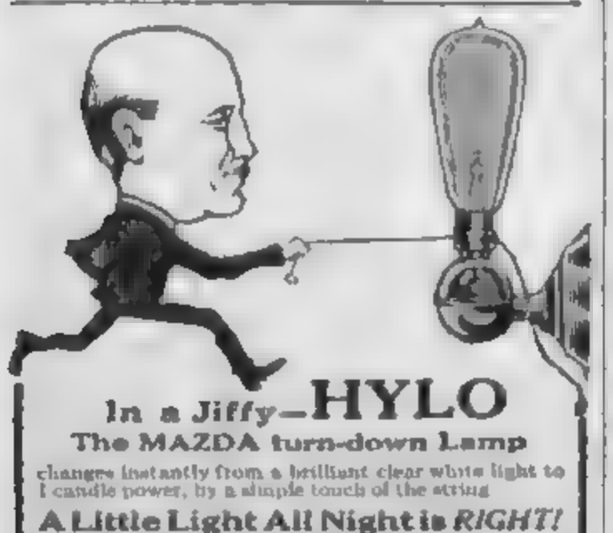

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"If there is anything to forgive it is forgiven," I said. "If you can love me that is all I shall ask of heaven or earth."

"Oh, it is all so impossible!" she exclaimed helplessly. "I don't know what to do. Neil, Neil, you are killing me—I feel as though little knives were going right through me. I am taking advantage of your—affliction. Yes, you must try to hate me; I deserve it. Any happiness you and I might have had I threw away, and you must punish me, Neil—punish me—and hate me as much as I hate myself."

She would have continued, but the hum of an approaching motor checked the unsaid words.

"Go! Go!" she cried, pushing me away with her hands. "It would never do for us to be seen here together!"

And with that her little car began to move, and I was left standing in the road—the most bewildered, heartsick and utterly abandoned creature in the whole world.

What is it that makes me keep my secret from Doctor Mell? To do so is nothing less than treachery to my plighted word, and verges on the dishonorable; for, as I said previously, it was understood between us that I was to tell him everything. Yet I hug my secret to myself as though it were a stolen jewel. I know this is stupid of me too—in my own interest—for who would help me more willingly than this kindly fellow?

Possibly my brain is more disordered than I think, for I am aware that my conduct is irrational, indefensible. But, nevertheless, I shrink, with an invincible repugnance, from confiding the tale of my adventure to him. It is too sacred; comment would profane it; I cannot allow my unknown love to become the victim of his giggling questions and searching, cynical analysis. I am also alive to the fact that he has, in a way, taken sides with Stella. This perhaps is the real explanation of my backwardness.

I could wish that he were not so diabolically clever. His sharp, penetrating gaze immediately found something amiss in spite of my effort to appear unconcerned. There was surprise and suspicion in his intent face.

"What has happened to you?" he asked. "What's been disturbing you, old boy?"

"Oh, I was just thinking, doctor."

"Well?"

"About Stella," I said, lying shamelessly. "I am realizing more and more the awful box I am in with Stella. Here we are engaged, and I do not like her at all. What on earth am I to do?"

The highly trained psychologist fell plump into my trap; any suspicion he might have felt disappeared at once; his look showed how credulously he had received my explanation.

"You are making a lot of trouble about nothing," he remarked, "and I must beg you to dismiss the whole subject from your mind. Stella is the dearest little creature; and I will answer for it that when you get well you will love her with all your heart, and will be shocked that you ever doubted it. Frankly, Neil, such reversed emotions are the commonplaces of medicine; every physician has to deal with them from time to time. The plus becomes blurred, so to speak, and the silly, subconscious mind screams out 'Minus! Minus!'—like a scalped Indian.

"Women hate their children; wives hate their husbands; husbands hate their wives—everything becomes reversed, you see. The fellow with the cracked skull cannot tolerate the sight of his devoted old mother, and so on. That is somewhat your position evidently in regard to Stella, though less pronounced, of course; but correspondingly more insidious for that reason. You must simply accept my most positive assurance that you do care for her, and not allow a temporary hallucination to play havoc with your future happiness."

I acquiesced dutifully, glad to get the crisis over at any price. There was no hypocrisy I was not capable of, so long as I might preserve my secret. It was devouring me. I could think of nothing but my unknown, nameless love. I was in a fever of surmise, uncertainty and elation. What had been our past together? Again and again I asked myself that, trying to pierce the mist in an agony of unavailing effort. What had we been to each other in the past?

I shut my eyes to revive again the impression of that divine distress—to hear again that moving voice. Could it be that she was married? An intolerable anguish overwhelmed me at the thought. Yet it was a likely enough explanation. Indeed, was it not the only explanation of that ever-deepening mystery? I was reminded of her uneasiness; of how she had said we must not be seen together. Married!

If this was what I had come back to I had, perhaps, better have died in France.

To-day I tried to draw out Eddie.

"I wish you could tell me some things I cannot ask anybody else," I said.

"Sure!" he replied in his confident, breezy way. "What do you want to know, old top?"

"All about my former sweethearts," I went on. "There must have been others before Stella. Tell me all about them."

He looked extremely uncomfortable and his eyes fell.

"You were away so much," he murmured; "and then, of course, your being older, and all that ——" He stopped undecidedly, looking guiltier than ever. "I really hardly know what girls you did go with," he added.

"How long was I engaged to Stella before I went to France?"

"Only a few weeks, Neil—though it's no good asking me much about it; I was away at college."

"Was there any talk about it—about the engagement, I mean?"

"Oh, of course everybody was interested, and all that—naturally"

"I mean gossip, Eddie—scandal?"

He started, and then answered, in a sullen kind of way, that of course there wasn't. What had put such an idiotic idea into my head? I believe he said nut; he spoke an extraordinary language. Then he pretended to laugh, saying he had not the faintest idea of what I was talking about.

"For goodness' sake, Eddie, be frank with me!" I exclaimed, growing very impatient. "I want to know whether any other woman's name was coupled with mine. Was there any gossip of another woman? I suppose you think it considerate to dodge the question; but it isn't considerate at all—it is cruel and unkind to the last degree. There are reasons why I must know the truth—have to know the truth."

Poor Eddie! Under other circumstances I should have felt sorry for him. He looked so worried, so frightened, as he squirmed in his chair and made a pretense of lighting his pipe, which was already burning. Through puffs of smoke he blurted out: "There wasn't any gossip; there wasn't any other woman; it was all as ordinary as hell!"

I take a walk every morning and discourage anyone from accompanying me, saying that I am soothed by such solitary rambles. I always go in the same direction; every walk, indeed, is a repetition of the last. I seek the hill where I met my unknown lady, loiter under the trees, pace up and down—always in the longing hope that she may pass. I cannot understand why she does not return. She must know I am waiting for her. That little electric could find me fast enough if the will was there. Why is it lacking? Why am I thus abandoned? Is it a dream that we ever met? Am I waiting and longing for a wraith—a phantom—who has no existence?

I shiver as I try to reassure myself; as I try to free myself from this octopus of misgiving, whose tentacles wind about my heart. A dream! No; I cannot admit it; I will not admit it! The morning sunshine quickly affirms the reality of my memories. I lean against a tree; I reconstruct—I recreate the scene. I continue the round of my perplexities like a squirrel revolving in a cage.

As I sit here, pen in hand, I feel the impossibility of expressing in words what is so vehemently articulate within me—the conviction that I love this woman and that she loves me; and that behind the veil I cannot penetrate there is a story of consuming passion and tenderness. A great emotion permeates me—an emotion of transcendent love—unspeakably precious, unspeakably affecting—that in spite of myself I have to take on trust. Does this sound ridiculous? I flush as I ask myself the question. But of what use would be my journal if it were insincere?

I wish I had the courage to confide in Doctor Mell; but I dare not, though I coquet with the idea, which, if carried out, might relieve me of so much torment. I must here note a strange thing. Before—I was afraid of his laughter, of his unsympathetic and jeering comment; now—how

(Continued on Page 93)

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(Continued from Page 90)

hard it is to make the avowal!—I tremble, lest in one cold, scornful, scientific sentence he might obliterate my beloved from the living world and prove to me she never existed!

That lovely face, already receding into the mist, might then disappear forever, annihilated by this jargon of reflexes and reactions, and leaving me even more desolate than before. Are such apprehensions grotesque? Is this whole phase some obscure manifestation of dementia? Once a man's mind is impugned, everything he does or thinks is open to his own suspicion. For the first time I appreciate the bitterness of my infirmity; realize, with new perception, what it means to have twenty-nine years of one's life in the grave. My incompleteness, my isolation, my dependence on others suddenly seem to me appalling!

Days pass into weeks, and I suffer from an increasing dejection that I attempt in vain to throw off. My morning walk is now a melancholy routine, from which anticipation and hope have long since disappeared; but it saves me for an hour or two from the solicitous faces about me, and from the need of affecting a cheerfulness I am far from feeling.

My dear sweet mother looks so careworn; the strain is crushing her; her eyes, when they turn on mine, are inexpressibly sad. I take her in my arms; tell her again and again that I am better, and that she must not fret; murmur endearments as I feel against me the quiver of that breaking heart.

My father, too, wears a woebegone air, so little in keeping with his ordinary expression, ingrained by time, of an exuberant good nature.

Both are unjust enough to hold Doctor Mell responsible for the slowness of my recovery. At least, that is how I interpret their lessened consideration for him and the reappearance of Doctor Fortner. He has been here twice to examine me again, and his manner induces me to believe that his report has not been favorable.

Stella, greatly to my satisfaction, is leaving me more alone. Either she is afraid of me, as my moodiness and depression increase, or else her interest in Doctor Mell is wholly engrossing her kitten mind. I am amused to see poor Fitz becoming enmeshed in the net of this headlong little siren; the rôle fits him badly, and he looks uncouth and ridiculous as the confused object of all this attention. If I really cared for Stella I should be madly jealous; but I am so free from any such concern that I look on with cynical indulgence.

Yet I cannot help being fond of the little hypocrite, whose impetuous kisses and playful, affectionate ways are not without their appeal. I know she is shallow, self-centered, and an egoist through and through; but, after all, she contributes the only brightness in this gray, dismal household, and I should be ungrateful to deny it.

Poor Stella, I must not give you too mean a place in this journal; in fairness to you I must confess you have solaced some miserable hours, which otherwise would have been passed in hopeless despondency. And if you cannot bring yourself to marry this broken relic of a man, God forbid that I should blame you.

It is sixteen days since I wrote the last passage in my diary; and as I reread it I can scarcely bring myself to believe that I am the same man sitting here now and looking back in such wonder at the extraordinary succession of events which join that Neil McBeth to this. I return in thought to Montcalm, and to that sunny morning when we all got into the motor car—my father and mother, Doctor Mell, Stella, Eddie and I—not a little crowded as I recall, and with a tea basket for a picnic luncheon by the wayside.

We were off for Hempstead to see the Prentice aëroplanes. And I am reminded of the cloud that came over my spirits when I learned it was not in reality a pleasure excursion at all, but was due to Doctor Fortner's urgent recommendation to get me interested in something. It was Eddie who let the cat out of the bag, and I was foolish enough to be greatly displeased, and showed it by moping in my seat and refusing to join in the general conversation. It was always disagreeable to me to be thought of as an invalid—as one who needed special care and attention. I said to myself: "The devil take the Prentice aëroplanes!"—and screwed up my face into a scowl.

But my ill humor did not last long. The day was too pleasant and I had too much consideration to persevere in such childishness. We ferried across the North River, buffeted the city traffic to the Queensborough Bridge and, speeding across it, were soon in the beautiful and spacious country beyond. As we swept over the vast Hempstead plain, and began to see and hear whirring specks dotting the sky, I felt a strange thrill; shivers ran up and down my spine; the cut wires of my brain seemed suddenly to vibrate with incoherent messages. I was thankful to have my agitation pass unnoticed as fingers pointed and eager voices broke out into exclamations.

We descended at some galvanized-iron buildings opposite the entrance to a great inclosure, walled in like a race course, which, indeed, it had been, in pre-aviation days; and my father, with flying coat tails and voluble affability, scurried about, looking for Mr. Prentice. But apparently Mr. Prentice was absent. Curt mechanics, indifferent young men in leather costumes, other indifferent young men in incredibly short trousers and bulldog toes—who seemed to regard our presence in the light of an affliction—were of one mind that Mr. Prentice was absent. Finally, from a tiny office my father routed out a tall, oldish man, somewhat bent and sickly looking, and with an air of benignant authority, who was addressed as Mr. Satterlee.

Mr. Satterlee, in a low, patient voice, as of one who had long ago learned the uselessness of wasting brain matter on trifles, said he was afraid it was quite impossible to admit us without a card from Mr. Prentice. My father pleaded, expostulated, fumed. Mr. Prentice had personally invited him—had urged him to come. How excessively displeased Mr. Prentice would be when he heard that ——

Mr. Satterlee, conserving gray matter, waited wearily and patiently for my father to talk himself out of breath, and then repeated, in the same deprecatory tone, that he was afraid it was quite impossible to admit us without a card from—— But he got no farther. His sunken, tired eyes suddenly fixed themselves on me.

"Neil!" he exclaimed, as though he had seen a ghost; and in another moment he hurried toward me and his hand was clasping mine. "I thought you had been hurt in France," he said with the warmth of an old friend, and evidently much affected. "Neil—my own blessed boy—come back to me safe and sound after I had lost all hope!" Then he added deprecatorily to the others, as though needing to explain the feeling he had shown: "He's my boy, you know; I taught and trained him; we were chums together when aviation was all fishing poles and knotted string!"

The situation, which to me was extremely trying, was cut short by my father, who interrupted our conversation by pertinaciously again asking to be admitted to the inclosure. In some obscure sort of way—or by divination—I found I ought to address Mr. Satterlee as Jake; he acceded to our request as a matter of course and, with his arm through mine, led the way.

Inside the inclosure a most animated sight met our eyes. Some thirty or forty huge biplanes were drawn up in a row, all numbered with staring figures, with here and there a noticeable gap where one had flown away and was already in the air above our heads. Clustered about many of those on the ground were little groups, in which foreign officers in unfamiliar uniforms and oddly shaped caps were much in evidence—experts passing on the machines before they could be accepted by the French and Italian Governments. Motors were exploding with ear-shattering detonations; men were scurrying hither and thither. Two automobiles, lurching and bumping over the uneven turf, raced to meet some distant descending aviator. All was confusion, din, disorder, pandemonium.

We stuck close to Mr. Satterlee, who, undisturbed and benignant, led us to one of the nearest machines and, with an air of complete detachment, explained its points, while people bustled about us, trod on our toes, urged us to move back or to move forward, and shouted out deafening orders. It was all very bewildering, and became more so when my father met an acquaintance, who insisted on introducing us to his friends; and we all had to bow and shake hands, and pretend to talk in the general bedlam.

Passing my arm through Satterlee's I gradually drew him away from the others and soon had the satisfaction of being

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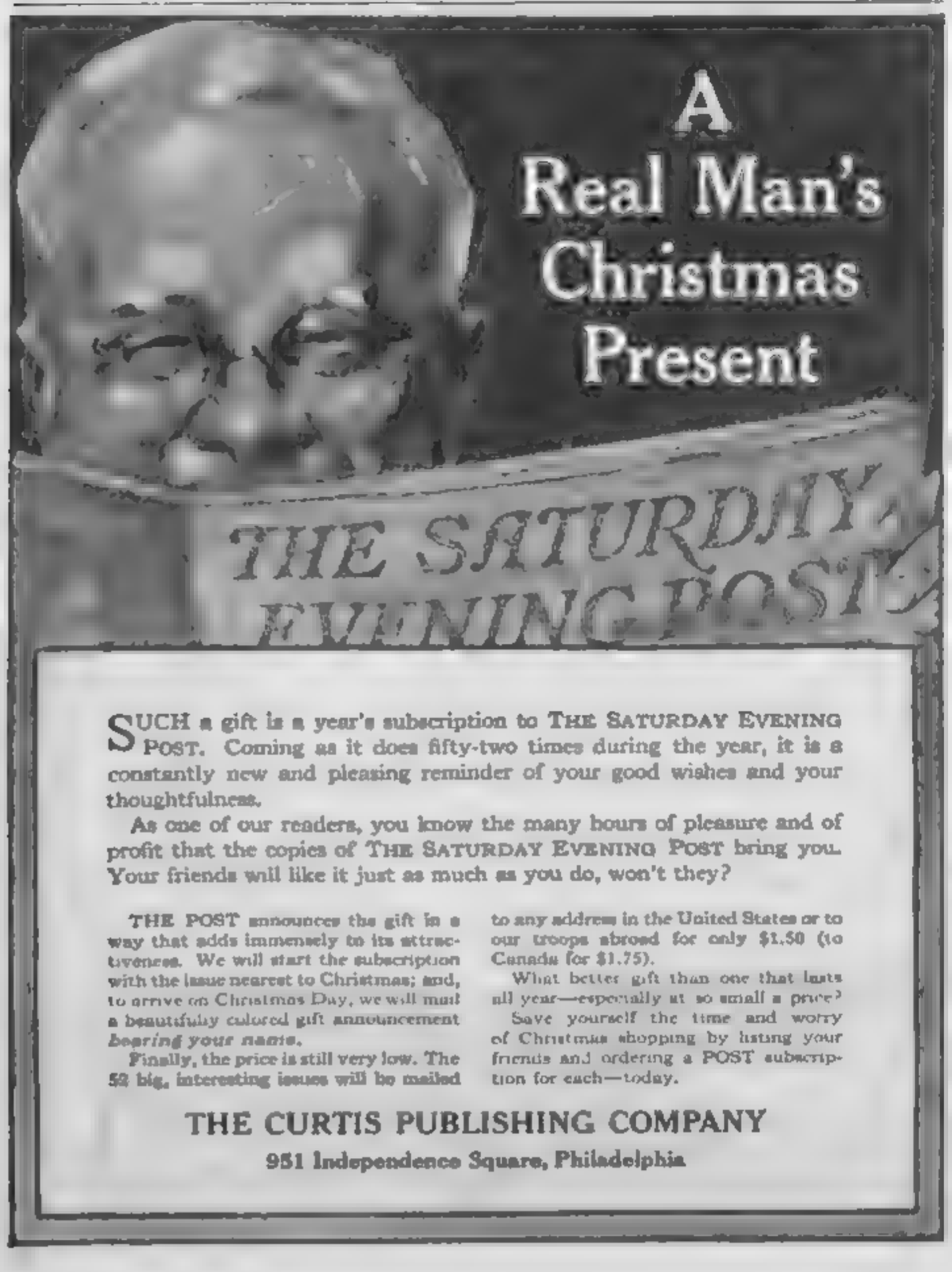

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wholly separated. I was obsessed by a wild idea, which I knew was incapable of accomplishment so long as my family and Doctor Mell were near. My heart beat quickly; I was in the throes of a consuming impatience, of a consuming terror. Craftily, insistently, I continued to move Satterlee away. I called him Jake; I affected to recall our old times together; with a cunning that seemed to savor of what I had heard of madmen, I exerted every straining faculty to please and flatter him.

"I want to go up!" I exclaimed at last, gasping out the words from my choking throat. "Jake, you must give me a chance to go up."

I was astonished at his ready acquiescence. I had been so long controlled that it seemed almost incredible to be treated as a normal human being. In the most matter-of-fact way he suggested I should take the observer's seat in one of the military biplanes.

"No, no!" I expostulated in great excitement. "I want to go up alone. I would not enjoy it if I did not go up alone. I feel that if I could once spread my wings in that stupendous solitude every care and misery would drop from me, and I should be purified, changed—exalted! I want to bathe my soul in the starry ether and look down on this sad old world and laugh, Jake—laugh, in glorious freedom!"

I regretted my impulsiveness as soon as the words were out of my mouth; but fortunately Satterlee thought I was joking. His shy smile and murmur of humorous comment alike proved it. Much relieved, I repeated my request in less inflated language, but even more insistently.

"Any old boat will do, Jake," I said, in a vernacular that somehow came back to me.

"I suppose I shall have to give you my little Nieuport," he remarked, in the tone of a man offering you his favorite horse and just a little conscious of the wrench it cost him to do so. "I have never allowed anybody to touch her but myself; but she is yours, Neil, and you can take her, and welcome."

On accepting his offer with unaffected enthusiasm I was disturbed to learn that the Nieuport was near the entrance to the inclosure, and that we could not return without every probability of meeting my family on the way.

As we were debating the matter in no little anxiety—for I frankly confessed they would deter me if they could—a passing automobile solved our problem. Jake hailed it; we both got in; and a minute later we were standing beside the diminutive Nieuport, drawn up in front of its hangar, facing the wind.

Compared with the giant Prentices, it was a pygmy of a thing—a frail and tiny toy; and, for the first time, the crazy hazard of my undertaking began to come over me. There was, indeed, a sudden, silent battle in my brain; reason and madness seemed struggling for the mastery; my head reeled; but my uncontrollable wish to fly, even though I should be dashed to death a moment afterward, swept aside every protesting thought.

I hastily put on the cap, goggles and leather costume Jake brought out to me, and, trembling violently, took my seat. The controls meant nothing to me; the wheel that I could move so oddly backward and forward had no significance whatever; yet here I was, irretrievably seated, irretrievably committed, trusting my life to instinctive reflexes that perhaps no longer existed. How can I describe the mingled terror and exultation that possessed me! My crack-brained joy; the horrible creeping of my flesh; the elation, the suspense, the horror of that palpitating instant while there was yet time for me to draw back! Jake turned over the propeller; there was a roar in my ears, a tempest of wind in my face.

I had a vision of Doctor Mell running toward me, frantically waving his arms; of my father, mother, Eddie, Stella—all following, with looks and gestures of consternation.

I touched the throttle, the spark advance; settled myself firmly in the chair; and with a strange sureness sped along the ground and leaped into the air.

The illusion was of everything swiftly sinking below me; the gesticulating figures diminished; the plain took on a maplike aspect. I was mounting in steep spirals and so sharply that I seemed to be sitting sidewise on the machine. Apprehension, dread, horror—all were lost in wild ecstasy. I shouted; I sang; the fulfillment of my desire intoxicated me almost to delirium.

The earth receded more and more; the gauge showed six thousand—seven thousand feet; the huddled pinnacles of Lower Manhattan sprang over the horizon; the Statue of Liberty; the wide and silvery Sound. Seven thousand—eight thousand—nine thousand feet! I was above the clouds and solitary in the sublime firmament. How fleecy-soft and beautiful they looked—those far-down clouds, blotting out the earth with their exquisite white convolutions! Ten thousand—eleven thousand—twelve thousand feet! The altitude was affecting my breath; my heart beat painfully, yet the demon of unrest drove me higher, ever higher.

I had but that one consuming thought—to rise, rise, rise! The motor thundered; the back blast of the propeller tore past me with hurricane force. Fourteen thousand—fifteen thousand feet! I was distressed, but exultant—madly, fiercely exultant, as though somehow I was achieving something—as though still above, but ever closer, was the mysterious finality I must reach or die.

Then—but how can I put such an astounding thing into words? Then I awoke! Awoke like a sleepy man in bed, who opens his eyes, looks about and dimly realizes where he is and who he is; who, in bewilderment, gradually gains a sense of the continuity of his ego, and knows that it has been momentarily interrupted. Yes, I awoke! I awoke at nearly nineteen thousand feet, and as sleepily and slowly as I have just described. I was myself! And, though it may sound incredible, I was not particularly surprised. There was none of the shock or joy that might have been expected.

On the contrary, my first coherent thought was of my dead comrades of the Escadrille—of Pettigrew, the laughing and debonair; of Pike, whose simplicity covered the kindest and most intrepid heart in France; of Metcalf, with his Yankee drawl and innumerable *marraines*, a veritable d'Artagnan of the air.

Then, in scattered, vivid pictures, my whole past came back to me, and with it the bitterness and heartbreak of my alienation from Helen Stoddard—Helen, who had stopped in the little electric that day to kiss me forgiveness.

I turned off my engine and began to plane downward in long, gentle gradients. What a fool I had been about Helen Stoddard! It was inconceivable what a fool—what a jealous, idiotic ass—I had been about Helen Stoddard! One of the beauties of Montcalm, she had gone on the stage, and had soon gained for herself a conspicuous place. She was often called the most beautiful woman in America; but this description, flattering though it was, ignored what were even dearer to me—her charm, her archness, her tender, winning ways. How natural it was that I should fall so desperately in love with her! All the young men in New York were in love with the adorable Helen Stoddard.

The amazing thing was that she should have fallen in love with me, who was certainly not rich or particularly good-looking—one, indeed, who was very far down in the ranks of her admirers. But she did, nevertheless, after a courtship that swept me past every obstacle with an ardor that was irresistible. She even wished to give up the stage for my sake—was eager to give it up; our love could not brook two separated lives. And, though my parents were dismayed at my marrying an actress, and though hers condemned both her decision and her choice, youth and love could not be deterred by what seemed to us such stupid objections.

At the time of our engagement she was playing out the last six weeks of her New York season with Robert Merwyn, in Fine Feathers, at the Criterion. Suddenly, out of a clear sky, there fell a thunderbolt of scandal. Robert Merwyn was sued for divorce; and, together with two others, Helen was named in the papers as a corespondent. There was not a vestige of truth in the charge; never for an instant had I the faintest doubt of that; I was unswerving in my loyalty and trust, regarding Helen as the victim of a conscienceless, vindictive woman, and of laws that permit such outrages on the innocent. One needs no evidence to support such slanders. Any wife can walk into any court and thus defame any woman with impunity—and charge the bill to her husband!

My feelings may be imagined. Nothing would satisfy me but that Helen should

(Continued on Page 97)

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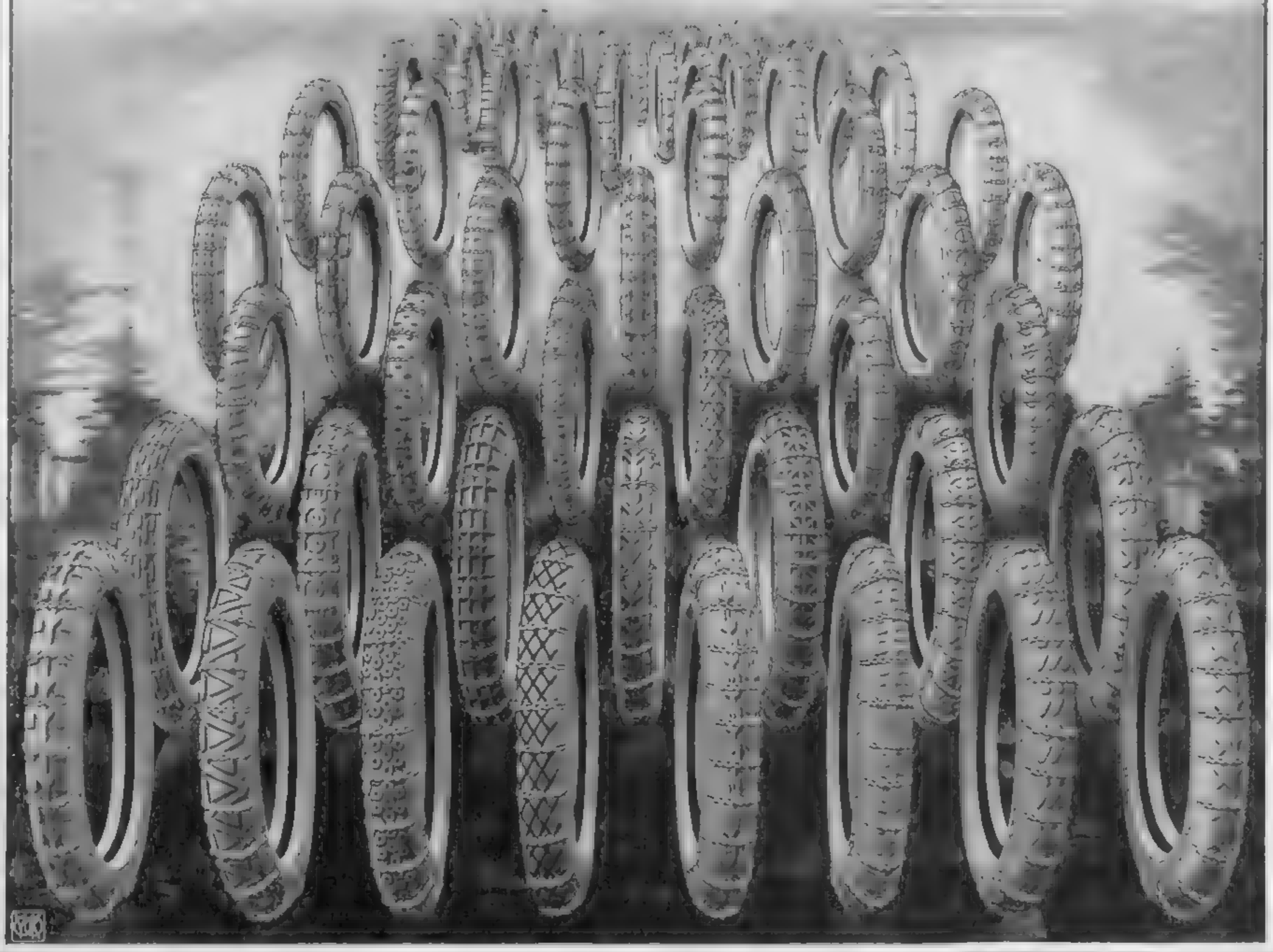

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(Continued from Page 94)

immediately leave the company. She demurred; she said it was impossible; said that she liked Robert Merwyn, who had always treated her extremely well; and that she could not be so unjust as to punish him for the fault of another. Superbly conscious of her innocence and disdainful of Broadway chatter, she refused to break the run of the piece when it was playing to crowded houses and so close to the end that had been set for it.

I felt, rightly or wrongly, that she was placing herself in a dreadfully compromising position; I pleaded, urged, argued in vain; I had always detested her stage business with the star, and it was doubly intolerable to me now to see her, night after night, in his arms. Incensed beyond measure—beside myself—I told her, like a maniac, to choose between us; to choose between Merwyn and myself. In that paroxysm of passion I said things I did not mean, and assuredly did not believe, eager only, in bitter perversity, to stab her to the heart. When I left her dressing room all was over between us.

That was how I became entangled with Stella Lessinger, a silly little doll who was not worthy to tie Helen's shoes; met her halfway, involving myself in a headlong flirtation through pique and smarting vanity—went into it, like the broken-hearted fool I was, only to come to my senses when I found myself engaged. How I hated Stella Lessinger the minute afterward! How I hated and despised myself! Once irrevocably bound, I went away and cried like a child. I feel the uselessness of palliating this folly—of attempting to excuse it. It cannot be palliated or excused. It is enough to say I became engaged to Stella, and then, having burned my ships, and in a misery of reaction, looked desperately about for some means of escape.

That was what finally decided me to go to France. I would die—not a cowardly suicide, but heroically and with honor—in a noble cause. I loved France; I had spent much of my boyhood there; her martyrdom was mine. Yes; I determined to go to France. And, as I had acquired some little celebrity as an amateur of aviation, I foresaw no difficulty in enlisting in the Escadrille Américaine and finding the end I sought.

I applaud myself. It was certainly a manly way out of my intolerable position—the only way I could redeem myself with any credit or the least self-respect.

As I was standing on the deck of the Rochambeau, just before she cast off from the wharf, and happening to buy an evening paper, I recognized the name of Merwyn in the blatant, offensive headlines, and read: "Merwyns Reunited by Baby's Bedside—Star's Wife Tearfully Retracts Charges and Admits Them Unfounded—Sensational Case Ends in Apologies and Withdrawals; Stageland's Folks Rejoice."

And what was I to do now? My recovery was not without its terrible perplexities. Was I to keep my word with Stella, or—— I mused, with a mind altogether made up, pretending to debate the matter. I recurred to that meeting with Helen and lost myself in tenderness. Her voice, her suffusing eyes, the touch of her lips on my hand—were they not all the implication of forgiveness and of a love nothing could alter or change? Was it conceivable that I could reject it? What were duty, obligation—anything—in the balance?

I had made atonement; it had not been my fault that I had failed to find a grave under the sod of France; I had sacrificed myself once and not ignobly, but—no, no!—I could not do it twice. Helen was mine and I was hers, and nothing in the world should keep us apart. I would go to her and implore her compassion. She could not repel me; it was not in her to repel me; it was too moving a situation for a woman who had loved so deeply—to turn me away, humbled and broken.

These must seem strange thoughts for a man perched three miles or so above the surface of the earth; singular preoccupations, indeed, to engross him so completely in his dizzy solitude that all else was forgotten. Stella or Helen? Conventions, the social law, the prescribed code—or the dictates of his starving heart? Or should he incline the bow of his fragile fabric—the end of that magic carpet on which he floated in the azure—and at a touch of the wheel let himself drop into eternal oblivion?

I gave no more than a passing thought to this last choice, for the life I had tried to throw away in France now seemed infinitely precious to me. Nor did I ponder the first alternative with the least conviction that I should follow it. Pretty, engaging little Stella would bestow her trivial affections elsewhere, though there might be an intervening period of acute humiliation and distress. It was to Helen, always to Helen that my thoughts returned with passionate insistence. I was mad to see her; mad to learn my fate. My faltering was over. To find Helen, to throw myself at her feet, to cling to her like a suppliant pleading for his life—and it was for my life, in all truth—these were the urgings of my bursting heart.

I inclined my planes and slid downward in great zigzags across the sky, the wind of my descent rustling in my ears and the wires shrilly singing their melancholy plaint. I darted through the mist of the clouds and saw once more, outspread below me, the vast floor where ten million people led their lives. Instinctively I looked across the two great waterways that border Manhattan, on either side, searching for Montcalm, where at that very moment perhaps Helen was seated in her parents' house, and thinking, maybe, of the poor fool who had loved her so well and treated her so ill.

Until that moment I had had no other plan than to return to my hangar and make a landing worthy of an Ace; but as my eyes sought Montcalm, though none too positively at that immense distance, I was struck by a sudden and overpowering impulse. Why should I not make my landing there, there in the garden of that trim and pretty house, and pay the most astonishing of calls?

The fantasy of it, the drama of it, delighted me inexpressibly. I should make my appearance not tamely, in ordinary clothes, with cane and gloves, but as windblown as an eagle, in the picturesque armor of modern chivalry, dropping from the sky on my airy charger. But what if she were not there to greet me? There would be but the remotest chance that I should find her.

Well, I had to take the risk of not finding her, of course; take the risk of an anticlimax that might verge on the ridiculous—an outraged gardener; a protesting housemaid; a butler, full of reproach and indignation! I laughed aloud at these successive pictures of humiliation. They all seemed to me extraordinarily amusing. But I would do it, whatever happened. What was fifty or sixty miles to a Nieuport? A bagatelle—a matter of twenty-five or thirty minutes. It was a little after four—a most correct hour for an afternoon call.

The knight of the sky inhaled an inspiriting breath and started his engine, its shattering detonations stirring him with a wild zest. Love, life and youth—this was the song of the whirlwind! This was the song of the onrushing Nieuport! And the human atom, swaying on his seat, exulted that he was part of this beautiful world.

I kept high, knowing the regulations against flying over cities. The air was perfect; still and uniform, without holes, as we call them—those invisible wells—those treacherous unseen crevasses that are so dangerous to the unwary and always troublesome even to an expert. Yes; perfect air, a faultlessly humming motor, and none of those disturbing white puffs that had seemed for so long an inseparable accompaniment of flying—bursting shrapnel from specklike Germans, running to and fro below one, like malignant ants.

I flew over the East River; crossed New York at the Williamsburg Bridge; passed over the busy Hudson; and, with renewed exhilaration, set my swift course for the smoke of Newark.

It was my home-coming—my real home-coming; the other had been a miserable counterfeit.

My mind was unimpaired, restored; life tingled in every vein; Helen awaited me. An unreasoning happiness possessed me; an unreasoning conviction that all my miseries and heartaches were over; and ever and ever the lightning little Nieuport cleaved the air asunder as the motor pulsed and thundered with unbroken rhythm. There are moments when life seems to have reached its very zenith. This was mine.

The straggling outskirts of Montcalm shot into view and a few seconds later I was poised above the town itself. I relaxed my speed; I was at a loss for precise direction; a large town, seen from above, is queerly altered to the mile-high observer

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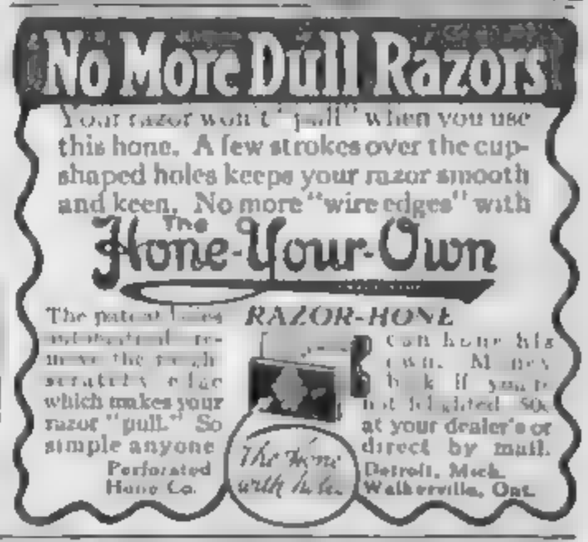
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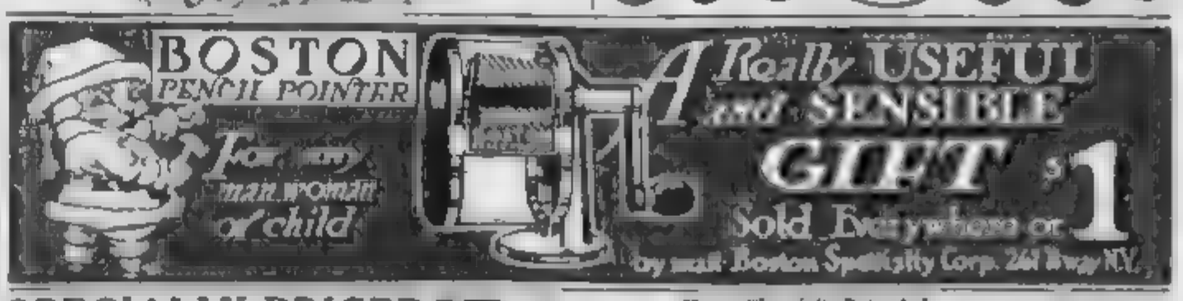
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who has known it only on the ground. Volplaning slowly I sought for Helen's house, but I could detect it nowhere in the maze of roofs and gardens.

Here was an anticlimax I had not dreamed of—failure to discern my port! Ah, with what thankfulness I at last recognized a small stone church! And with what trepidation and excitement did I convince myself that a certain roof and a certain tiny oblong of green comprised the haven I was seeking! But I had forgotten those abominable elms lining Lowell Street; an aviator would chose shrapnel at any time in preference to a row of elms. There was death or maiming in every spreading branch of them, and I foresaw a dangerous and ticklish landing in a very cramped spot.

In reality it was the most foolhardy descent I had ever attempted—the most reckless and inexcusable; even my seasoned heart quaked in my breast as I skimmed the treetops and slanted sheerly toward the lawn below. But my skill did not forsake me as I fell with a sickening loss of control; and I righted myself by a miracle just as the Nieuport seemed about to strike her nose in the earth and topple backward over me. Instead, with a violent bump, and an instant of murderous indecision, she settled herself on her wheels, ran a few yards, and stopped.

I rose from my seat, pulled off my goggles, and, with something of the incredibility of a dream, beheld Helen emerging from the house—Helen, pale, lovely and startled, and so trembling and overcome that my infolding arms were almost more of a support than an embrace.

She laughed and cried on my shoulder; she kissed me again and again in an incoherence of joy; we met, we spoke, as reunited lovers—brokenly, laughingly, with the tears running down our faces.

Then we went into the house; into the long low sitting room I remembered so well, and which mercifully we had to ourselves. And there I laid her on a couch and, kneeling beside her, tried to soothe her while gaining her attention for my impetuous plans. Indeed, we had scarcely a moment to spare if these were to be carried out; and the delight of our meeting was oddly intermingled with the most pressing and practical of considerations.

But the murmurs of lovers have no place in even the most intimate of journals. The heart alone should record them and keep their memory inviolate. It is enough to say that Helen yielded to me in everything; she was mine to do with as I liked; in smiling, delicious submission she abandoned all will of her own. Her only concern was that I should not take her away without the inordinate amount of clothes women deem necessary to the simplest enterprise; though I must not call ours by such a name.

Looking back, I am astonished at my audacity. I had to pack some of my own belongings; arrange to have Helen's maid follow us with two trunks and several hatboxes; get money; get a marriage license; get married; and be off to New York with my bride before my family could motor home from Hempstead! Such was my plan, and one not unworthy of an Ace of the Escadrille; and I am proud to say I achieved it, in spite of obstacle after obstacle that rose in my path like lions.

We must have left for New York just as the others were descending from their car to find my scribbled message, and to listen to a story that was stirring Montcalm to its depths. It was an unpardonable way to treat my poor family, I admit; but I could see no other that did not involve a meeting with Stella. I was too spent with one emotion to undergo another. I simply could not face Stella.

Besides, it is a wise young man who takes his ladylove at her word and carries her off before she can change her mind. Thus I fled like young Lochinvar; and from New York, after a few hours at the Broughton, I fled again, with the two trunks, hatboxes and maid—who had followed us in a hired motor—and my beautiful laughing lady, who would suddenly begin to cry in the most unaccountable manner, and demand to be comforted because I had so nearly died in France for her sweet sake.

In the train north who should I run into but my old acquaintance, Bradley Moore, who insisted, when he learned the circumstances, that we should join him on his yacht, which was awaiting him at Portland. To us it seemed like an invitation dropped from heaven, and we accepted it with the utmost cordiality. I had known Moore for years in merely a club way, and I suspect it was more to get Helen than myself that he was so eager and insistent. Lovely Helen Stoddard would give cachet to any party, and Moore received her assent like a patent of nobility.

Then, with telegrams about more clothes, the arrangement was gayly completed, and Moore returned to his other guests to brag of his dazzling acquisition. But I must not seem to disparage this dear good fellow, who made our honeymoon on the Tallahassee so supremely happy; and who, in those spacious, idle days under his spreading canvas, passed from an acquaintance to become the first close friend of our married life.

It was at Newport, seven or eight days later, that we received our first mail. Helen's letters were innumerable; they would have filled a small satchel. For me there were but two telegrams, which I tore open with natural uneasiness. The first was from my parents:

"Every prayer and loving wish for you, dearest boy, and for your beautiful bride; and we count the days till we can have you both back with us, and with the dreadful cloud lifted from your brain. For us it is the end of an unspeakable anguish; and, though we long for your return, please do not break your honeymoon short for our sakes, or worry or distress yourself at the inevitable readjustments that may be less painful than you anticipate.

"MOTHER AND DAD."

The second ran as follows:

"Though any affection for you had long since ceased, and the pretense was maintained only out of womanly consideration for your pitiable affliction, but bitterly wounded and affronted, nevertheless, at your inexcusable conduct, the lady you so heartlessly wronged turned to me for solace, and has graciously consented to join her life to mine. We were married yesterday, and bid you a farewell that I trust shall be eternal. "FITZJAMES MELL."

The Flag is Mentioned

IN A WEEKLY paper printed by and for colored people in a certain Texas town there appeared not long ago an advertisement that attracted attention among whites and blacks alike.

At the top of the column appeared a likeness of the author of the ad, and beneath his electrotyped picture was the following statement to the public:

"I love the flag. James Green, 710 Foster Street.

"I love the flag because it is our country's boast and pride; the flag for which, on land and sea, heroes have bravely died.

"Give me your notary-public work. New phone 1125.

"I love it for its stars and stripes, its colors fast and true, that greet us as it fans the breeze; its red, its white, its blue. Give me your divorce cases. Prices are reasonable. I love to lift my hands aloft, whene'er I pass it by, in glad salute that kindles fire within my heart and eye. Give me your cleaning and pressing, your orders for new skirts, hats, belts, caps, cloaks, and so on. And makes me step with firmer tread, content that I may be a dweller in this glorious land of peace and liberty. Give me your insurance and barber work, in which I will give you first-class service. Must do it; can't get away from it, for I was taught that way.

"Respectfully yours,

"JAMES GREEN."

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

MEN who wear the Florsheim know good shoes. They demand lasting quality and style—the kind of satisfaction that makes you insist on having The Florsheim Shoe.

Eight to ten dollars; reasonably priced, value considered.

There's a Florsheim dealer in every city showing the season's correct styles. His name and booklet on request.

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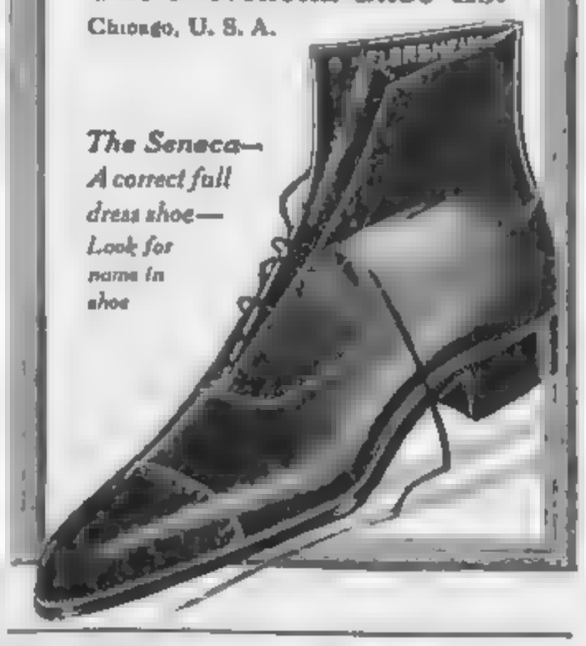

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There's nothing a real boy likes better than a real Coaster Wagon

HIS COASTER is his side partner almost everywhere he goes, in almost everything he does. His play centers around it. His work is often made more pleasant because of it.

The Auto-Wheel Convertible Roadster is the very latest thing in wagons. Every boy who sees the Auto-Wheel wants one because of its two-in-one construction. It's both a roadster and a coaster. To change from one to the other means simply pulling up the sides or turning them back.

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BOYS! Get a FELT PENNANT, FREE. Send us names of three Coaster Wagon Dealers and we'll mail you the Pennant. Ask Dad or Mother to get you an Auto-Wheel Convertible FOR CHRISTMAS.

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Write for Booklet and Free 10-day Trial Offer

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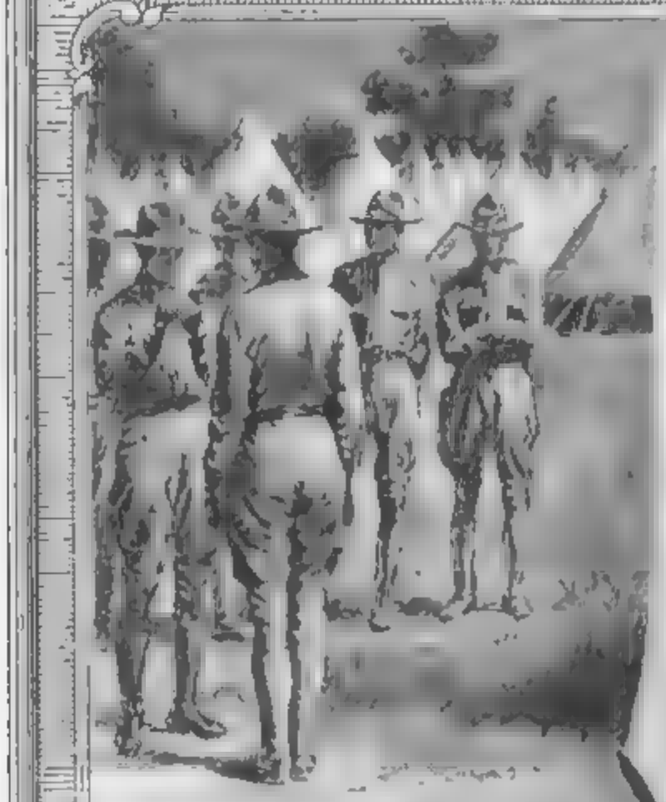

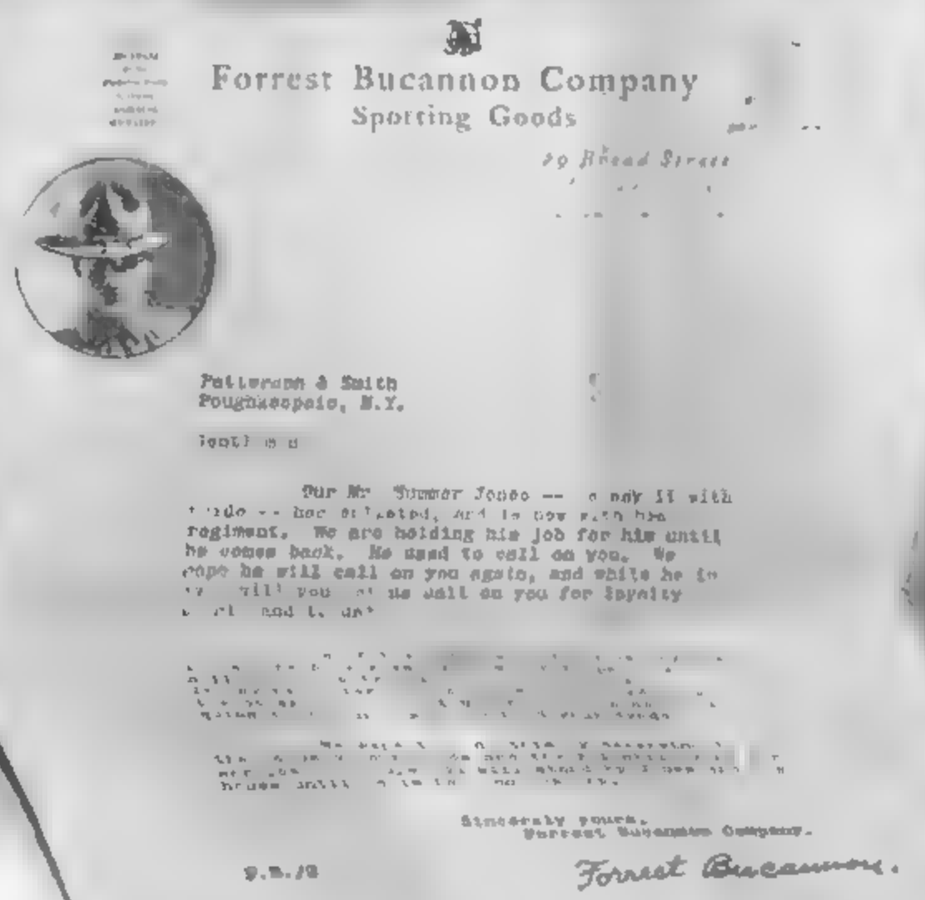

Holding Jones' Job

JONES has gone; all honor and luck to him. We gave him a good send-off when he went and he is sure of his job when he comes back.

But meanwhile, how can we fill his place? Who will do his work, who will call on his trade, who will sell the goods he sold and hold the business he built? It must be done and done quickly if there is to be any job left for him.

Our printer made a suggestion: "Don't hunt for another man. Multiply Jones by a thousand; send every week to all his customers, as strong a sales letter as you can write. Multiply Jones by ten thousand, by a hundred thousand, and reach new customers."

Use printed salesmanship, not as a side issue but as your mainstay. Booklets, circulars—above all, form sales letters in quantities—can and must take the place of the salesmen who have gone to the front.

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To help you buy printing and to help your printer serve you, the Hammermill Paper Company has prepared specialized portfolios containing suggestions and specimens of printing to keep records and sell goods.

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Hammermill Bond is the paper to use for a sales campaign or an office system. It is efficient in quality though not costly. It is the most widely used bond in the world because it combines uniformity, standard quality, reasonable price, and is "The Utility Business Paper."

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Motrola

It Winds any Make—Automatically

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THE MOTROLA is a small electric motor which anyone can attach to the outside of their phonograph—in place of the unsightly winding crank—as shown in the picture—without marring the woodwork or altering the mechanism.

It is a marvel of convenience and service. Not only does it spare you the embarrassing and tiresome task of winding your phonograph but it relieves you of even thinking about it.

The MOTROLA starts winding automatically when the phonograph requires it—and *never forgets*. It stops when the spring is wound to the proper tension. This prolongs the life of the spring and insures perfect tone and time for all selections.

The MOTROLA operates from any lamp socket at an average cost of *one cent* a month.

The MOTROLA has been on the market for over a year and there are thousands in satisfactory use.

Sold by reliable dealers throughout the United States and Canada under a guarantee of absolute satisfaction.

An Ideal Xmas Gift

Ask your dealer for a demonstration or write us for booklet.

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Pittsburgh, 963 Liberty Avenue
Kansas City, 702 Commerce Bldg.
San Francisco, Wiley B. Allen Bldg.
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The MOTROLA is the invention of Joseph W. Jones, well known for his Speedometer, Taximeter and Talking Machine Record patents.

Partial List of Dealers

ALBANY—Gatcley Haire Co.
ATLANTA—Phonograph, Inc.
BOSTON—F. H. Thomas & Co.; Pardee Ellenberger Co.
BUFFALO—Neal, Clark & Neal Co.
CHICAGO—Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.; Hallett & Davis Piano Co.; James I. Byers, The Phonograph Co., The Talking Machine Shop.
CINCINNATI—The Phonograph Co.
CLEVELAND—The Phonograph Co.
DENVER—Columbia Stores Co.; Denver Dry Goods Co.; The Hext Music Co.; The Knight Campbell Music Co.
DES MOINES—Grant A. Hess.
DETROIT—Wanzer-Brown, The J. L. Hudson Co., Max Strasburg, The Phonograph Co. of Detroit.
ELMIRA—Lozier-Arms Co.
EL PASO—El Paso Phonograph Co., Inc.
INDIANAPOLIS—Kipp Phonograph Co.
KANSAS CITY, MO.—The Phonograph Co. of Kansas City.
MILWAUKEE—The Phonograph Co. of Milwaukee.
MINNEAPOLIS—Lawrence B. Lasker.
NEW HAVEN—Pardee-Ellenberger Co.
NEW YORK CITY—Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.; J. Davega, Jr. Inc.; The Diamond Disc Shop; Charles H. Ditson & Co.; The Fifth Ave. Shop; Hallett, Peck & Co.; Hallett & Davis Piano Co., Iona Music Co.; Wanamaker & Co., Landay Brothers, Inc.; Sayer, Owens & Betts, Offices, Inc.; Pathephone Sales Co.
PHILADELPHIA—Blasé & Barkhan.
PITTSBURGH—Pittsburgh Motrola Sales Co.
PORTLAND, ORE.—Cressey & Allen Inc.
PROVIDENCE—J. A. Foster & Co.
RICHMOND—C. B. Haley Co.
ROCHESTER—Foster Shop, Rochester Phonograph Co.
SALT LAKE CITY—Columbia Stores Co., Progress Music Co.
ST. LOUIS—Manufacturers Agency Co., Silverstone Music Co., Thebes Piano Co.

"NOT FOR PUBLICATION"

(Continued from Page 13)

to France. In this respect the American would-be censors are no less humorous than the British censors, who permitted a cablegram to American newspapers recently to describe the arrival of an American contingent at a "British port," and then to speak quite enthusiastically of the cordial greetings given to the troops that day "by the mayor of Liverpool." General Pershing's baggage, consisting of fifty or sixty pieces, went through dozens of baggage cars and thousands of hands before he left for France, with big red tags labeled with the full name of the general, the ship on which he was to sail, the number of the pier and the date of sailing! Instances of stupid suppression are many. Some of them cause a smile, but others bring a frown.

Take for instance any of the several departments of the Government that are managing the war for the United States. Naturally the Navy Department comes to mind first, for American boys on American warships have been for months and are to-day in the thick of the fight with the submarines. For nearly six months there have been thrilling exploits, encounters with the undersea craft, spectacular and effective use of the depth-bomb and other devices quite well known to the Germans, who have tasted the naval warfare of the United States and who have reported quite fully thereon to the German Admiralty. But not very much has been permitted to come through for the benefit of the folks at home, whose sons are risking their lives.

To overcome the modesty of naval commanders American newspapers have offered to send their best writers on the destroyers to see for themselves and to submit to the censor for deletion of naval information stories of the American Navy in action. Occasionally among naval officers is some one with a gift of expression who can fill the need of descriptive writing that will hearten not merely the civilian millions but the thousands of recruits, make them eager for the fray and put ginger into the whole organization of the Navy Department itself. But such cases of naval writing are few and far between, and the Navy Department hasn't encouraged wardroom *littérateurs*. Naval officers are too busy as a rule to write, and they must be respectful of the feelings of their superiors should something wrong transpire which might have gone right had there been proper arrangements at home. Such things the naval officers wouldn't dare to write.

Lack of Common Sense

Is the food satisfactory? Are the men happy? Is there anything they need? How do they demean themselves on shore? What recreation for them on leave? What arrangements to keep their families informed? Details, many of them, but reporters on the spot like to treat of just such matters—and no one would call it naval information useful to the enemy. It might, of course, give some comfort to the enemy if naval mistakes are revealed, but a whole lot more discomfort would accrue to the American people if disinterested observers could not fearlessly set in motion the machinery of correction. Common sense is as yet unknown to war censorship, though England has progressed somewhat with three years' experience.

For many months prior to America's entrance into the war, military authorities at Washington wrestled with the question and even called newspaper men into their counsels. When war came the Government promptly tossed aside all previous plans and asked Congress for a drastic censorship law, something that Congress in apprehension promptly squelched—at least it thought it did. This last clause is inserted because when no one appeared to be looking the Administration obtained from Congress in the last days of the session authority for the Post-Office Department to declare nonmailable whatever it considered seditious or treasonable or, in other words, useful to the enemy—a very broad power. Moreover, express companies, common carriers, news agencies and newsboys were forbidden, under penalty of jail, to handle a single copy of a newspaper or periodical which had been declared nonmailable by the Post-Office Department. The measure was intended to apply to foreign-language publications in this country, but it can be construed to cover the English-language newspapers as well. The power of the Government to coerce the press is complete if it wants to exercise that power. The executive branch of the Government has enough law to intimidate the press, and in time of war intimidation can be worse than censorship. The latter can be regulatory and helpful, the former confusing and full of harm. Trust gives way to suspicion, confidence to uneasiness and apprehension.

On the outbreak of the war everybody expected a censorship. England and France had one, America must of course be censored; only, characteristically enough, it was thought America would handle the question better, eliminating European mistakes and showing the whole world that a democracy is able to restrain itself and keep fully abreast of its own policies and accomplishments.

An Ideal Program

President Wilson, to his credit must it be said, wanted exactly that result. Everybody did. And in selecting George Creel to be chairman of the Committee on Public Information, with the Secretaries of State, War and Navy as his colleagues, Mr. Wilson really was sure the whole problem could be smoothly adjusted to the satisfaction of the Government and the press. While George Creel has since been the storm center of criticism, some of it deserved and some of it undeserved, it cannot be denied that if the same Mr. Creel had been able to put into operation the ideas of governmental publicity that he originally proposed newspaper confidence in the institution he created would be much greater than it is to-day, and the feeling would prevail that in six months of war a start had been made toward solving the traditional conflict between expression and suppression. It's a sad, sad story, and hasn't heretofore been told. So here goes:

George Creel summoned all the newspaper men in Washington one evening last May. He talked frankly and clearly. He wanted them to have everything that wasn't military or naval information of value to the enemy, everything about Government policies that could possibly be obtained for them; stories of our armies and our fleets; information of the most detailed character about this Government's negotiations with foreign powers; an end to the excessive secrecy which had prevailed in Washington for years; and a proper and judicious emphasis on those splendid activities of the Government which had been sadly neglected theretofore!

The correspondents fairly gasped. "Fine!" they exclaimed, and privately expressed their deep sympathy for Mr. Creel who was to perform the miracle. The chairman of the Committee on Public Information, however, hadn't been at his job two weeks when he ran counter to the Department of State, where diplomatic negotiations are considered confidential, and secret diplomacy is defended as being absolutely necessary "upon some occasions." Only the Department was to be the judge of those occasions, as before. That had been the tradition and custom in our Department of State, and due to the war Secretary Lansing added a few more rules prohibiting his bureau chiefs and subordinates from talking with newspaper men. So Mr. Creel found his theory balked at the very outset in the very Department that he had hoped to liberalize and ventilate. But the Department of State only smiled. And the newspaper men caught the contagion. They smiled too. And reliance on the Committee on Public Information, from that moment on, began to wane.

Then came the unfortunate elaboration of the Fourth of July message about the experience of the American expeditionary force with German submarines. Confidence in the Committee on Public Information dropped a few more degrees. The newspapers began to take the Creel committee less and less seriously.

What was the effect? George Creel and his Committee on Public Information, though fully supported in private by President Wilson, were not given the coöperation in public which they needed to carry weight and authority. Mr. Wilson himself didn't help Mr. Creel by any public expression of confidence, and as a consequence

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He represents *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in his home town. *You* can represent the same universally popular periodicals in *your* town.

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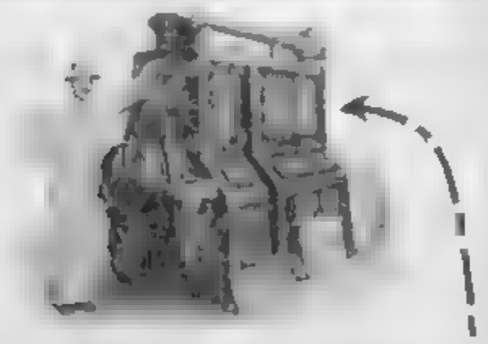

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many of the prepared stories about governmental activities issued by the Committee on Public Information were viewed as so much press-agent buncombe and consigned to those large wastebaskets of which Washington has an abundance nowadays.

Mr. Creel failed to obtain either the cooperation of the officials or of the press. He forfeited the second when he lost the first. Mr. Creel, himself a newcomer in Washington, found that the Government did not do business in the open as he had supposed, and the effort at reform was doomed to failure because a leopard doesn't change its spots. The Government official cannot be made to see the viewpoint of the press in a day or a month, especially if some one on high doesn't see it too and pass the word down to subordinates, whether they are by nature bureaucrats, autocrats or democrats.

Gradually the Committee on Public Information became a sort of intermediary for the press. George Creel wisely surrounded himself with men of newspaper experience, but the Government didn't permit these quasi-official persons any more liberty or authority than outsiders. They merely had access to cabinet officers, and to-day they act as spokesmen for the interests of the press instead of as arbiters of Government policy on publicity as they, or some one, should have been in the past and should be in the future.

Signs of Correction

The Committee on Public Information has made its mistakes—and there are signs of correction—in giving an official description of the news, an official coloring and an official emphasis; things which the Government can no more hope to fasten on obvious facts than an expression of lament can excuse extravagant expenditure. The Creel committee has learned by experience—but its effectiveness is affected by an eventful past. Yet the Official Bulletin, much laughed at and derided when first issued, is actually proving a valuable thing. It is not a newspaper—nor was it intended as such. But in it are printed all the executive orders and Government statements of policy in full. Federal courts accept it as a basis for evidence in interpreting disloyalty and sedition. Employees of the United States Government keep in touch with their departments by reading it closely. It is a kind of house organ for the Government; in fact, it is to the executive branch of the Government what the Congressional Record is to the legislative end. Neither publication has reached a type dress or editorial make-up suitable to the hundreds of critical newspaper eyes that scan its pages, ridicule it editorially but preserve it carefully as a ready-reference text on the war; but the prediction is solemnly entered here that the Official Bulletin has come to stay. The only serious menace to its longevity was the ambitious attempt of the Official Bulletin's editors while Congress was in session to tell comprehensively what the Senate and House did each day; and the reporter or editor—his identity is not revealed—boldly devoted less than a dozen lines to record congressional achievement!

There are many worth-while things being done by the Government to inform the studious part of the American people why the United States entered the war and what its part is in world politics. The school and collegiate generations of to-day will be broadened by it. But the great mass of the people depend on the daily press and the current magazines for information. And no one in the Government has ever taken it upon himself or selected others to analyze the needs of publications of large circulation—to fit the product and timeliness of it to effective display.

So much for the Committee on Information, with its dingy offices on Jackson Place, where a multitude of very useful activities it must be admitted are carried on, such as the writing and distribution of pamphlets on war issues, campaigns of education and propaganda in the schools and colleges and thickly populated cities, arrangements for patriotic speeches and rallies, moving-picture and poster expressions of Government purposes—important things that have to do with making every man and woman in the American republic understand what this war really means to them.

But the Committee on Public Information is only a small part of the whole mechanism of publicity. Every Department of the Government has its own little publicity bureau. Originally Mr. Creel tried to coördinate all. He stationed a representative of his committee in each of the several Departments. The purpose was to extract news stories from officials who were too busy to see the many representatives of the press and who couldn't stop as a rule to write stories of their own activities but who could approve such stories as were prepared by the personal combination of newspaper writer and Government employee furnished by the Committee on Public Information. The scheme failed, not so much because each department desired to get printed some of the driest and most uninteresting stuff, of no use to newspapers or the great body of their readers, as because, when something very vital and important was issued, the canned version was open to the suspicion of Administration flavor. Original research alone disarms suspicion and makes the news writer feel that he is getting the truth. He loathes prepared stories, especially those which obviously will not furnish the basis for an adverse criticism—and no one suspects to-day or has suspected in the past that everything this Administration or its predecessors do or have done is above criticism!

There is on the other hand such a thing as natural and spontaneous publicity. In this Joseph Patrick Tumulty, private secretary to the President of the United States, surpasses them all. He rarely asks anybody to print anything. He frequently asks them not to. He never stretches a point to emphasize or overemphasize. He is a past master in the psychological, and as intuitive politically as ever a politician who has performed in executive quarters. He has but to wink his eye, wrinkle his forehead or smile as he sketches a situation after a conference with the President, and the scribes forthwith represent Mr. Wilson's point of view exactly as the aforesaid Mr. Tumulty thinks it wise that it should be represented.

Over in the Department of State Philip Patchin, experienced as an American correspondent in foreign fields, and Hugh Gibson, former secretary of the American legation at Brussels, stand at the right hand of Secretary Lansing and issue the briefest and yet the most sensational of news. There is no comment, no long-drawn-out story carefully prepared in advance and pointing out what a dastardly thing it was for the Swedish legation in Argentina to lend itself to German duplicity. There is merely given out the text of a message and the signature of the sender. The correspondents can draw their own conclusions—and so can the people.

The Suppression of News

As for the suppression of news, it is not disconnected from the spy mania. The American Government never having been in the spy business itself, never descended to the depths of trickery and sneaky intrigue that the agents of Kulturland have imported to our shores; our system of detection was incomplete when the war broke out and is far from perfect to-day. But on the other hand there is no thoughtful weighing of military values. News is suppressed because it is annoying for some department of the Government to have it published. Frequently it is hardly considered whether the concealment of the news can do more harm in domestic America than it could possibly aid Germany across the sea. The Creel committee has championed the interest of the press, often urging Government officials to make public facts they want withheld. Sometimes neither the press nor the Committee on Public Information is given the strange reasons that lie in the minds of those officials who think certain kinds of news not only ought to be kept from the newspapers at the source but that the newspapers should be enjoined from using material that comes to them spontaneously.

How shall the American people be kept attuned to the reality of the strife three thousand miles away? Howshall the people, collectively and individually eager as they are to-day to do their part, be kept advised of the progress of the great war machine they themselves have builded? How shall the enthusiasm of the mass be sustained in the stern intermingling of losses and gains on land and sea—how shall there be kept before their eyes and in their minds the ideals of the great crusade for democracy?

It is a war problem all by itself. It is not less vital than the mobilization of material forces. It is not unrelated to the call for troops and funds. It involves nothing less

(Concluded on Page 105)

For Your Soldier Boy
(At His Own Request)
Old Virginia Fruit Cake

YOUR soldier boy wants a fruit cake for Christmas. Let us send him a real old fashioned Virginia fruit cake for you!

Here's what the boys told a newspaper correspondent at Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala.:

"Camp McClellan, Ala., Oct. 26—With the holiday season drawing near, it has been suggested to this correspondent at Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala., that if the people at home could realize [illegible] the soldiers would most needed and acceptable for Christmas dinner, and that is cake—especially fruit cake."

There is no fruit cake quite so delicious as Bromm's Old Virginia Fruit Cake, made at Richmond by an old-time recipe. If you will send us your soldier boy's name and address, together with money order or check we will ship him at once the fruit cake he so much desires. Prices: express prepaid anywhere in the U. S., 2 lb. tin, $1.75; 4 lb. tin, $3.40; 6 lb. tin, $5.00. As our stock is limited, we respectfully suggest that you order at once.

Order also for your own Christmas table. Don't miss this treat.

L. BROMM BAKING CO.
513 Marshall St. Richmond, Va.
Sold in New York by Park & Tilford
Exclusive selling rights in other cities open to high grade fancy grocers.

FOR ALL CARS

A Quick Start On The Coldest Day

With an X. L. Primer you can start instantly, even in the coldest weather. You need not raise the hood to prime the motor. Use your car all winter without running your batteries down or wearing out your [illegible] system turning over the motor. Save wear and tear and the physical labor of spinning your motor. If your car is a Ford

Get an X. L. Primer

This positive Primer, mounted on the dash, shoots gasoline into the manifold. Can be [illegible] and easily [illegible] by anyone. [illegible] Send us $3 stating make and model of your car, and we'll send the Primer. Install it, and use 10 days. Then send $3 more or return the Primer and we'll refund your $3

Dealers—write for territory.

X. L. MFG. CO., 47 Fort St., East, Detroit, Michigan

ASK FOR and GET
Horlick's
The Original
Malted Milk
Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price.

Merry Christmas?

Of course you want one. And so do the wife and kiddies. Expense? Never mind that! We'll pay *your* Christmas bills, just as we paid them for hundreds of others last year. By our plan you can make your spare time bring you all the extra money you need! Write The Curtis Publishing Company, 983 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

UNION PACIFIC

What the Union Pacific Is Doing To Save Food

FROM day to day the Union Pacific is coöperating with the Government in different branches of war work. As an example, every suggestion of the U. S. Food Administration is followed immediately and conscientiously on Union Pacific Dining Cars.

Bordering the Union Pacific are the Nation's greatest agricultural states, bounteous producers of grain, cattle, hogs, beet sugar, fruit, vegetables, poultry and dairy products from which our Commissariat replenishes its larders with choice foods.

But few readjustments have been necessary to carry out the plan of using chiefly fresh and perishable products. Sea food from the Pacific, trout from mountain streams, game in season, fresh vegetables and fruit have long been the delight of Union Pacific passengers.

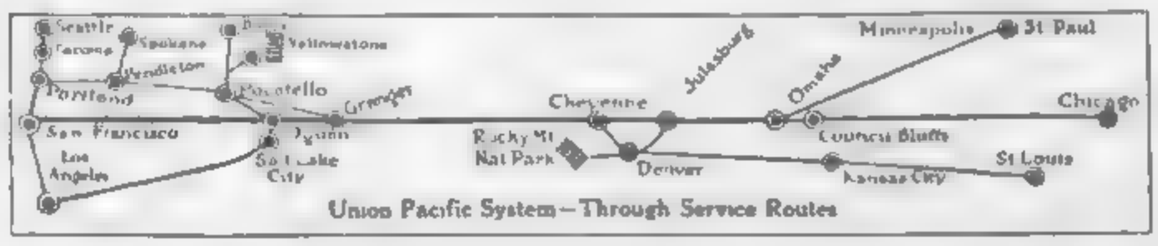
So the nation-wide observance of meatless Tuesdays and wheatless Wednesdays, suggested by the Food Administration to help win the war, is made easy for Union Pacific patrons.

Passengers on our trains are gladly joining in this patriotic duty. They find that our chefs are stimulated to new efforts. Menus gain new interest.

For half a century the Union Pacific—in war and peace—has fulfilled its Federal obligations.

Typical war menus are sent free on request.

Write Gerrit Fort, Passenger Traffic Manager; Union Pacific System, Chicago



Union Pacific System—Through Service Routes

Send This Dollar Christmas Package to Your Soldier

The Christmas gift problem of a man who smokes is easy to solve—in fact it doesn't exist.

Anything that pertains to smoking will warm his heart toward you.

But if he smokes a pipe, the gift of a good briar pipe or a jar of good tobacco will cause him forthwith to enter your name on his list of friends who really understand him.

If Edgeworth is his tobacco—and it is the one tobacco of thousands of men—you couldn't buy him anything that would give him more downright pleasure than our special Christmas Jar pictured above.

Every pipe smoker does not smoke Edgeworth—for no tobacco could please every man.

But we do know Edgeworth is the favorite tobacco of those men who are termed "pipe-cranks"—men to whom pipe-smoking is almost a religion.

They smoke Edgeworth to the exclusion of every other brand.

Edgeworth is a tobacco that you grow affectionate toward. If you smoke a pipe yourself, perhaps *you'd* like it.

We wish you'd try it, anyway. You know that's the only way to find out.

Just send us your name on a postcard and we will mail you generous samples of Edgeworth in both its forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Plug Slice is Edgeworth Tobacco pressed into cakes and cut into thin oblong slices—a slice rubbed up in the hand making a comfortable pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is the same tobacco all ready for your pipe.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are sold everywhere in convenient sized packages to suit all purchasers. If you cannot get the large glass humidor jar of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, shown above, of your dealer, send $1.00 to Larus & Brother Company and they will send it to any address, charges prepaid.

For the free sample packages or to order glass humidor, write to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

EDGEWORTH
SMOKING TOBACCO

(Concluded from Page 102)

than a stimulation of the moral strength of the nation itself. It is what the Europeans call *morale*.

War, fortunately, isn't a habit with free peoples, but a grim exception to their rule of life. History records in prolific detail the errors and achievements of every international upheaval, yet each conflict seems to present to the world a new experience. In principle, however, all wars, ancient and modern, have been, are and always will be the same. This principle is that however the quarrel may have been begun, wherever the responsibility may attach—on monarch, king or prince, cabinet or government—war is fought by the people and ended by the people. The military party in Germany began the war, but the German people will end it. The great mass of American citizens were not themselves attacked by Germany's submarines, but the whole American nation rises to vindicate the rights transgressed.

It is, therefore, written conspicuously in the primer of martial lore that the cause and objects of a people's war be kept constantly before them—so that they may be inspired and ready to make, if necessary, the supreme sacrifice.

Americans are by nature unaccustomed to war philosophy. They are untutored in Treitschke and his kind. They have been perennially absorbed in the peaceful pursuits of trade and industry. Temperamentally and spiritually America is not a bit different from England when it comes to changing from peace to war atmosphere. And the same tendencies to forget what brought on the war and to be affected only by the loathsome aspects of its dread prosecution are as natural to people on this side of the Atlantic as they have been for folks on the other side. England is meeting this numbness of thought after three years of fighting by a steadfast iteration and reiteration of fundamentals, of the dramatic events that upset the equilibrium of the world in 1914. German air raids and submarine atrocities often do the rest.

In America the people have come to look in wartime to Washington—the seat of the Government—for fact and authoritative opinion, if not for inspiration. They surrender neither their right nor their willingness to think for themselves, but merely lean more than before on the executive branch of the Government for the material on which to base their judgment—accurate information. Too much suppression and too much expression are in such circumstances equally fatal. The whole is a test in comprehension of the national mind.

The people of all belligerent countries are pleading for news—more news about the war and more news about the underground peace parleys of which they always hear rumors. The Washington Administration has sought to discourage as much as possible speculation in the press about peace on the ground that it is a sign of weakness. Discussion of military operations is of course taboo. In effect the vital factors involved in carrying on the war and in ending it are meagerly treated in the newspapers because the Government wills it so. Yet it is safe to predict that there will be no change in this policy unless serious dissatisfaction develops in the country with the actual progress of the war. If things are not well managed, if extravagance and inefficiency should result in serious losses, unquestionably a demand for facts will rise that Congress will obtain by committee investigation. And usually when Congress investigates, the press can print the facts. If, on the other hand, the American war machine moves smoothly the Administration will regard success as confirmation of its news policies.

So while hundreds of editors and correspondents believe the Government is missing a great opportunity in the handling of the publicity of the war they do not the less wish it well. Neither pride of opinion nor professional confidence in the correctness of their criticism has moved any to disobey or disregard the requests of the Government in vital matters. Such is the patriotism of the press.

UNITED WE WIN

(Continued from Page 14)

inventions, and as a result of a change in naval tactics, such as the convoying of ships, the sinkings of large ships began to decrease; and, though the submarine campaign was still considered a menace, the Germans saw that their hopes for a victory by means of the submarines before the fall or winter of this year could not be fulfilled.

Among the inventions used to defeat the submarines was a special instrument fastened to a ship that enabled the ship's officers to hear a submarine's approach at a distance of four miles. This invention was a secret until a New York newspaper, about the middle of May, published on its first page certain details. At that time there was no censorship of the press. I do not know whether this publication reached Germany. I do not know how Germany learned of the invention; but the fact remains that Germany learned about it and perfected it to such an extent that her latest submarines are now equipped with so-called submarine ears, instruments which enable submarines to hear a steamer approach at a distance of five miles. The German invention is said to be so accurate that a submarine can submerge and shoot a torpedo aimed by sound and not by sight. This is given as the explanation for the sinking of one American transport, the torpedoing of another and the sinking of other ships in European waters, without the submarine's showing itself.

Thus, the creation of submarine ears undoubtedly gave the Germans encouragement in their submarine campaign; but it came late in the year, and before it is in extensive use the Allies, or the United States, will probably have an invention that defeats its purpose.

With this new invention by the Germans, the submarine war remains a menace to the Allies almost as great as it was in February and March of this year.

Once, while I was in Rumania with the German Army, an officer—he was a staff officer too—remarked that all German military plans were made six months in advance; that every German offensive was planned so long beforehand in order that supplies should be on hand for a great push.

I have said that Germany some months ago planned a military campaign with four objects. Judging from the way the German military mind works, one may venture the opinion that the following survey was made:

The German General Staff looked at the world chessboard. The morale of the German people was at a low point. Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey were dissatisfied with the inability of Germany to make peace in 1917. The American embargo against neutral countries would in a short time prevent further supplies from reaching the Central Powers. The Germans had not been able during 1917 to make any gains in the West, but had lost considerable territory and many prisoners. There was political dissension in Germany. Von Bethmann-Hollweg was forced to resign; Michaelis was named and compelled to leave; and a Bavarian Catholic, Count von Hertling, was called to the premiership. Briefly, that was the situation in Germany.

The revolution in Russia had worked to Germany's advantage in that there could be no real danger from Russia this year, and probably not in 1918. Kerensky, then premier, announced that Russia could not be expected to give full military coöperation to the Allies. There was no apparent reason why the German General Staff should concern itself with the Russian Front, unless it was advisable to invade Russia and take more territory. A further invasion would be like digging into a feather bed, as an American observer remarked. So the Imperial authorities turned their attention to the other fronts.

There was nothing more for Germany to gain in the Balkans or in Asia Minor. Therefore, the attention of the military leaders could be turned to Italy and to the Western Front.

On the military horizon arose the unknown quantity of the United States. All that was known was that this country was making gigantic preparations for 1918, and that the entrance of the United States had encouraged the Allies; while President Wilson's reply to the Vatican's peace note had given heart to the Liberals in Germany, who sought a more democratic form of government. Italy had made gains against Austria; and there was a grave

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Crammed Full of Extra Value Every Inch of It!

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Hanes is made form fitting—pre-shrinking keeps it true to size and shape—its natural elasticity makes it "give" with every movement—there's no itching, ripping or flaring, just warm and comfortable.

The answer is the finest underwear value in the world and at such popular prices. Hanes is just the right price and the underwear everyone should wear.

Test it yourself. Ask a Hanes dealer for this underwear and see if it isn't the biggest value you ever saw. If you don't know a dealer, write us.

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A new union suit for boys—too strong and elastic to knock out at the knees and warm and cozy enough for the coldest days. Washing can't faze it. Its value can't be duplicated.

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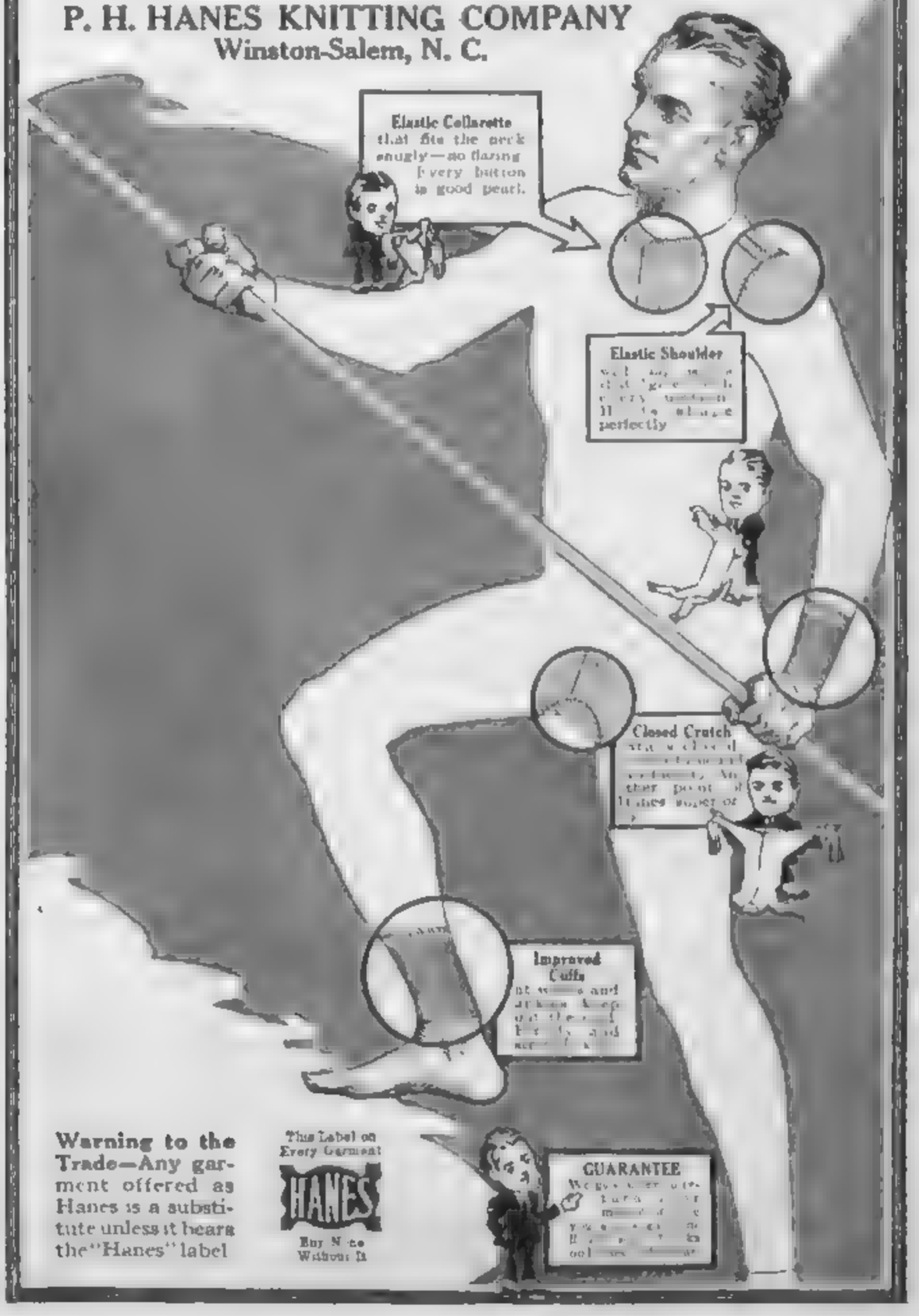
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This Label on Every Garment
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GUARANTEE

Eighty Cent Eggs

"Say, Ma, Can't I Have Some Brothers and Sisters to Play With?"

"No, Clarence! Not With Eggs Bringing Eighty Cents a Dozen!"

The only man who can eat two eggs, boiled or fried, for breakfast without feeling that he is swallowing gold, is the man who keeps a little home flock in his back yard. He makes fresh eggs for breakfast out of the waste from yesterday's meals. If you doubt this read

Breakfast Eggs from Dinner Waste

an article by C. L. Opperman in this week's issue. Poultrymen everywhere—from the man who keeps a dozen hens in his back yard all the way up to the commercial raiser who numbers his flocks by the thousand—are finding *The Country Gentleman's* poultry department and special articles the practical helps that they need in their business—such articles as The Missouri Valley Cackle—in this week's issue—telling how the poultrymen last spring put up surplus stock so that now on Beefless Tuesday we can all eat chicken. Also in this issue:

Iron Men for the Farm

an article by Philip S. Rose, telling how tractors can take the place of many men and horses to raise next year's crops. And more than a score of other big features, including:

Living on Borrowed Money

Patriotism and Milk Production

Cotton—Capitalist or Thief?

The Vital Question of Farm Management

Catch-as-Catch Cannery

Invest a Dollar and Save a Hundred or Two

You can do this and more by subscribing to and profiting by what you read in

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danger of further advances, unless German troops were sent to the Italian war theater.

The gravest danger to Germany, therefore, lay in the possibilities of a united French, English and American offensive in France and Belgium over a long front, possibly over the greatest part of the Western Front. If Italy attacked at the same time, Austria would be in a critical position; and it is doubtful whether Austria would be able to hold out under those circumstances. The German word *durchhalten*, which has been the most prominent word in the language during the war, means—or is so translated—to hold out. It has always been advanced as the final argument of the militarists.

The military danger to Germany lay in the West and in Austria.

At this point in the survey the German military principle of dealing with each belligerent separately, and of preventing the Allies from coöperating, was seized upon again as a last weapon—as a grand finale; and the invasion of Italy was decided upon. Its initial success—at this writing the Italians have not been able to stop the invaders—brought up the morale of the German and Austrian people to a very high mark.

Thus, the first object of the new military movement was accomplished; the second object, which was to cause dissatisfaction among the Allies, has not yet developed, though there has been talk of a separate peace by Italy. What Russia may do no man knows. The third object, of frightening the neutrals, still possesses possibilities; and the fourth, which is the most important, has been accomplished.

Germany to-day has invaded Italy to such an extent that England, France and the United States have had to divert their attention to the Italian war theater. The United States has diverted supplies and ships to Italy. England and France have given guns and munitions, and it is likely that troops have been sent. Thus, by one stroke in Italy, Germany has carried out her military policy of dividing the energy of the Allies. Germany may be doing this to set the stage for another peace proposal; or she may be doing it to prepare for the battles of 1918 against England, France and the United States. Germany may expect this to be the decisive battle of the war.

Judged from almost all standpoints, the invasion of Italy is the greatest blow struck against the Allies since the invasion of Belgium and Northern France.

Two Fronts Next Spring

If Germany does not succeed in making peace this winter there will be two Allied fronts next spring to be defended—from which attacks can be made—instead of one, as the United States and the Allies undoubtedly anticipated. It means that, instead of a concentration of American, English and French forces in the West, these forces will have to be divided, and an Italian Front will have to be guarded and defended whenever the Allies begin military operations in 1918. The blow against Italy was struck at a crisis in the war, just as the invasion of Belgium came at a crisis in peace.

Six months from now the attention of the whole world will be centered on two fronts instead of one, unless the war comes to an abrupt end by a collapse within the Central Powers, or within one or more of the Entente countries. Inasmuch as military plans cannot be based upon unknown quantities, but upon known ones, the two fronts in Italy and France will engage the attention of all the Allied military leaders.

There are many more possibilities on these fronts than there are fronts. Switzerland stands between the two. That country is bravely neutral; but if Germany reaches the desperate position where she believes that by invading Switzerland she can overwhelm the Allies, and make peace on her own terms, what is there to prevent Switzerland from being a second Belgium?

Switzerland is in exactly the same position that Belgium was in. The Germans often spoke of Belgium as being a bridgehead to France and England, meaning a short cut. Is not Switzerland a bridgehead between the two Allied fronts into France? An American diplomat, recently returned from Europe, declares that Germany's plans for the invasion of that little country are already made. This is probably true, because there is no country in Europe, and perhaps in the world, which the German General Staff has not invaded in theory many times.

The future battleground of Europe may be covered by a triangle: One side stretches from Belgium to Switzerland, with that nation as the apex. The second side stretches from Switzerland into Italy, bordering on the Adriatic. The third is an indefinite and unmarked line from Belgium to Italy. Over this line the supplies and men of the Allies go to the belligerent fronts.

It is not vouchsafed either the newspapers or the public, or even civilian government officials, to know what plans the Allied and American military chiefs are making to deal with the military problem as created by the German invasion of Italy and by the invention of submarine ears.

A united small Allied General Staff has been suggested—a General Staff with complete military authority over all Allied soldiers and supplies, with orders to report to no Allied government, in an attempt to keep secret whatever plans may be made against the new German menace. Ships, and more ships, have been suggested. Relentless attacks on the Western Front have been proposed. A new invention to deafen submarine ears is sought.

Can Germany Hold Out?

Whatever is done will probably have to be done immediately; at least the plans will have to be made at once. But the big fact which remains is that during three years and more of fighting the fundamental principle of Germany strategy has not been shaken.

To-day is the most critical period of the world war. It is more critical than the early days of 1914, because the war is nearer a conclusion and Germany has not been defeated. If Germany was defeated at this moment there would be no reason for continuing the war. German strategy, concentrated against Italy, has already produced a Teutonic victory. Before Germany is stopped, the most decisive battle of the world may have to be fought.

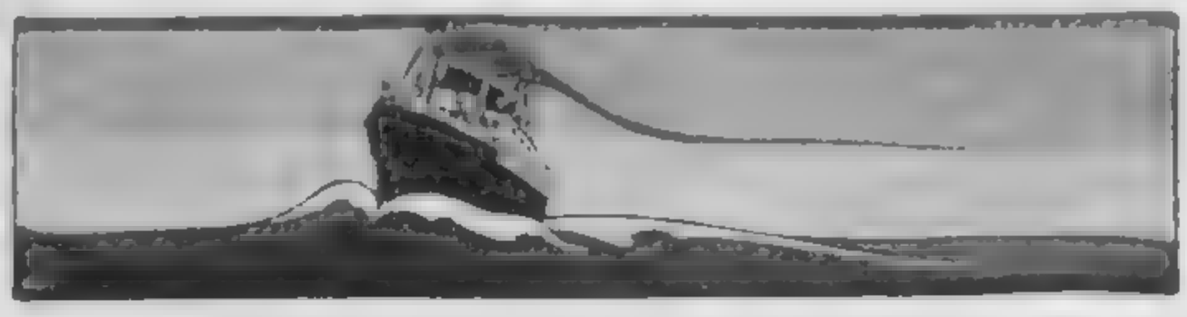
The new sound devices of the submarines present that problem in a new light. By this new submarine ear a U-boat becomes almost a human mine that can be planted anywhere in the path of ocean steamships.

I began this article to establish the relationship between strategy and submarine ears. I think it may be concluded that the two are the Military Twins of Frightfulness.

It is true, considering the war purely from a military standpoint, that the present crisis is so grave that only the greatest military leaders of the Allies and the United States can be trusted to solve it; but the war is more than a military operation. There has been and there will be, so far as one can now see, no let-up in the economic blockade of Germany. There is no possibility for supplies to reach Germany unless the Italian invasion becomes a greater menace than it is at this writing.

Though the Italian campaign may raise the morale of the German people, and possibly unite the Central Powers, it is considered by nearly every American who has left Germany and Austria-Hungary recently that there is a time limit to the endurance of the people of the Teutonic Allies. Perhaps this is the great motive behind the German-Italian offensive. It may be that the break is near, and that it is "win or lose, but end the war!"—for Germany.

But not even these things minimize the seriousness of the military situation as it stands on the seventh of November, 1917. We may be nearer the greatest decisive battle in the world war than the United States believes.



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We want you to try Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream—the new cream that gives the antiseptic shave—the new cream that in addition to giving a quick, comfortable shave gives the *safe* shave. Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream is two products in one—it combines as fine a shaving cream as man ever whipped into lather with the usefulness and sanitary features of an antiseptic face lotion. It contains Lysol—the universally used, safe and sure antiseptic.

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We want you to try Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream as soon as possible because we feel very sure that you will like your first antiseptic shave so well that you will no longer be content with just a "good shave." If you are like most men you will find it a great source of satisfaction and comfort to know that your morning shave is a safe shave. You need have no fear of infection because Lysol is always on guard protecting the face from infection from razor, brush, or any other source.

Remember that infection starts just as often in the tiny, unseen cuts and scratches as in the big ones. Wherever the flesh is exposed—here is the danger spot where infection may start. It will probably interest you to know that no matter how skilful a shaver a man is and no matter how sharp his razor is, the blade "lifts up" minute portions of the outside skin, thus exposing the inner tender flesh. So you see that every man should consider the danger from infection a question he must face and answer every morning.

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If you really want to remove from your shaving the danger from infection you will fill out the coupon below and mail it to us today. A generous FREE Trial Tube will be sent you in a few days. Learn the luxury and security of an antiseptic shave. We are glad to send you a free trial tube that you may quickly put Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream to the test and see for yourself why the *antiseptic* shave is the new shave that the modern man demands.

Camp life and trench life demand that our soldier boys shave the antiseptic way. Send your soldier a tube of Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream to-day.

If you want an antiseptic shave to-morrow morning—you can probably get a large tube of Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream at your drug store to-day; 25c is a trifling price considering the satisfaction it gives.

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
96 William Street, New York
Makers of Pebeco Tooth Paste and Lysol Disinfectant

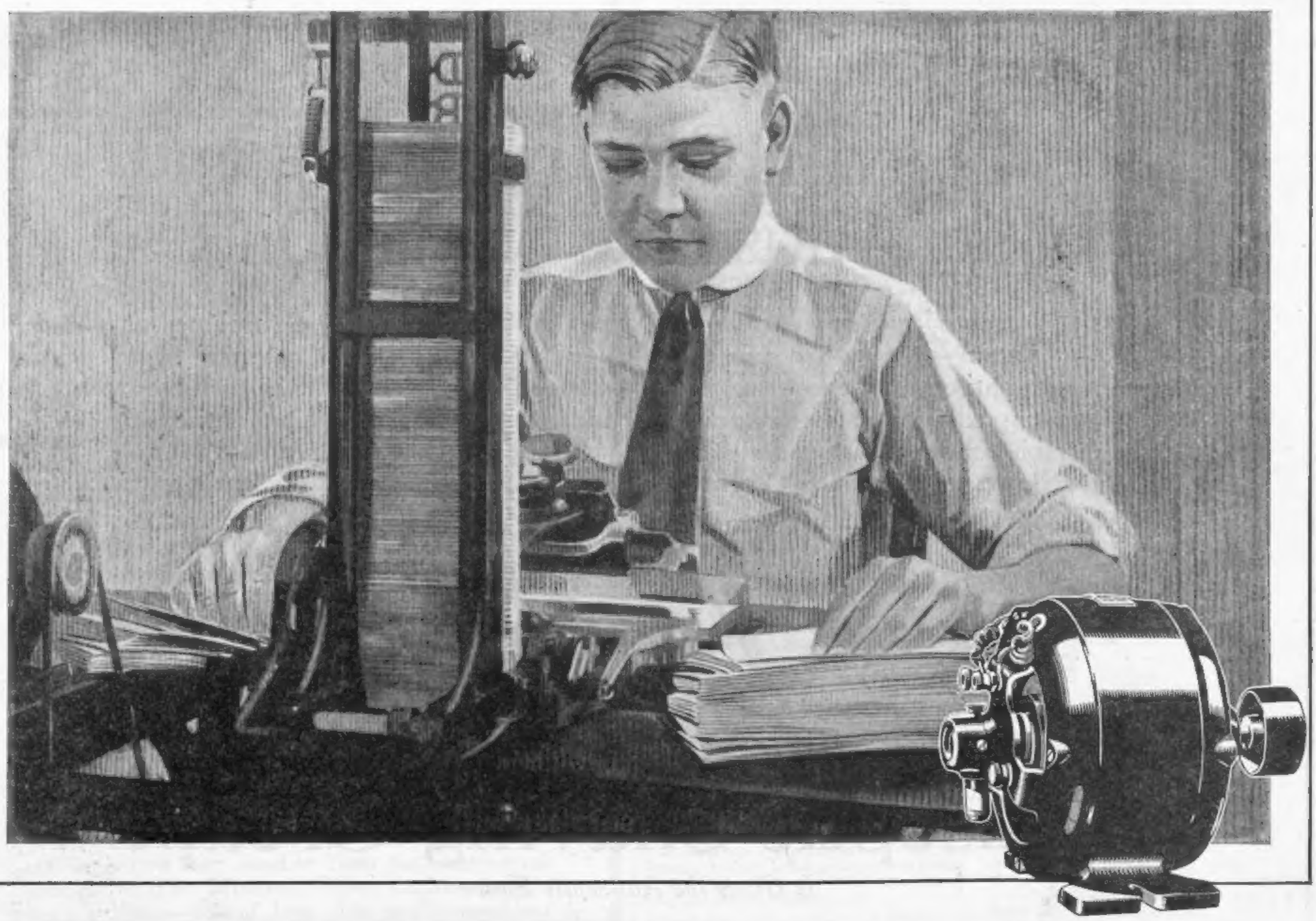
MAIL THIS COUPON FOR THIS FREE TUBE

LEHN & FINK, Inc., 96 William St., New York.
Please send me a sample tube of Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____



Conserving Labor—Saving Time

THE quill-pen era has long passed. Hand and typewriter addressing methods in turn give way to the speedier, mistake-proof machine operated by a Robbins & Myers Motor. Work of many persons now done by one—and done better!

Manufacturers of the better time-saving machines for all services insure against impaired performance by seeing to it that their product is Robbins & Myers equipped.

They know also that to be so equipped is evidence of quality which their customers recognize—that a Robbins & Myers Motor on any electrically-driven device denotes a high manufacturing standard throughout and an operating efficiency that is really unusual.

Machine tools in the factory; addressing, adding and other power-driven machines in the office; washing machines and electrical cleaners in the home; all the higher-grade appliances carry Robbins & Myers Motors for their known untiring performance.

One-fortieth or thirty horsepower—there is the very Robbins & Myers Motor for the very desired purpose, backed by twenty-one years' successful experience—each motor today's finality in its field.

See that whatever electrical device you buy is Robbins & Myers equipped. Power users, electrical device manufacturers and dealers find utmost value in motors that bear this name.

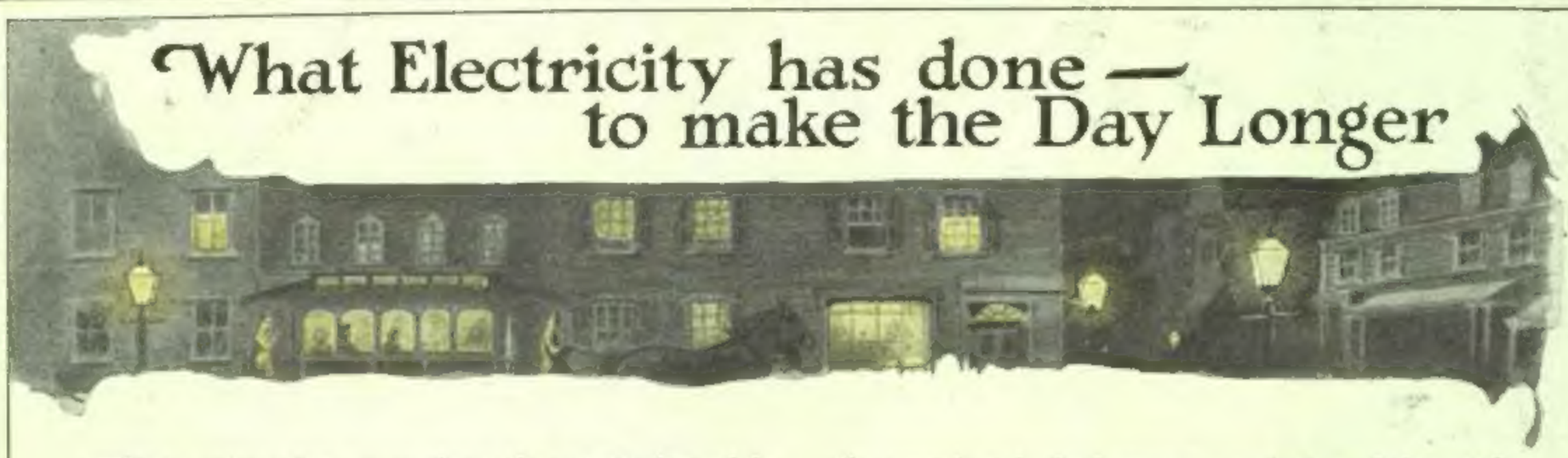
The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio

The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors

Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors

What Electricity has done — to make the Day Longer



IT is only a few years since the sputtering wick of a dim street lamp was all that helped the moon brighten the night. Indoors, the tallow-dip had given way to the yellow light of the odorous oil wick which did its best in a hopeless fight against the dark. For centuries before, man had stumbled through the night, aided only by a torch or a lantern.

Then came Electricity. Edison fashioned blown glass and carbon into a lamp. Electricity energized it into glowing incandescence. The first real victory over darkness was won.

In the measure of time this was but a few years ago. In lighting progress it is an age. This first electric lamp (now 38 years old) is today a museum curiosity—so great have been the subsequent improvements.

Think of your street lighting of twenty years ago and today. Remember the cold blue arc that clanked and hissed up among the trees. Today, perhaps on the very same corner, stands a stately column supporting its silent, steady Magnetite Arc, or a new high-power MAZDA unit. Ten years ago the town's principal street was dark and deserted. Now it is a "white way," attracting business, inviting pleasure seekers and making night as safe as day.

Everywhere we see electric light—in subway and skyscraper, in factory, store, school, theatre, church, office and in millions of homes. It floods the drill grounds and illuminates the shrapnel lathes for the night shift. It lights the path of the auto. It flashes its gleaming fingers of light from ships at sea. Electric light has changed and improved the living conditions of man throughout the civilized world.

And lighting, today, is largely measured by what the General Electric Company has contributed to electric illumination—the development of the MAZDA Lamp, the manufacture of apparatus for generating and distributing electric current and the production of the thousand devices used in a complete electric lighting system.

Although engaged with many other important electrical problems, the General Electric Company is dedicating a generous share of its continuous research and invention to *the lighting of tomorrow*.

7312

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

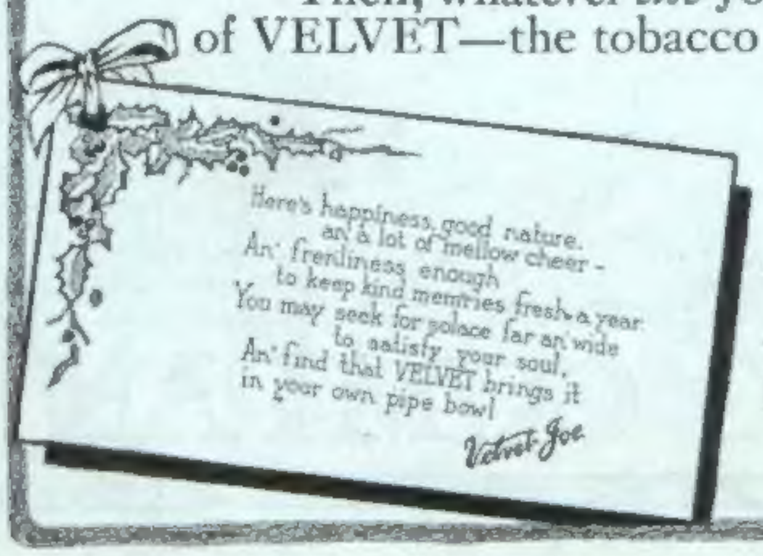
A Christmas Hint to the Women of America

"How many men folks in yo' family could use a whole pound o' good cheer—sixteen ounces o' mellow fren'liness this Christmas?

"Would you like yo' men folks to add a little mo' sunshine to their dispositions? To find their easy chairs even mo' invitin' nights? To have kindlier thoughts, an' oftener? To add somethin' to all their good qualities, and soften down any little kinks that hard-day's-work curls into their natural goodness?

"Then, whatever *else* you give them, give a Christmas Humidor of VELVET—the tobacco made in Nature's way."

Velvet Joe


Here's happiness, good nature,
an' a lot of mellow cheer -
An' friendliness enough
to keep kind memories fresh a year
You may seek for solace far an' wide
to satisfy your soul,
An' find that VELVET brings it
in your own pipe bowl
Velvet Joe

MAKE this a Good Cheer Christmas. The VELVET One Pound Glass Humidors make ideal gifts.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.